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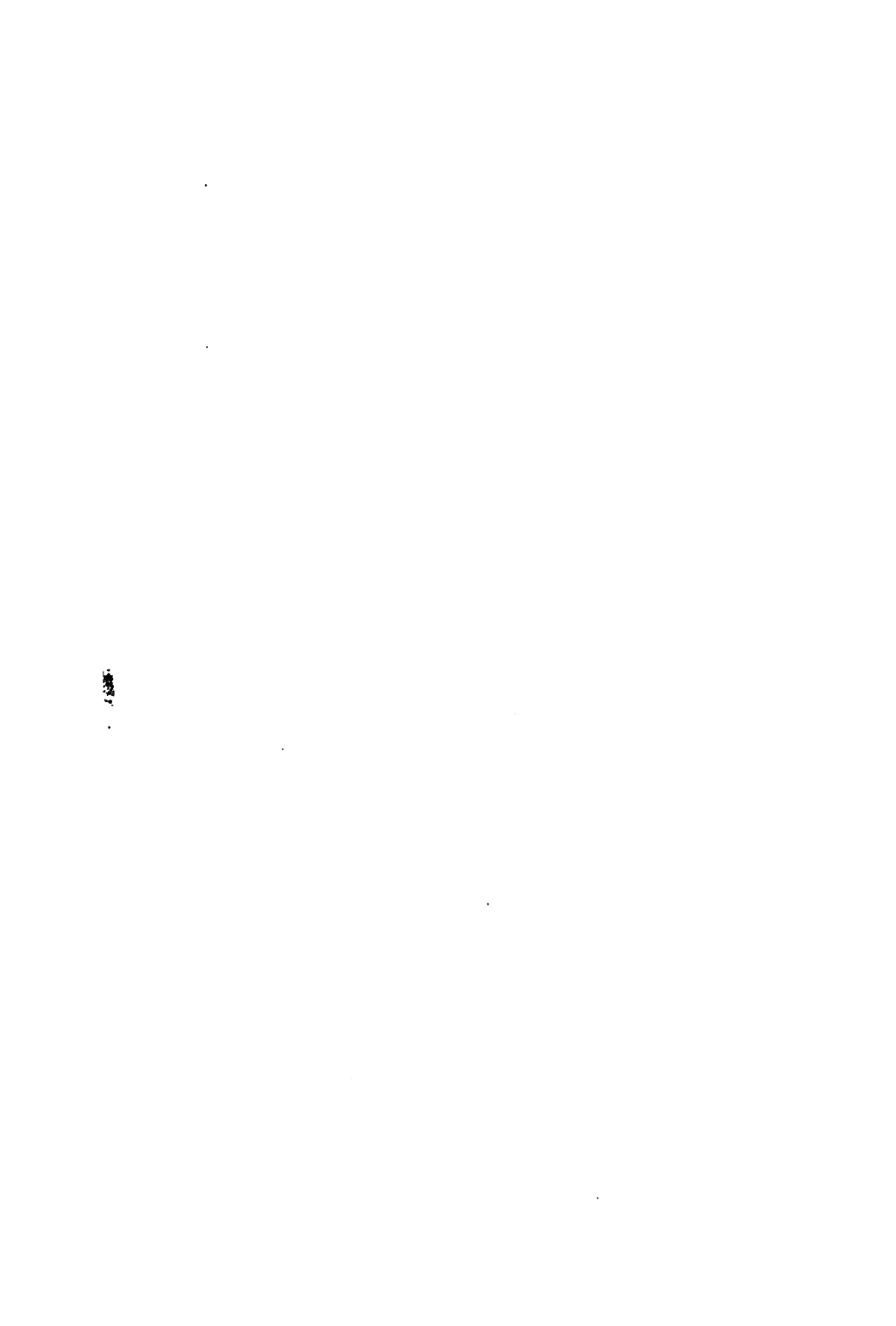
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7





THE COMING MAN IS THE PRESENT CHILD. See page

[From a painting entitled "Briefless," by HALLV

CHILDHOOD:
THE TEXT-BOOK OF THE AGE,
For Parents, Pastors, and Teachers,
AND ALL LOVERS OF CHILDHOOD.

BY
REV. W. F. CRAFTS,
[“Uncle Will, V. M.”]

EDITOR OF “THROUGH THE EYE TO THE HEART” AND “TROPHIES OF SONG.”

O bright and singing babe!
What shalt thou be hereafter?
Nearer I seem to God while gazing on thee!
'Tis ages since He made His youngest star:
His hand was on thee as 't were yesterday,
Thou later revelation!

— *Alexander Smith.*

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NEW YORK:
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1875.



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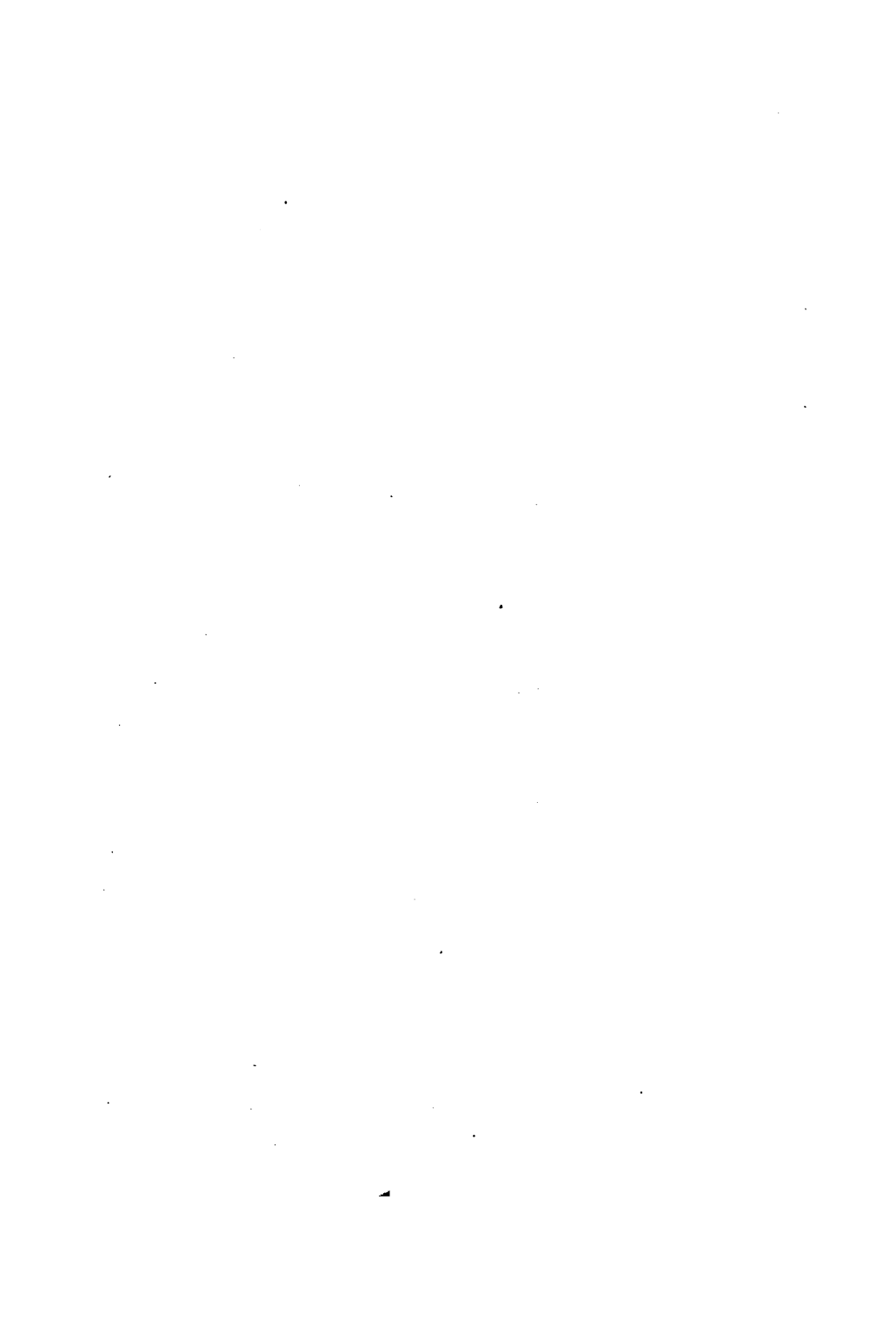
My Mother,

MY FIRST AND BEST TEACHER,

WHOSE HEART WAS MY SCHOOL-ROOM, AND WHOSE
LIFE WAS MY NORLEST STUDY,

THIS BOOK

IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED.



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OVERTURE.

RING, bells, a joyous welcome, and announce to all that a child is born! It was only yesterday that an angel, a beautiful angel, with white wings, a golden aureole, floating golden locks, and robe of dazzling white, brought it from Paradise. A group of child-angels formed a gracious company around them — surrounded them, flying with interlaced hands.

The angel bows her head, her lips press tenderly the brow of the babe who awakens vaguely to life, and the little angels sing.

CHORUS OF LITTLE ANGELS.

Rejoice, mortals, for a man is born! Rejoice, happy family, for here is a new guest for your fireside! Rejoice! this little being so feeble, which we bring to you, is to be the joy, the dear care of the household, its hope, its love.

THE SOUL OF THE CHILD.

Angel, beautiful angel of Paradise, whither dost thou bear me? I see no more the golden light which was about me; I hear no longer the sweet songs which lulled me to sleep. Where are we going, beautiful angel? Shadows surround me. I am cold, I tremble.

THE ANGEL.

Fear nothing, dear one! Thou art going where God sends thee; thou art going to duty, to life. Thou wilt always be in

the hand of God. Greet the earth, thy new country ; it is there thou wilt accomplish the will of the Lord.

THE SOUL OF THE CHILD.

Art thou then about to leave me, angel ? Wilt thou abandon me upon this earth which every moment grows larger to my sight ? Oh ! fold me in thy caressing arms, warm me against thy heart. I am afraid of loneliness, I dread the unknown !

THE ANGEL.

Calm thyself ! Another love, tenderer even than that of the angel, awaits thee and claims thee. Go ! In the arms of thy mother thou wilt not regret mine, for thou canst be nothing to me, but to her thou wilt be happiness itself ; and — do not forget this, child, it is the last lesson of Paradise — the happiness which one gives is that which renders one the happiest. Go, then ; live and love, and regret not heaven.

THE SOUL OF THE CHILD.

Oh ! earth is not a place of exile, since on earth they love.

Open for me thy arms, mother, who will be my guardian angel upon earth. I greet thee, my new home ! My eyes, forgetting little by little the distant splendors of Paradise, are charmed with thy blue skies, clear waters, and thy verdant plains. Greeting !

But what is this sad murmur ? It increases ; it is a cry of distress, a complaint unceasing ; it is a great, an eternal grief ! O beautiful angel, abandon me not, leave me not here ! See, everywhere hatred and strife. Love, where — out of the hearts of mothers — where art thou in this wicked world ?

THE ANGEL.

In thy heart, child, in the heart of every being that God sends to earth. Let it not die in thyself ; with it thou canst

conquer in the struggle which awaits thee. Fear not the struggle, it will make thee stronger ; fear not suffering, it will make thee better.

Love ! for it is by loving humanity that we bless it.

Work ! work for Christ, hasten the coming of His kingdom, and, supported by thy conscience in all which thou wilt suffer, encouraged by dear friendships, sustained by the hope of seeing the right for which thou hast worked established, perhaps when I return to seek thee thou wilt weep at leaving the earth which to-day terrifies thee.

THE SOUL OF THE CHILD.

Adieu, my angel brothers, adieu ! May I return to you as pure as I leave you, and bring back from this earthly field one little sheaf of grain.

CHORUS OF LITTLE ANGELS.

Rejoice, mortals, for a man-child is born ! Greet a new combatant in the battle of life ! Adieu, brother, adieu ! May duty guide thee, hope accompany thee, and return to us some day to receive thy crown of immortality !

THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD.

Father, may thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven.

— *From the French.*

—

TO THE READER.

"IN the cathedral of Limerick there hangs a peal of bells which was manufactured for a convent in Italy by an enthusiast, who fixed his home for many years near the convent-cliff to enjoy their daily chimes. In some political convulsion the bells and their manufacturer were swept away to other lands.

"After a long interval, the course of the man's wanderings brought him to Ireland. On a calm and beautiful evening, as the vessel which bore him floated along the broad stream of the Shannon, he heard the bells suddenly peal forth from the cathedral tower. They were the long-lost treasures of memory. Home, happiness, friends, — all early recollections were in their sound. Crossing his arms on his breast, he lay back in the boat. When the rowers looked round, they saw his face still turned to the cathedral, but his eyes had closed forever on the world. Such a tide of sweet memories had swept over the chords of his heart that they had snapped under the happy vibration."*

I trust this book may be such a memory chime, — to ring back into many hearts, that have left the cradle and playground far behind, the remembrance of childhood's shouts and laughter, its fireside and wayside happiness. The nearer we keep our hearts to the feelings of childhood, the better teachers shall we be in the home, the pulpit, and the school-room.

* Rev. William Adams, D. D.

This book does not claim to give the whole science of Childhood, but only aims, like a publisher's circular, to call general attention to the "text-book" it announces. These pages are but an introduction to "The Text-Book of the Age," — living Childhood, — a book of the most enchanting interest and the highest importance.

W. F. C.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

CHILDHOOD,

THE TEXT-BOOK OF THE AGE.

I.

TRADE-MARKS OF THE AGE.

Two little children in a certain family sat down to read a story of some great event which happened a hundred years before. It was a wonderful thing to them; and when the story was completed the little girl said to her brother, "Oh, that was wonderful! I wish I had been there." The little fellow straightened himself up, and said, "*I am glad I was n't there, for if I had been there I could n't be here.*"

IN the very texture of some kinds of writing-paper, as you hold it up to the light, you can see letters that were evidently stamped there during its manufacture. In a government envelope the letters are "P. O. D." (Post Office Department) and "U. S." (United States), arranged in a neat monogram; this is called the "water mark," because it is made while the paper is in a liquid state, and it constitutes the "trade-mark" of the envelope. Metallic and glass articles, also, in many cases, have trade-marks wrought into their very substance while they are being made.

So *every age has its trade-mark*, stamped upon it while its years are passing.

Geologists have discovered and classified these trade-marks in the case of the early ages with scientific thoroughness. The Silurian age left its trade-mark in fossil mollusks, the Devonian in fishes, the Carboniferous in coal-plants, and the Reptilian, with the feet of its monsters, put its enduring stamp into the sand and clay.

It is equally true that every historic age leaves its trade-mark. A thorough archæologist and historian might arrange a cabinet of relics from the historic eras, even more exact and complete than the cabinets of fossils from the geologic periods.

Every age leaves its trade-mark in its *architecture*. An architect puts something of his own spirit and especially something of the spirit of the age into his buildings. It has been well said that the old Gothic cathedrals mark as distinct a period in history as the old red sandstone in geology. To build one of these cathedrals in an American city of to-day would be to write 1575 instead of 1875 in our calendars. Perhaps, in future years, the architectural type of our hasty, careless age (at least in the Boston region) will be the sham Mansard roof.

Or an age may be read in its *sculpture and painting*. When the glaciers of geologic days, as giant sculptors, with whole continents as the blocks on which they were to work, carved out our mountains and valleys, they marked a period no more surely than the paintings and sculpture of Michael Angelo's day mark an age of refined and cultured leisure in history. The chromos, by which the works of the masters are now multiplied by

the hundred thousand, will, perhaps, be the trade-mark of our age in this line, indicating the reign of machinery and haste.

An age also leaves its trade-mark in *language*. Witchcraft came and went, but left its weird footprints in the words "bewitching," "hag," "nightmare," "wight," "dwarf," and "lubber." Perhaps one of the points that future ages will study in order to understand this age will be the language of our advertising columns. The following appeared as a *bona fide* advertisement in the "Boston Journal" among the "Removals" after the great Boston fire:—

BIRTHPLACE OF FRANKLIN

REMOVED FROM

NO. 15 MILK STREET TO NO. 11 TEMPLE PLACE.

O—— BROS. & CO.

Doubtless the antiquarian of future ages will instance the removal of birthplaces as one of the "Lost Arts" that were understood in our day. Perhaps this will also explain the difficulties historians find in regard to Homer, because he had seven or more birthplaces in Greece.

Still another line of historic fossils in which an age leaves its mark is its influence upon *customs and manners*. In this way, more than any other, the age of chivalry left its impression. Our common gestures of salutation and civility originated in the warfare of that age, indicating submission or deference as from the conquered to the conqueror. The head uncovered is simply the head unarmed: the helmet being removed, the man is at

the other's mercy. The hand ungloved is the hand ungauntleted. Shaking hands is a token of truce, in which each takes hold of the other's weapon-hand to secure himself against treachery. A gentleman's bow is the offer of his neck to the stroke of his adversary, and a lady's courtesy is but a brief form of going on her knees for mercy. Our age will, perhaps, be remembered for abbreviating the courteous bow into a hasty nod, and shortening every greeting into "How do?" in the spirit of that student in a Western college who, when his friend said "Good-morning," replied, "H'ain't time."

But the deepest and most striking trade-mark of our age is THE RECOGNITION OF THE INFLUENCE AND IMPORTANCE OF CHILDHOOD.

Never before did the world hear of so many "children's picnics" and "children's parties" and "children's concerts" and "children's books and magazines" and "children's columns" in all our papers, and "children's sermons" and "children's Sundays." The Sunday Schools of New York and Brooklyn alone have half a million dollars invested in silken banners; for they have learned the good lesson that the first step towards making children better is to make them happy. Never before was so much pains taken with children's toys and amusements. Several large manufactories in this country are devoted to the making of dolls' shoes alone.

Mrs. Stowe, seeing the tendency of the age, prophesies serial stories for the nursery: "We shall have those charmingly illustrated magazines, 'The Cradle,' 'The Rocking Chair,' 'The First Rattle,' and 'The First Tooth,' with successive chapters of 'Goosey, Goosey

Gander,' and 'Hickory, Dickory, Dock,' and 'Old Mother Hubbard,' extending through twelve or twenty-four or forty-eight numbers."

The following travesty on one of the mistaken phases of this recognition of childhood would have been impossible in any era but ours. The parties are supposed to be about seven years of age:—*

Miss Minnie Smith's

Compliments to

Miss Maggie Jones,

And desires the pleasure of her company this evening.

Refreshments at 11.

Miss Maggie Jones'

Compliments to

Miss Minnie Smith,

With regrets that prior engagements prevent the pleasure of acceptance.

She is to be whipped at 7 and sent to bed without her supper at 8.

* "The Independent" gives the following paragraph from another paper with its own comments upon it:—

"The dressing of the ladies was very rich. The most universally admired was that of Miss ———, whose tender years did not permit her to contribute much to the occasion, except by her appearance. Having only attained the maturity of three summers, the little lady did not appear to care overmuch for the attention and caresses she received. She wore

Men only little past middle life can remember when there were not half a dozen children's books that had any extended circulation. To-day, a collection of the popular juvenile books would make the largest library in the world. No titles are more familiar among recent books than "Child Life," "Child Pictures," "Child World," and others in which childhood is especially recognized.

Amid the multitude of characters that Swift and Fielding and De Foe and Scott gave to the world in their romances, scarce a little face appears. The stories of the past centuries would almost fulfil the expression of MacDonald, "A story without a young person in it all! Nobody under fifty admitted!"

The greatest novelists of our day brighten their romances with many little faces. Diamond in "Back of the North Wind," and "Wilfrid Cumbermede" are delightful child characters; and no names of fiction are more familiar than "Little Paul" and "Little Nell" and "Tiny Tim," and Eva of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" The

a dress of rose-colored silk, with an overdress, composed entirely of Valenciennes lace and insertion. Her dainty little boots matched her dress; her tiny hands were enclosed in well-fitting white kid gloves; and a bouquet of exotics, stuck in her belt, completed a toilet altogether perfect."

We heard once of an eccentric minister who rose in his pulpit and read this text: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or, what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" And after looking quietly and solemnly in the faces of his audience for a moment, he said, "I thought I could preach on this text. I can't. Nothing can be said in addition to it. Let us pray."

We feel as that minister felt. We thought we could preach on this text, but we can't. There is nothing to be said which is so strong as the simple narrative itself. "Let us pray!" Oh, let us pray that such murder of the innocents may be stopped in our land.

charming idyl in Mrs. Stowe's "My Wife and I," called "The Child Wife," could not have been written in any other age than this.

Among the "old masters" Murillo alone made childhood a prominent subject for paintings; his "St. John" gives us almost an ideal childhood,—Hawthorne wrote that he had come to the conclusion that it was the most lovely picture he had ever seen; his beggar boys are also justly famous as true scenes in boy-life. But the other artists of the past have hardly represented any other child than Christ and John. On the other hand, at the Vienna Exposition, which was both an epitome of the world and a display of the characteristics of the age, we observed with pleasure that the modern sculpture there displayed had for its prominent subject, neither war, pleasure, nor mythology, but *childhood*,—its prayers, plays, studies, and general characteristics. Both painting and sculpture indicated distinctly that the thoughts of the age were turning very strongly to childhood.

How little the poets of other days have to say of children! Even Shakespeare has only one well-developed boy character, and Milton hardly recognizes the existence of children. But poems on childhood are to-day found in every periodical and collection of poems.

"The Christian Union" recently copied with approval the suggestion that there should be a *daily paper for children*. No other age could have begotten such a thought.

Children's rights are attracting attention in legislatures and kingly courts everywhere. The French legislature has recently passed a law protecting children against

cruel training by circus managers. The question, "Who shall educate our children?" is also attracting great attention from the governments of England, Prussia, Spain, Italy, and Russia, as well as our own country. Not only has neglected childhood found many defenders in this day, but "That Boy" also, abused and misunderstood so long, has at last found champions who protest in the press and from the platform against his wrongs,—such as saying of everything that is amiss, "That boy did it"; keeping him waiting after his turn in the store, and when all others are served, asking contemptuously, "Well, what do you want, youngster?" inviting him so often, in cars and halls and parlors, to "Get up and stand out of the way!" and leaving him unintroduced when company enters the room, as if he were of no more interest to visitors than dogs and cats.

"Children's Day" has been awarded a place in the calendar of the Methodist Church, and Brooklyn, as also some other cities, has its annual "St. Children's Day." Erelong these days will be known in every church and in every city.

All this recognition of the rights and importance of childhood is the direct result of Christianity,—the star-light that shines upon us from above the manger of the God-child. It was Bethlehem that taught wise men that a child's face was a grander study than the stars.

II.

THE THERMOMETER OF PROGRESS.

"They are idols of hearts and of households,
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still sleeps in their eyes.
Oh, those truants from home and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild !
And I know how Jesus could listen
The kingdom of God to a child."

C. DICKINSON.

THE appreciation of childhood in every nation outside of God's Chosen People, and outside of Christianity, has been so slight that the very idea of a God-child was impossible. Look into all the mythologies of Greece and Rome and the East, and you find no other religion that has ever conceived the idea of wrapping the Infinite in the infant ; they tell us of Buddhas who attain divinity, but not of a God in a cradle.

The recognition of childhood, then, is one of the best thermometers of the progress of an age or nation, and a sure test of the narrow or full development of Christianity in its midst.

Read the sacred books of India, China, Egypt, Persia, Greece, and Rome, and you find hardly an indication

that there are children in existence: turn to the Bible and you find it full of child-life and child-teaching.

Look at the *Histories* outside of Palestine during Bible times, — Berosus and Herodotus and Xenophon, — and childhood's deeds and influence are scarcely mentioned. Open to the historic parts of the Bible. The lives of two lowly shepherd boys are given almost from their cradles until at length one becomes the Lord of Egypt and the other the Singing King of Israel. A little out-cast child of slavery, a "foundling" from the flags of the Nile, has even his baby history carefully written and the onward steps of his life, until he becomes the lawgiver of three millions of people. A little maid is the heroine of a general's restoration from leprosy; a little lad is the means of a great multitude being fed. We are told of the early strength of Samson, the child-priesthood of Samuel, and the early Bible study of Timothy. Two children are saved from death and one from the point of death by our Saviour, and the miracles are as faithfully described as those performed upon adults. No incidents in all the Bible are more beautifully noticed than the laying of Christ's hands upon the children's heads, and his expressed approval of their hosannas in the temple. A reason has been suggested why the Lord was so fond of little children, by supposing him to have said, "Dear little ones, let them come; they are the only things down here that remind me of home."

Most wonderful of all, the Divine became a child to teach us that a child may become almost divine. The Germans have a beautiful legend, which they more than half believe, that on Christmas morning the Child,

born in a stable, revisits earth, to look after all other little ones; that from the little prince in his royal cradle to the baby sleeping like Himself in straw, none are left unvisited by Him, that He may know how men have welcomed those whom He gave as an especial legacy into their tenderest keeping. This legend is but one form of stating the fact that Bethlehem has brought Christ near to the child-heart.

"A feeble child He came, yet not the less
Brought God-like childhood to the aged earth."

Look also into the *poetry* of Bible times outside of Palestine. In Homer and Virgil where are the lines for or about the children? Few indeed. Turn to David: "Come, ye children, hearken unto me, I will teach you the fear of the Lord." Open to Isaiah: "Unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given."

Read the excellent *ethics* of Confucius and Plato. Plato wrote about childhood, but not to childhood. "He treats of children and their games, but from the standpoint of a publicist. They are elements not to be left out in the construction of society. Children, in Plato's eyes, are not to be neglected, because they will inevitably come to be men and women. But Jesus was the first who loved childhood for the sake of childhood."

Confucius teaches the greatest reverence for motherhood, but in his writings, how few are the precepts that Timothy might "know from a child"! Open the ethical parts of the Bible, and read, "I have written unto you, little children." Or listen to the representative sentence of Proverbs, "Hear, ye children, the instructions

of a father." The ethics of the Bible put a high estimate on childhood. "It is not the will of your Father in heaven that one of these little ones should perish."

In Sparta and some of the Greek cities, in Rome and in many savage tribes, it was, and in heathen lands it is still, a common custom to destroy small and unhealthy children as soon as they are born. Christianity, that weighs the baby's soul as well as its body, has saved from such a fate club-footed Byron, halting Akenside, frail Spinoza, deformed Malebranche, disfigured Sam Johnson, Walter Scott, "a pining child," Sir Isaac Newton, who might have been put in a quart when born; Voltaire, who was for some time too small to christen; Goethe, Victor Hugo, and D'Alembert, who were so weak at birth that they were not expected to live; Charles Sumner, who weighed but three pounds and a half at first; and also Pope, Descartes, Gibbon, Kepler, Lord Nelson, Sir Christopher Wren, James Watt, John Howard, Washington Irving, Wilberforce, and many others of equal greatness, whose bodily weakness in infancy, in any but a Christian land, would have marked them as unworthy to be raised to manhood. Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," says, "How many deformed princes, philosophers, and orators could I reckon up."

The ethics of Christianity also startled the world with the new doctrine that to develop the grandest manhood we must "become as little children." If any other system of ethics had been searched for the model of manhood, it would have presented stoical firmness, bold indifference to circumstances, or some other

rough, stern virtue as our model; but Christ, as represented in a beautiful painting of the National Gallery at Edinburgh, lays his hand on the head of a little child, as it rests trustingly on its mother's knee in the midst of the disciples, and says, "Except ye become as little children, ye can in nowise enter into the kingdom of heaven." The disciples, who had disputed for the chief places in that kingdom, stand near with downcast eyes and blushing faces, and the Pharisees tremble before the mild rebuke of this strange doctrine. Christ was teaching men that the way up is to go down in gentleness and humility. The meek shall inherit the earth. "Gentleness shall make us great," and heirs of God's kingdom.

"The proper correlative of the fatherhood of God is the childhood of man. In bidding us to come to Him as 'Our Father,' the Almighty commands us to come to Him as children."*

"Wisdom is oftentimes nearer when we stoop
Than when we soar."

Before we can enter God's kingdom, our hearts must *come again as the heart of a little child.*" (2 Kings v, 14.)

These were truths born of the Gospel, and impossible utterances outside of it. That very title of American knighthood, "*gentleman*," could not have been spoken as a mark of honor save through the influence of Christianity.

George MacDonald calls attention to the words of

* Dr. J. M. Gregory.

Christ, spoken after placing the child in the midst of his disciples, "Whosoever receiveth this little child receiveth me, and whosoever receiveth me, receiveth Him that sent me." So, he says, pure childhood is a revelation of Christ, as Christ is the manifestation of God; that is, the childlike is the Christlike, yea, more, it is the Godlike.

In his poem "Within and Without" he presents the same thought in Julian's words to his child:—

"My darling child! God's little daughter drest
In human clothes, that light may be thus clad
In shining, so to reach my human eyes!
Come as a little Christ from heaven to earth
To call me '*Father*,' that my heart may know
What *Father* means, and turns its eyes to God."

When Christ, after His resurrection, came to His disciples on the shores of Galilee, He greeted them by a name He had never used before,—"*Children*, have ye any meat?" He had called them "friends" and "brethren," but now called them by a name of deeper import, towards the realization of which they were to aim,—"*children*." John, in his old age, almost in sight of the New Jerusalem, calls the Church by the Christ-given title, "*Little children*." One of the mottoes of the famous Deaconess institution at Kaisersworth, on the Rhine, quoted from the German Bible, is this: "We have received *the childlike spirit* whereby we cry, Abba, dear Father!"—*Rom. viii, 15*.

Leaving Bible times for more recent ages, we still find that the recognition of childhood is the unerring thermometer of the progress of Christianity. One of the

first fruits of the great Reformation was the establishment of catechetical schools for children, and wherever its giant tread was felt the same result was seen. Careful examination shows that the "great awakening" in England, in the time of the Wesleys, was the moving impulse from which the modern Sunday School arose. As Christianity has deepened its work, child-culture has been more fully recognized as a Christian duty, until, instead of Robert Raikes's ragged school, with paid teachers and the Bible only studied incidentally in connection with the simplest principles of common education, we have already in our most advanced schools a half-day Bible service of pastor, church, and children together, united by the bond of one topic, one text, one lesson, not only with each other, but also with the nation, with Canada, England, India, China, Norway, Turkey, France, Italy, and, ere long, with all the Christian world.

III.

THE INTEREST OF THE LIVING TEXT-BOOK

“ It was nothing old and grand, —
Only a child out in the sun,
Choking a kitten with one hand
And crushing pretty flowers with one.”

“ A child should be more sacred to you than the present, which consists of things and adults.” — RICHTER.

NEXT to the Sunday School, the grandest modern result of our Christianity in regard to the young is the Kindergarten method of developing childhood's powers. The motto of Froebel's work is the motto of this age, “Come, let us live for our children.” He has opened up to us the study of living childhood, second to none in its fascination and importance. It is as much grander than Geology as were John's studies amid the jasper and pearl of the opened heavens than his observation of the rocks of Patmos; as much more fascinating than Botany as were the living lilies at Jesus' feet than the carved lily-work of Solomon's temple. The student of Engineering can find no machine in all the patent-office of inventive America to compare, in its variety and scope of power, with a child's hand; it is a hammer, a vice, a forcep, a hook, a spring,

a weight ; it pushes, draws in, and the fingers alone contain elements of chisels, gouges, and all the tools a sculptor requires in modelling. The musician can discover in all the world no such wonderful musical instrument as the child's voice. And the study of the immortality that is wrapped up in the youngest child is second only to the study of God. Wendell Phillips and others have found great interest in the study of the "Lost Arts," but the student of childhood can find almost every human discovery in Architecture, Mechanics, and Chemistry anticipated in the arrangement of bones and muscles and chemical agencies in a child's body, as it was constructed centuries before Egypt raised its pyramids or Venice worked in glass.

The top of a child's head is built as scientifically as the dome of our Capitol or St. Peter's, and like them it may have great questions of Church and State agitated beneath it. A child's head sends my thoughts forward to what will be in it, as the skull of Yorrick sent Hamlet's thoughts backward to what had been in it. Nearly all the arrangements of our telescopes and microscopes are found in the child's eye. No glasses, like these eyes of ours, can adjust themselves. The "pot" of furnaces and the radiators used for heating buildings are but unconscious copies of certain eminences and ridges in the alimentary canal. We are told also that the human ear has the first harp of a thousand strings and the first whispering gallery. The substance of the spine is made on the same principle as the bricks of Egypt, that had straw mixed with the clay, and the plaster which is to-day strengthened with hair. India-rubber in God's working

is not a recent discovery, but older even than humanity. Arches, buttresses, levers, and hinges of all sorts are also a part of the mechanism of childhood's form.

In the twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes, a beautiful picture of the human body is given, under the figure of a house, making almost a poem of the wonderful adaptations of every part of the human body.

Childhood is an open book, and all who will may read. Its pages are covered, not with letters, but with pictures which interest us far more than words could, — living pictures they are, and each one of them executed by the Divine Artist, each one verified by the signature of the Artist Himself. Some writers have called it "the autograph on the soul."

As teachers, whether at home, in the pulpit, or in the school, we need to make the child-book the subject of most careful study.

We shall notice four phases of

THE STUDY OF CHILDHOOD.

1. ITS REFLEX INFLUENCE ON OUR OWN CHARACTERS.
2. ITS DIRECT RELATIONS TO THE PARENTS' AND TEACHERS' WORK.
3. ITS RELATIONS TO REFORM.
4. ITS IMPORTANCE IN CONNECTION WITH MORAL POWER.

"A dreary place would be this earth,
Were there no little people in it;
The song of life would lose its mirth,
Were there no children to begin it.

"No little forms, like buds to grow,
And make the admiring heart surrender;
No little hands on breast and brow,
To keep the thrilling life-cords tender.

"The sterner souls would grow more stern,
Unfeeling nature more inhuman,
And man to stoic coldness turn,
And woman would be less than woman.

"Life's song, indeed, would lose its charm,
Were there no babies to begin it;
A doleful place this world would be,
Were there no little people in it."

"Oh, it is a great thing to be children, even when we are old, to be children when our hair is gray, to be children when our hearts are scarred with the troubles and mysteries of the world. It is a great thing to come in penitence, in trust, in confidence to God. That is the essence of all real humility; that is great—indeed, the greatness of the Kingdom of Heaven."

"The intellect needs a star to find the manger, but the heart finds the cross by a tear." — *Alexander Clark*.

"Hearts grow fit for Heaven,
Moulded by childish hands."

IV.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE CHILD-BOOK—
THE MIGHT OF GENTLENESS.

WE need to study childhood for its *reflex influence* on our own characters. If the Jews had been asked to point out their model man, they would have turned to one with a high cap and a long beard and a beautiful robe, and said, "This is he": but Jesus took a playful child, as we have said, and set it as an object lesson in the midst of his normal class of disciples, who were learning how to "teach all nations," and told them that except they became childlike in faith and trust and tenderness they would not be fitted for their work. It was probably, as I have intimated, a very little child, who trusted implicitly in its mother's arms, thus teaching that confiding faith which Wesley afterwards sang, —

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly."

A Christian mother was once showing her little girl, about five years old, a picture representing Jesus holding an infant in his arms, while the mothers were pushing their children towards Him. "There, Carrie!" said her

mother, "this is what I would have done with you if I had been there."—"I would n't be pushed to Jesus," said little Carrie; "I'd go to Him without pushing."

Every child-shepherd in the home, the pulpit, and the Sunday School, needs to learn this lesson of trust and tenderness.

We need that childlike, transforming tenderness that made the "fiery apostle," John, who desired to call down fire from heaven upon a city that refused provisions to his Master, afterward, in the very presence of heavenly glories, "*weep much* because no one was worthy to open the books"; that same transforming tenderness that made the passionate Moses, who smote the Egyptian in such hasty anger, afterward "*very meek* above all men that were on the face of the earth"—*Numb.* xii, 3.

The learned and self-confident Saul must become as a little child, asking, "What shall I do?" and reaching out his hand to be led, before he can enter the kingdom of God as a teacher. He who could coolly guard the clothes of the men who threw stones into the angel face of Stephen, afterward became so tender that he could "beseech men night and day *with tears*."

Commenting upon the eighteenth verse of the third chapter of Philippians, where Paul writes, "For many walk, of whom I have told you before, and now tell you even weeping, that they are the enemies of the Cross of Christ," that quaint old writer, Thomas Fuller, remarks, "Here is a way to make a new sermon out of an old one. Formerly he had told them with his tongue, now with tears; formerly he taught it with words, now with weeping."

The power of pathos and tenderness in Paul's preaching and teaching is strikingly described by Dr. Parker, of London: "Think of Paul weeping! When he wept it was with 'many tears.' Who could argue like Paul, whose every word struck like a battering-ram; yet who could cry with tears so many and so bitter? A good deal of useful work may be done with logic, but without pathos we can never get that special and indescribable influence which touches all hearts, speaks all languages, and sheds the light of hope upon all lives."—*2 Cor. ii, 4; Acts, xx, 31.*

That most wonderful, most pathetic of all the chapters of the Old Testament, the fifty-third of Isaiah, describing the sufferings of Christ, "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities," was the means of saving an anxious soul when it was read, centuries ago, in an open chariot, on the desert road from Jerusalem to Gaza. Why have we read it so often in our classes and at our homes without any such saving effect? Is it because there was not behind the words, as we read them, such a tender, prayerful heart as Philip's, that made them a real picture of Gethsemane and Calvary?

Behold the infinite tenderness of Christ as he pauses amid the waving palms and ringing hosannas, and weeps over Jerusalem because of her sins and coming doom! With such a spirit should the preacher look upon his church, the parent upon his children, the teacher upon his pupils.

"Dry intellectual culture and matters of fact have desolated the world and made it barren; only the dew-drops

of affection can fructify it again." As the sculptor works on the clay, he often dashes water upon it to keep it moist and pliable, — a suggestion to the sculptors of living childhood of the mission of tenderness. "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy; he that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

Christ evidently placed these heart qualities of tenderness and love and faith very high among a teacher's qualifications. By the fire of coals he examined Peter with a view of commissioning him as a teacher. The first question of the examination was, "*Lovest thou me?*" Love, then, is the teacher's first great qualification. The second question, of course, will be in regard to intellectual preparation. Again He speaks — "*Lovest thou me?*" The third question will surely refer to intellectual or natural or social gifts and graces. Yet again comes the question, "*Lovest thou me?*"

Love, then, is the Alpha and Omega in the teacher's credentials, as a preparation to hear the command, "Feed my lambs," "Feed my sheep." In connection with this sweet commission of Christ, a recent writer has said, "We can safely reckon that there were some very dear friendships between the Saviour and the boys. Mary was not alone always when she nestled at his feet."

We have another model examination for religious teachers in the scene where Samuel examines the sons of Jesse in order to select a king for God's own people. The eldest was tall, stately, and of pleasing countenance and address; human wisdom would have crowned him as the fittest for the place. As Samuel looked on him

he said, "Surely the Lord's anointed is before Him. But the LORD said unto Samuel, Look not on his countenance, or on the height of his stature, because I have refused him; for the Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." The only one of the family whom the father thought unworthy to bring to the prophet was God's choice. The others had greater strength, perhaps, but he had the loving heart. Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, has said, "The perfect of 'live' must once have been 'love,' as the perfect of 'strive' is 'strove.'" The teacher's very life should be Christian love. We believe that the following lines on this thought, from a teacher's pen, may be carried out both in secular and Sunday Schools:—

"My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them from breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction,
My love is the law of the school."

It is a remarkable fact that one half-hour's summer sunshine deflects the vast mast of the Britannia Tubular Bridge more than all the dead-weight which could be placed upon it. What a tribute to the might of gentleness! Intellectual and social gifts are important in religious teaching, but we should ever remember that five loaves and two fishes, with Christ's blessing, accomplished more than "two hundred pennyworth of bread" could have done, unconsecrated by His touch.

If you dread the difficulties and responsibilities that meet you in your class, as Jacob dreaded the meeting with Esau, tarry alone at the Peniel of prayer, and

look into God's face, and your heart shall grow strong for your work. Besides all our teachers' meetings for intellectual preparation, we need such a teachers' meeting as Moses had above the clouds, from which he came with shining face and burning heart to teach God's law to his Bible-class of three millions of people ; such a teachers' meeting as Peter had in the upper room, that God keeps open for us still, from which he came transformed from a "Galilean" into a "Son of thunder," and taught an Old Testament lesson so powerfully that three thousand were converted in a single day. We also shall succeed if we go to the class-room through the "upper room."

This lesson of tenderness, trust, heart-culture, is, then, the first lesson that we learn from the study of childhood. Every teacher should be a teacher-mother.

"Love is the eternal childhood ;
Hitherto all must come,
Who the kingdom would inherit
Of the Heavenly Home."

V.

THE STUDY OF THE CHILD-BOOK.

"If I were to choose among all gifts and qualities that which, on the whole, makes life pleasantest, I should select the love of children. No circumstance can render this world wholly a solitude to one who has this possession. It is a freemasonry. Wherever one goes, there are the little brethren and sisters of the mystic tie." — T. W. HIGGINSON.

LET us look into this study of childhood in its direct relations to the parent's and teacher's work. Others have written of the Bible-lesson helps, question books, etc.; but we would notice the practical study of living childhood as the material on which the teacher works in both home and school.

The good farmer not only observes the nature of his seeds, but also of his soils, and adapts the one to the other. That would be a strange man who should take in his hand a basket, filled with a dozen varieties of seed, — corn, melon, squash, wheat, cucumber, beet, hay, and peas, — and going through his various fields, the garden, the new land, the sandy soil, and the rocky soil, in the same week of the season, should scatter the seed promiscuously everywhere.

The good physician not only studies books and medicines, but also special symptoms and temperaments

in each patient. "If a physician has science without common-sense, he treats a fever, but not this man's fever."* That doctor would have a short and small practice who should start from his office to make a dozen calls upon as many different persons, afflicted with different diseases and in different stages of the same disease, carrying with him a dozen prescriptions exactly alike.

The good general in a siege studies not only his troops and arms, but also, with his glass and the aid of scouts, scans the breastworks before him to find the weakest and most accessible point.

The Sunday-school teacher is sower, physician, and warrior, and needs to be very practical in his work. A mixed mass of words, even from the Bible, brought to a class as seed, and scattered, without adaptation, in hearts that are thoughtful, and others that are careless, and others that are hard, will not bear the hundred-fold harvest. The teacher needs not only faithful study of the seed in the Bible and lesson helps, but also a careful study of the soil in each scholar's mind and heart.

As a physician, the teacher should, in some degree like the Great Physician, "know what is in man," and "discern how they reason among themselves," watching for symptoms of seriousness and anxiety, and adapting the truth to the moods and feelings of the scholars. A physician would be as likely to save a village from the ravages of a dozen diseases by going from house to house throwing pills about promiscuously, as a teacher

* O. W. Holmes.

to save a class by the use of the Bible without adaptation to the ages and characteristics of the scholars.

The medicine-chest of one of the abandoned Arctic whalers was broken open by some of the natives, who, thinking they had found a prize, proceeded to swallow the contents of all the bottles. The survivors describe the results as startling, for the doses were too large even for the constitution of an Esquimaux. Several of the partakers died, and others wanted to but could not.

The parallel in spiritual malpractice is not hard to find. How many children have been so dosed with unexplained answers in the catechism and passages of Scripture and religious phrases, without any bright adaptation of them to their lives and feelings and circumstances, that even the Divine medicine has been a savor of death unto death in rousing a settled dislike to religion itself.

"You have lost your baby, I hear," said one gentleman to another. "Yes, poor little thing! it was only five months old. We did all we could for it. We had four doctors, blistered its head and feet, put mustard poultices all over it, gave it nine calomel powders, leeched its temples, had it bled; and yet after a week's illness it died." Similar cases will occur to every one,—rigid, loveless, persistent repetitions of words that are not understood, and forms that to the child have no significance.

The child's heart is also a fortress, and the teacher is to lay siege to "Man-soul," as Bunyan expresses it.

The little band of Leonidas withstood the millions of Xerxes until they discovered a secret path over the mountain by which they could enter. The most eloquent preaching, the most able arguments, the most learned

teaching, like the hosts of Xerxes, are often defeated by a mere child's will, until, by sympathy and a study of human nature, the teacher discovers some secret path of entrance into the child's soul.

The teacher, then, is to study man, as well as the Bible ; the class as well as the lesson ; each scholar as well as each verse.

Even teachers of adults cannot study the living material of humanity on which they are at work better than by looking at it in the freshness and simplicity of childhood. Science tells us, " If you wish to study the laws of nature, in plants for instance, you must study the simple, the wild plants, commonly called weeds, in preference to cultivated ones with all their complications."

The best text-book for the study of man is the child-book,— childhood. To parents and teachers of children the study is especially important.

How, then, shall we study childhood? First, by looking into memory.

Bishop Peck, of the Methodist Church, who has a young heart under his gray head, like flowers beneath the snow, was talking to a little boy, and said, " I was once a little child like you." The little one looked up wonderingly at his immense proportions and silver hair, and said, " Why, that must have been more than a year ago." Our memories of childhood should be so warm and vivid that it shall not seem to us more than a year ago.

Only that man " in whom the child-heart hath not died " can successfully teach the young. " Men from whose narrow bosoms the great child-heart has withered " are unfitted for so sacred a task.

Sometimes there is too much "putting away of childish things," putting them even out of memory, on the part of parents and teachers.

"Ma, were you ever a boy?" said a bright-eyed, blithe-hearted little fellow, when reproved by his mother for his merry sport while at play,—"were you ever a boy?"

George MacDonald, whose writings, on almost every page, show us that childhood is ever near to him in memory and sympathy, says, "Then only is a man growing old when he ceases to have sympathy for the young. That is a sign that his heart has begun to wither. And that is a dreadful kind of old age. When we are out of sympathy for the young, then I think our work in this world is over.

"The heart needs never be old. Indeed, it should always be growing younger. Some of us feel younger, do we not? than when we were nine or ten."

Ay, it is possible to be a child forever; to pass from the childhood of earth to that diviner childhood,—our adoption as the sons and daughters of God, children of the Most High.

Dr. Holland, in the story of "Arthur Bonnicastle," tells of a society that worshipped at first in a little chapel, but God so greatly prospered them that at length they were able to build a large and beautiful church. The chapel, however, had become so dear to them, that instead of tearing it down, they built the new church over it, and still used it as their holiest of holies, for their most sacred services. A girl and boy are parting not to meet again until they are grown to manhood and womanhood, and they agree to keep their childhood within them

while they grow older, as the chapel stands within the church.

This chapel of childhood's memories the teacher of children should sacredly cherish.

"One mark of genius," says Coleridge, "is the carrying on of the freshness and feeling of childhood into the powers of manhood."

T. DeWitt Talmage says on the same point, "If, through the wear and tear of life, the boy is escaping from your nature, better catch him now and make him fast forever."

The following incidents show this sympathy with childhood, and this childlike freshness of feeling, in the lives of men whom the world has delighted to honor.

"Michael Angelo was one day strolling through the streets of his beloved Florence, when a little boy accosted him. The man who combined in one soul the varied powers of a painter, a sculptor, an architect, and a poet was then in the zenith of his glory. Popes had pleaded with him for the fruits of his genius, kings offered him vast sums for a single work of art; but when that little child held out to him a paper, and begged him for a picture, the great master smilingly sat down upon a bench beside the street, and drew a sketch such as no other hand on earth could have produced.

"The beauty of the act lay in the fact that Michael Angelo did not feel a child unworthy of his notice."—*National Sunday School Teacher*.

"When Dr. Guthrie died the little ones lost a lover. No face was more familiar than his to the outcast lads and lasses of that wretched quarter in Edinburgh known

as 'Cowgate.' He visited them often in their whiskey-cursed homes, and established for them the first 'Ragged School' ever planted in Scotland. When he came to die, there were no songs that in his last hours pleased him so well as the simple hymns of the Sunday School. Towards the last, when asked what should be sung for him, his quick reply was, 'Give me a bairn's hymn.' 'Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,' and 'There is a happy land,' made his dying moments sweet. The great soul had become so thoroughly a little child, before entering into the kingdom of heaven, that it was borne upwards best on the simple, tender cadences of 'a bairn's hymn.' — *National Sunday School Teacher*.

"As Alice Cary drew near to death she grew more and more fond of the hymns of her childhood, and frequently asked her friends to sing 'Jesus, lover of my soul,' 'A charge to keep I have,' and other hymns she had learned in her earliest years." — *Mrs. M. C. Ames*.

Rev. Dr. Kirk, of Boston, said in his old age, "My Father is taking down timber after timber of this old body, but my soul is still young."

A gentleman who is a great collector of autographs has a very singular one of the Duke of Wellington, which he prizes very highly, as he considers it characteristic of a noble-hearted man. The following is a faithful transcript :—

"Strathfieldsaye, July 27, 1837.

"Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington is happy to inform William Harries that his toad is alive and well."

An explanation of this singular letter is given on a paper appended, in these words :—

"The Duke of Wellington was one day taking his usual country walk when he heard a cry of distress. He walked to the spot and found a chubby, rosy-faced boy lying on the ground and bending his head over a tame toad, and crying as if his little heart would break.

" 'What 's the matter, my lad ? ' said the duke.

" 'O sir, please, sir, my poor toad ! I bring it something to eat every morning. But they are going to send me off ever so far away to school ; nobody will bring it anything to eat when I am gone, and I am afraid it will die.'

" 'Never mind, don't cry, lad. I'll see that the toad is well fed, and you shall hear all about it when you are at school.'

"The boy thanked the gentleman heartily, dried up his tears, and went home. During the time he was at school he received five letters similar to that given above, and when he returned for his Christmas holidays the toad was, as the duke said, 'alive and well,' but, in accordance with the usual habits of these animals, he was in his winter's sleep, in which he remained until spring and genial weather brought him from his well-guarded hole in the ground."— *Sunday School Advocate*.

Among the eminent men who were honored by securing the warm friendships of children was Washington Irving. Said a little boy, who after his death was almost inconsolable, "I have lost two of my best friends, — my little brother and Washington Irving."

When Marshal M'Mahon was entering Paris in triumph after the battle of Magenta, a little white-robed girl advanced to present him with a bouquet. He took her up,

and stood her before him on the saddle ; and not all his deeds of heroic valor ever called forth such shouts of applause as this simple act. The child wound one little arm about his neck, and kissed again and again the bronzed face of the warrior, who returned her caress with a father's tenderness.

Says a writer in one of the newspaper sketches of Agassiz, "He was a great lover of children. He was constantly speaking to them in the street and caressing them, not from affectation or a desire to be popular, but because he could not help it. A friend tells me of an instance which well illustrates his tenderness for children. Once, while conducting some scientific experiments, it became necessary to have some water immediately. Agassiz seized a pitcher, and ran out to a pump near by. He went out quickly, but was slow in coming back. They waited twice as long for the water as would have sufficed to bring it, and then went out to see what was the matter. There sat Agassiz, down by the pump, his legs crossed, and a little child, which he was fondly soothing and caressing, nestled in between them. In his haste at the pump, he had accidentally struck the child standing near by. Though the blow was of little account, the exigencies of science seemed to him the less important, and he had to put down his pitcher and open his heart. When deeply engaged in scientific investigation, he would leave his work to seize and fondle a child that had strayed into his room, and the interrupted mental process seemed to be resumed without difficulty."— *Sunday School Times*.

A lad of ten years once contrived to get into the State House when Agassiz was urging the incontrovertible

arguments for his "Museum." We happened to jostle against the lad, as he was leaving the hall, and asked him, laughingly, his opinion of the performance. "Well," he said, "I've been to many lectures, and have been tired to death, but Agassiz comes right up to my notion of the circus!" When we told Agassiz of this queer compliment he was much pleased. He wanted to see the boy who had been so unconsciously appreciative of the spirit of his speech. He knew that he had magnetized grave and elderly men, and that what he asked for would be cheerfully granted; but he desired to shake hands with the lad who thought he was as good as "a circus," and sent out from his deep lungs great roars of laughter in welcoming the testimony of his juvenile admirer. — *Boston Globe*.

A correspondent describes the following scene in the life of the great physician Nélaton. "As we passed into the hall we heard groans, evidently of a child in great pain. The door leading to the sick-ward was ajar, and as we approached we heard the voice of a man talking earnestly with a little sufferer. There was something very affecting in the imploring tones of the child's voice and the tender and sympathizing replies of the physician, and it seemed to us no breach of etiquette to witness unseen through the crack of the half-open door the scene that was passing within. On a narrow pallet near the window lay a fine boy, nine or ten years old, dying of cancer developing itself between the eyes and behind the nose; it had not shown itself externally, but had destroyed the sight, and was attended by excruciating suffering. By his side sat a stately, white-haired man hold-

ing with one hand the two of the little patient, while with the other he caressingly smoothed his hair. The child told the story of his pain,—‘ Ah, je souffre tant ! ’ to which the old man listened patiently, promising to devise some relief. Then he rose to go, but first bent over the boy, and, with tears dropping from his eyes, kissed his forehead as lovingly as a mother. The white-haired man was the world-renowned Nélaton.”

Add to these the remark of Hawthorne, “ If I value myself upon anything, it is in having a smile that children love.”

Second, we may study childhood by observation.

A geologist never passes a cliff without noticing the formation ; a mineralogist sees a rare stone, or a botanist a peculiar flower, as they ride rapidly along the road. A teacher of children should study with equal care the words and ways of every group of children seen by the fireside or the wayside ; they are his *scientific specimens*.

A practical study of childhood will give us more of skill, sympathy, and success in our work as teachers, at home, in the pulpit, and in the school-room.

VI.

DISCOVERIES IN THE CHILD-BOOK.

"Come, let us live for our children." — *Froebel's Motto.*

THE story of the discovery of the New World by Columbus is one of most romantic interest,—his impelling hope, his earnest efforts, his success at last. As important and interesting is the discovery of the new inner world, the child-soul, in its real tendencies, desires, and characteristics, by the Columbus of modern education, Friedrich Froebel.

As Columbus discovered one district after another, so Froebel discovered one instinct after another, and the seven instincts he enumerates are the seven provinces of the child-world. As Columbus brought back from his voyages specimens of the fruits and minerals of each place he had discovered, so from each of these instinct-provinces we have brought abundant specimens, which are arranged in the "cabinet" of this chapter.

From the writings of Froebel himself, the discoverer, and his historian, the Baroness Marenholtz-Bülow, much of the following brief description of these instinct-provinces of the child-world will be quoted, and the cabinet we have collected will verify and explain their statements.

I. THE INSTINCT OF ACTIVITY.

"When the child is born its first manifestation is motion, — motion of its limbs, and motion of its interior by screaming. Physical development can only come by motion. The child a few months old, lying in its cradle, plays with its limbs, grasps its tiny feet, kicks, and plays with its fingers. In this way it learns about its own form. Games are a maturer growth of this same instinct."

It is in recognition of this instinct that gymnastics are introduced into our best primary schools. It would be a violation of God's law, written in a child's nature, to keep him rigidly quiet for hours at home or in school.

II. INSTINCT FOR WORKING IN THE SOIL.

"After the first unguided attempts to touch or grasp things, a child's main delight is to handle some soft mass, be it earth, sand, or even the mud in the street." "As the chickens scratch in the earth, and men early in their career begin to cultivate the soil, so little children love to dig the ground in their play." "After children have obtained free use of their limbs, we see all that are not kept from it by parents who fear the soiling of their clothes, digging in the earth. With the nearest stick or shovel they throw up the ground, make hills and other forms, with great delight. They soon begin to cultivate the earth with a purpose." The child who has never owned a little piece of land, never worked it in the sweat of his brow, never taken loving care of plants and animals, will always have a blank in the development of the soul."

III. THE INSTINCT OF INVENTION AND IMITATION.

This instinct leads a child, with clay or paper or blocks or other material, to construct new forms, or imitate familiar objects about it.

"Drawing is one of the first occupations of the child, because in this employment it can most easily produce something. It likes to follow the contours of objects with its fingers, and in this way gets a more accurate idea of forms." To facilitate a child's instinctive manifestations in this respect, Froebel would have mothers spread sand on a table, and let the little ones draw figures of familiar things, — for instance, a window, with lengthwise and crosswise marks.

"Cob-houses," "cubby-houses," dams for little brooks, and other kinds of building, are the next step after drawing. The use of dolls, little dishes, tin horses and cars, "playing horse," "playing store," etc., are also manifestations of this instinct.

IV. RHYTHMIC INSTINCT.

This instinct shows itself in that love of music which prompts the mother's lullabies, and that love of poetry that has caused so many nursery rhymes to be written, and so many facts of knowledge for childhood to be put into metre, as, "Thirty days hath September," etc.

How wonderfully childhood's memory clings to "The Three Blind Mice" and "The Piper's Son" and "The Old Woman that lived under the Hill," of the children's Homer, Mother Goose! Her poems are the soothing syrup of the infant mind. What names have stamped

themselves more firmly on our memories than the fortunate "Jack Horner" with his plum in the corner, and "Georgie Porgie who made the girls cry"? What menagerie in all our lives has seemed to us as remarkable as the cat and her fiddle, accompanied by the laughing dog, and the cow that jumped over the moon? Connecticut may invent new clocks, but none can equal that "Hickory, dickory, dock, the mouse ran up the clock." No pie is so delicious in memory as that of the "Four-and-twenty blackbirds"; no State Fair has a more attractive sheep than "Baa, baa, black sheep"; no funeral equals that of "Cock Robin"; few calamities can compare with that of "Humpty Dumpty" on the wall and in his fall; rarely has such an exploit been performed as that of "John Stout" in his rescue of "the cat in the well"; and what astronomer's achievements can equal those of "The man in the moon," who was in some way implicated with "The man of the South," in a plum-porridge calamity.

Every branch of science and theology, philosophy and history, is ministered to children's minds by the kind-hearted Mother Goose. No matter how poor were our memories for "9 times 12" and "A noun is the name of a person, place, or thing," we could always remember the particulars about Jack and Gill in their strange exploit, and the other events of Mother Goose biography.

V. INSTINCT OF INVESTIGATION.

This instinct is born in the first notice a child takes of objects about it, leads on to investigation with eyes and hands and questions, then causes a child to compare one

thing with another, and ere long results in generalization, calculation, and conclusion.

Its most marked development is curiosity. "It is held by some naturalists," says Charles Dudley Warner, "that the child is only a zoöphyte, with a stomach, and feelers radiating from it in every direction in search of something to fill it. It is true that a child is always hungry all over, but he is also curious all over; and his curiosity is excited about as early as his hunger. He immediately puts out his moral feelers into the unknown and the infinite to discover what sort of an existence this is into which he has come. His imagination is quite as hungry as his stomach. . . . I know the general impression is that children must be governed through their stomachs. I think they can be controlled quite as well through their curiosity, that being the more imperious and craving of the two. I have seen children follow about a person who told them stories as greedily as if his pocket had been filled with bon-bons." Dick Swiveler, on account of his curiosity, thought that he must have had an interrogation mark on him when he was born.

A still higher exercise of the child's mind comes in comparison, seeing the relations of things.

A step further leads a child to generalize from several facts or things, and make a new fact,—to calculate, to draw conclusions. These conclusions are often amusingly erroneous, and yet they are of great interest as showing an important mental process, a distinct chain of thought.

A little girl in a railroad car tooted, and seeing the train start immediately, put the two facts together and thought that her tooting caused the train to move. It

was a distinct act of generalization ; she no longer saw things alone, but in their relations, only she made that mistake, which so many older and wiser heads have made, that is known in logic as "*Post hoc, ergo propter hoc.*" We are told — with how much authority I know not — that a boy, having read the story of Washington and his hatchet, went out into his garden and cut down his father's best cherry-tree, and when his father came out, went up to him boldly and said, "Father, I can't tell a lie ; I did it with my little hatchet." The father, not having the same high moral character as Washington, took a branch of the tree and "thrashed" the boy, saying as he did so, "I'd rather you would tell a thousand lies than cut down that cherry-tree." The logical process in that child's mind was a distinct syllogism :—

Washington was great.

Washington cut down a cherry-tree.

∴ Cutting down a cherry-tree makes one great.

This fallacy of "the undistributed middle" is common in older heads than his. Another similar case was that of a little Band of Hope girl, only seven years old, who had caused her kitty to sign the pledge, holding the pencil in her paw and printing kitty's name. There was a liquor-store opposite her home and she noticed that when men had been drinking they came out "licking their chops." One day her mother found her whipping and scolding the kitten, and asked the reason. Little Mary replied, "She's broken her pledge, naughty kitty!" "How do you know she has broken her pledge?"—"I saw her come out of the pantry licking her chops." The

sylogism in her little head had the same error as the other :—

Those who use strong drink lick their chops.

Kitty licked her chops.

∴ Kitty used strong drink.

On the other hand we are almost daily surprised by the correct conclusions of children, many of which are very striking.

In the South, before the war, a little colored boy was being taught the Lord's Prayer by his master. When the latter said, "Our Father," the boy asked, "Is He your Father?"—"Yes."—"Is He my Father?"—"Yes."—"Then we are brothers." The master gave up the lesson.

The cabinet contains many "specimens" equally striking, showing the birth and growth of the reasoning powers in the child's brain. This instinct just as surely needs to be fed as the child's appetite for food.

"As little as a young animal can appease its hunger in a barren desert, can the child's soul satisfy its hunger if its surroundings contain nothing on which it can feed." "At the very first the mother should collect objects to spread out before the senses, so that the soul in its gropings may find what is fit." "As the bee gathers honey from many flowers, so the soul of the child gathers impressions from many images; these must become perceptions before the first signs of intellectual activity show themselves."

When observation becomes curiosity, it can be greatly utilized by often rousing this curiosity-hunger before feeding it with information, which will then be more eagerly received and more fully retained. "The scholars

should look interrogation marks at you," says Dr. Vincent, in speaking to teachers.

VI. THE SOCIAL INSTINCT.

"The child, even in its first months, manifests a desire for society; it cries in its cradle if it fancies itself alone, and is often quieted by a single word. But it not only craves the society of grown people, it desires especially to be with its equals in age and development."

The instinct is so familiar that it only needs to be mentioned to be recognized. It is well for those who would win the child's love to keep a young heart within them, and a loving familiarity.

A little four-year-old of Bristol went to Providence, and in the depot was accosted by a Quaker lady, who asked, "How old art thou, little girl?" She looked up in the face of the Quakeress and replied, "I'm not 'art thou'—I'm little Jennie."

Not the stately "art thou," but the "little Jennie" style of approach wins the child-heart. One who has had great success in winning the children's friendship has written the following suggestions in regard to making the acquaintance of little people:—

"Avoid a full meeting of its eyes with your eyes. The child will wish to make a satisfactory inspection of your eyes at its leisure. But no progress is made as long as you also are examining its eyes. You are the questionable party—not the child. Let the child have time and opportunity to be perfectly assured that you are a suitable person for it to become acquainted with. After that you need make no further advances. The child's curiosity

and native social disposition may be trusted to bring it all the way to you.

"But remember not to look at the child at first if it seems shy. If you hold out a lure to it, don't appear to care whether the lure attracts or not. Dangle your watch in the child's sight, and keep on talking with the third person, with averted eyes, until the child is allured to approach. Very likely it will not then really approach at once. It will take a few moments to watch you. Probably it is much influenced by observing the manner in which you are treated by its father or mother. Wait till this has had time to produce its full reassuring effect."

VII. RELIGIOUS INSTINCT OR GOD-TRUST.

In a thousand questions and remarks which children ask in the twilight, as they look into the sky, or say their prayers, this instinct is clearly revealed.

Little birds which have not yet opened their eyes, seeing dimly through their closed eyelids the shadow of the approaching parents, open their mouths for the expected food. So the child-soul, feeling the nearness of the Divine Father, looks up trustfully for heavenly food.

A multitude of instances, to be found in the cabinet under this topic, are its best explanation.

This instinct needs the food of religious conversation and surroundings, and a careful Christian culture.*

* See chapter on "The Relations of the Child-Book to Religion."

CABINET OF SPECIMENS.

FIRST SHELF.—INSTINCT OF ACTIVITY.

Mother:—“*Boys! Boys! BOYS!*”

DEAR, blessed, noisy, rollicking, tormenting, comforting Boy! What should we do without it? How much we like, without suspecting it, its breezy presence in the house. Except for it how would errands be done, chairs brought, nails driven, cows stoned out of our way, letters carried, twine and knives kept ready, lost things found, luncheon carried to picnics, three-year-olds that cry led out of meeting, butterflies and birch-bark got, the horse taken round to the stable, borrowed things sent home—and all with no charge for time?

Dear, patient, busy Boy! Shall we not sometimes answer its questions? Give it a comfortable seat? Wait, and not reprove it till after the company has gone? Let it wear its best jacket, and buy it half as many neckties as its sister? Give it some honey, even if there is not enough to go round? Listen tolerantly to its little bragging, and help it “do” its sums?—*H. H.*

JAMES was a happy, playful, noisy boy. He delighted in that kind of sport which made the most stir and resulted in some kind of demonstration. One day his mother lost all her patience, and cried out, “James, stop your noise, and sit down quietly for the next hour, or I will punish you.”—“Why, mother,” said he, “I can’t keep still. I’d burst right open, I know I would, if I could n’t run and laugh, and get the noise out of me.”

A FRIEND visiting in a minister's family, where the parents were very strict in regard to the children's Sabbath department, was confidentially informed by one of the little girls that "she would like to be a minister."

"Why?" inquired the visitor, rather puzzled to understand what had given the child so sudden an admiration for that calling.

The visitor was quickly enlightened by the prompt reply, —

"So that I could holler on Sunday"! — *National Baptist.*

GRAN'MA AL'AS DOES.

I WANTS to mend my wagon,
And has to have some nails ;
Jus' two, free will be plenty,
We 're goin' to haul our rails.
The splendidest cob fences
We 're makin' ever was !
I wis' you 'd help us find 'em,
Gran'ma al'as does.

My horse's name is Betsey ;
She jumped and broked her head,
I put her in the stable,
And fed her milk and bread.
The stable's in the parlor,
We did n't make no muss.
I wis' you 'd let it stay there,
Gran'ma al'as does.

I's goin' to the corn-field,
To ride on Charlie's plow.
I 'spect he 'd like to have me,
I wants to go right now.
Oh, won't I "gee up" awful,
And "whoa" like Charlie's whoas ?
I wis' you would n't bozzer ;
Gran'ma never does.

I wants some bread and butter,
 I 's hungry, worstest kind ;
 But Taddie must n't have none,
 'Cause she would n't mind.
 Put plenty sugar on it ;
 I tell you what, I knows
 It 's *right* to put on sugar ;
 Gran'ma al'as does. — *A. H. Poe.*

THERE was a clergyman who often became quite vexed at finding his little grandchildren in his study. One day, one of these little children was standing by his mother's side, and she was speaking to him of heaven.

"Ma," said he, "I don't want to go to heaven."

"Don't want to go to heaven, my son!"

"No, ma, I'm sure I don't."

"Why not, my son?"

"Why, grandpa will be there, won't he?"

"Why, yes, I hope he will."

"Well, just as soon as he sees us, he will come scolding, and say, 'Whew! whew! whew! what are these boys here for?' I don't want to go to heaven if grandpa is going to be there."

LITTLE MARY is a bright, active, rosy-cheeked miss of five summers.

One Sabbath, when at church, she was so full of life that it was pretty hard for her to try to keep still, as she knew she ought. Her mother whispered to her two or three times to be quiet, but it did but little good. Her feet would keep moving.

At last her mother asked more decidedly, "Mary, can't you keep your feet still?"

Mary replied, "No, mother, I can't; my feet feel so good." — *Congregationalist.*

"WILL grandpa be in heaven, mamma?" a little boy once asked.

"Certainly," was the reply.

"Then I don't want to go there! He'd be always coming in as cross as a bear and saying, 'What are these boys about?'"

Mother (talking with her active little boy).—"How nice it will be to go to heaven, where there is no care or sorrow, and all is quiet and still." *Boy.*—"Oh, I think I should get sick of it after a while. I'd just as soon stay here a little longer."

A CLERGYMAN who had been staying for some time at the house of a friend, on going away, called to him little Tommy, the four-year-old son of his host, and asked him what he should give him for a present. Tommy, who had great respect for the "cloth," thought it his duty to suggest something of a religious nature, so he announced hesitatingly, "I think I should like a Testament, and I know I should like a popgun."

Passer-by.—"My boy, how will you ever get through that snow-drift?"

Boy.—"By keeping at it; *that's how.*"

ONLY A BOY.

ONLY a boy with his noise and fun,
The veriest mystery under the sun;
As brimful of mischief and wit and glee
As ever a human frame can be;
And as hard to manage as — what? Ah me!
'T is hard to tell,
Yet we love him well.

Only a boy with his fearful tread,
Who cannot be driven, but must be led ;
Who troubles the neighbors' dogs and cats,
And tears more clothes, and spoils more hats,
Loses more kites and tops and bats
Than would stock a store
For a year or more.

Only a boy with his wild, strange ways,
With his idle hours or his busy days ;
With his queer remarks and his odd replies,
Sometimes foolish and sometimes wise,
Often brilliant, for one of his size,
As a meteor hurled
From the planet world.

Only a boy, who may be a man,
If Nature goes on with her first great plan —
If Intemperance or some fatal snare,
Conspire not to rob us of this our heir,
Our blessing, our trouble, our rest, our care,
Our torment, our joy !
"Only a boy."

— *Selected.*

"THAT BOY."

THERE he is again — rip, tear, slam-bang ! What a jumbled, tumbled, mussed-up mess of humanity is That Boy. Hear the cat ! That Boy is pulling its whiskers. What a cackling ! That Boy is teaching the chickens to swim. Here he is ! No, there he is ! No, that's him scudding along under full sail after the dog.

What a boy ! Everybody says he will amount to nothing in this or in any other world.

Who placed a pin on the teacher's chair ? That Boy. Who drew a map of the pond, ducks and all, on the blackboard ? That Boy. Who filled the sugar-bowl with salt, hung his sister's best hat on the tallest tree, and then sat demurely in the corner with book upside-

down, foot on the cat's tail, and grandmother's specs above his nose? You might know that it was That Boy.

"I can't do anything with him," says mother. "A useless concomitant of humanity," says teacher. "A lad whose baneful influence is being felt in a pernicious manner by all his associates," says pastor.

But wait. Who brings the first of everything good to his mother? Who is always on hand when the school-master asks a favor? Who tumbles heels over head that he may obtain a geological specimen for the minister? Oh, it is That Boy, is it? Well, then, just look down into his heart and you will find it different from what you imagined. His soul is full, and it bubbles up, and over, every time he moves.

Mischievous actions, lively pranks, and sharp sayings are only the gateways through which escape the superfluous floods of his nature. The trouble is that his body is too small for his big soul.

Let him laugh and frolic and play. Yes, help him to do all this, and more too. Remember that our moral and intellectual giants were once just such boys helped along by love. Also bear in mind that pressure upon and abuse to such natures will make them fiends in human form.

Take them by the hand, and you can lead them up to the loftiest pinnacles of thought and action. Drive them, and they become the devil's strongest allies.

If you have one of those frolicsome lads in your home, school, or neighborhood, take care of, and watch over him, and the time will come when you will be proud of That Boy. — *W. A. Gay.*

SPEECH of a country school committee: "You 've ciphered well and your spellin's good, but ye haint sot still."

A FATHER, inquiring of his little son how he got along at school, received the following reply: "Oh, very well. I've got so I can turn a somersault without putting my head on the ground, and I can stand on my head without putting my foot against a tree."

MAMMA was very busy. Now I don't know what was the reason, but when she was very, very busy, Robbie was always sure to be full of talk. So this morning she sent for his Cousin Carry to play with him. She gave each of them a bowl of nice soap-suds and a clean new pipe, to blow bubbles out in the yard. They blew them till they were tired of that, and then they played Rocky Mountains a while.

It was a splendid place to play Rocky Mountains, for Robbie's papa was building a new barn, and there were beautiful rough piles of bricks, and boards that would rattle when you stepped on them. Carry was the leader, and she would take a bundle of something on her shoulder, and climb over the hardest places in the bricks and boards, and Robbie, who never played that before, took a little bundle on his shoulder, and climbed around after her. They were travellers climbing the mountains,—like the pictures in Carry's Geography.

When they were tired of being travellers they came into the house, where mamma was busy. Now, Carry was fond of telling very large stories, and of having

people open their eyes, and say, "Why, Carry!" and she began to tell about their soap-bubbles.

"O, auntie!" said she, "I blew such lovely bubbles, prettier than Robbie's. I blew one big as your head!"

"Um," said mamma, without looking up.

Carry thought she was not enough impressed, so she went on:—

"I blew such a-w-f-u-l big ones! Why, auntie, I blew some so big you might have sat on it and not broke it!"

"What!" exclaimed mamma, turning suddenly, and looking square at her, in amazement at such a story.

Carry was frightened, and burst into violent tears. Mamma tried to quiet her, but she knew she had been naughty, and she snatched up her hat and ran home, crying all the way at the top of her voice.

"Mamma, a' n't Carry pretty naughty?" asked Robbie, who had looked on all this time in wonder.

"I think she is," said mamma, turning to her work; "and now, Robbie, if you play in here, I want you to be quiet."

"Yes," said he, "I guess I'll play with my dirt-car."

His dirt-car was a square piece of board, with castors screwed in at the corners, and a string at one end to draw it by. He soon found it, and then saying softly to himself, "Now I need Kitty, to give her a ride," he went into the kitchen and found her curled up behind the stove. Kitty was not very large, but she was extremely accommodating; she would sit on the car, and let Robbie draw her all over the house. After drawing her about for some time, he commenced with,—

"Mamma, when my kitty gets so old she can't ride, I'll send her right up to heaven."

"Um," said mamma.

"I'm going to climb a high mountain with my hatchet, and bust a hole through into heaven and get in," he went on, earnestly. "The mountains go clear up to the roots of heaven : do you know that?"

"I guess so," answered mamma, absently, for she did n't hear half he said.

"Mamma, do you know what I'm going to do?" he began, in a minute.

"No," said mamma.

"I'm going to build an engine 'thout any smoke-stack ; do you want to know where?"

"Um," said mamma.

"Out in the chicken-coop. Do you want to know how I can go in the coop?"

"Um," answered mamma.

"Why, I'll go in through the door. How do you s'pose I can get out?"

"I don't know," said mamma.

"Why, I'll go out through the door, just where I went in!" he answered, as though amazed that mamma should want to know such silly questions.

"Now, Robbie," said she, looking up from her work, "if you don't keep still I feel as though I should fly right out the window."

"But you can't, mamma," said he, earnestly, "'cause you have n't got any wings."

Mamma laughed.

"I know it, dear, but I have nerves."

"Can you fly with nerves?" he asked eagerly, "and where did you get them?"

"Oh, do go and make something with your blocks," said mamma, laughing. "I can't stop to talk with you."

"Well, what shall I make?"

"I don't know; whatever you please."

"Shall I make a depot?"

"Yes," said mamma.

"Well, I don't know how to make a depot. Shall I make a scam-doodle?"

"Yes, yes," said mamma, hastily.

"Well, how *do* you make a scam-doodle?" he asked, with interest.

"Dear me, Robbie!" said mamma, "go and look out the window, and see what is in the street, and don't talk."

The little fellow left his blocks and his dirt-car, where Kitty was fast asleep, and went to the window. He was still a little while, but suddenly broke out.

"O mamma! here's a pretty little calf with whiskers!"

"What!" said mamma.

"Oh, such a pretty one!" he shouted, "just as white! and a stubby tail."

Mamma looked up.

"Why, that's a goat, Robbie, and if you'll keep still till I get through my work, I'll tell you about the goat carriages in Central Park."

For some time after this promise Robbie kept very still, watching the passers-by, but at last he began again.

"O mamma! there's three men, and I think they're Shadrack, Meshack, and Abednego!"

Mamma had to laugh at this, and asked him why.

"'Cause I heard one say 'shadwack' and 'ramerica': do you know what that means?"

"No, I don't know."

For a few minutes he was still again, and mamma went on with her work, but pretty soon a pedler came down the street shouting, "Green corn! green corn!"

"O mamma!" cried Robbie, "Carry says 'f you eat corn off the cobs you get skulls in your teef!"

"Robbie! Robbie!" said mamma, laughing, "what *does* make you talk so much to-day?"

"'Cause I'm so full of words I shall burst," said Robbie.

"Well, I believe you are, and I guess I'll have to wait till you are a-bed before I can work."

"I shan't ever be a bed, I'm a boy!" said Robbie earnestly. — *Olive Thorne in "Christian Union."*

A FATHER, fearing an earthquake in the region of his home, sent his two boys to a distant friend's until the peril should be over. A few weeks after the father received this letter from his friend: "Please take your boys home and send down the earthquake."

A LITTLE boy was beating his feet against the seat in Sunday School and laughing. "What are you laughing about?" said his teacher. "I was thinking what if my feet was ponies, how I would go!"

THE BOYS.

THERE come the boys ! Oh dear, the noise !

The whole house feels the racket.

Behold the knee of Harry's pants,

And weep o'er Bertie's jacket !

But never mind, if eyes keep bright

And limbs grow straight and limber ;

We 'd rather lose the tree's whole bark

Than find unsound the timber.

Now hear the tops and marbles roll !

The floors — Oh, woe betide them !

And I must watch the banisters,

For I know boys who ride them.

Look well as you descend the stairs,

I often find them haunted

By ghostly toys, that make no noise

Just when their noise is wanted.

The very chairs are tied in pairs,

And made to prance and caper ;

What swords are whittled out of sticks !

What brave hats made of paper !

Then dinner-bell peals loud and well,

To tell the milkman's coming ;

And then the rush of "steam-car trains "

Sets all our ears a-humming.

How oft I say, "What shall I do

To keep these children quiet ? "

If I could find a good receipt,

I certainly should try it.

But what to do with these wild boys,

And all their din and clatter,

Is really quite a grave affair,—

No laughing, trifling matter.

"Boys will be boys"—but not for long.

Ah ! could we bear about us

This thought,—how very soon our boys

Will learn to do without us, —

How soon the tall and deep-voiced men
Will gravely call us "Mother,"
Or we be stretching empty hands
From this world to the other,—

More gently we should chide the noise,
And when night quells the racket,
Stitch in but loving thoughts and prayers
While mending pants and jacket!

— *Selected.*

SECOND SHELF. — INSTINCT FOR WORKING IN THE SOIL.

A CITY child had spent the summer in the country. On his return to the city, his glad father said, "Now, Bennie, what shall I get you down street?"

The child answered, "Dirt."

ONE bright spring day, Cousin Ruth, who was staying at the parsonage with Phebe's mamma, was wondering where Phebe was, for the little girl had long been out of sight. Presently looking out at the window, she saw the little maid out by the pump, making mud-pies. Now Ruth knew that nothing pleased Phebe better than to receive calls, as mamma did; so she put on her hat and went out to see her pet.

Phebe was so busy stirring up her dough that I do not think she saw Cousin Ruth till she knocked on the fence-post, trying to appear as visitor-like as possible.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Phebe, as she played open the door, "I am all in the dough, so you'll please excuse my shaking hands,"—and she held up her little fat hands all covered with mud up to the wrists.

"Certainly," replied Ruth, "and you must not let me hinder you from your work, as I see you are very busy."

"Yes. I have such a deal of work to do," said Phebe, smiling, despite her assumed gravity. "You see," continued she, "that the dollies are going to have a large party to-morrow, and I am making things for them. They must have pies and cakes and bixits and tarts and *nice* cream, and ever so many other things for a party, you know."

"Of course they must," said Ruth. "But you are getting very tired, working so hard, are you not?"

At this Phebe gave a little ringing laugh, and said that she did not mind that much, for it would please the children, a sentence which I think she had heard her mamma use some time.

"There," said she, proudly pointing to some small fig-boxes filled with a rather dark-looking dough, "there is my fruit-cake, and there are the patty-pans in the scalloped tins; and here are two, six, ten pies," she continued, looking at several pieces of broken plates, covered with the same dark-looking dough.

"Why couldn't your little girls have helped you some?" sympathizingly asked Cousin Ruth.

"Oh dear!" replied Phebe, "they are such a bother, if they try to do anything, that I sent them all to the woods for flowers, before I began my baking. They are sure to get their clothes all flour, and they do eat the sugar and the raisins drefffully, and put their fingers into everything they see," concluded the little cook.

"Yes, I know how that is," said Ruth, trying to look very grave. "There is my little cousin that bothers her mamma just so. You know her, don't you?"

Here a little smile came out of the corner of Phebe's

mouth, and then rippled all over her pleasant face, as she said, demurely :—

“You mean your cousin in New York, don’t you? I believe I did see her once, when I was a little girl.”

“I believe I see her this very minute,” said Ruth, giving Phebe a little hug, in spite of the dirt on her hands and clothes.

“Why, you forget. I am a lady and you are my visitor,” said Phebe, drawing herself up with dignity. “And now I must make my nice cream, or I shall not get through before the children come back to trouble me.”

“And I must be going now,” said Ruth, rising from the well-curb. “I hope you will call and see me soon.”

“Yes,” said Phebe, “after the party.” — *Youth’s Companion*.

THIRD SHELF.—INSTINCT OF INVENTION AND IMITATION.

“Mothers and nurses advertise themselves in their children.” — *J. B. Smith*.

A MOTHER relates the following : “As I was about to enter my nursery, to look after my little ones, I observed the youngest, a boy three years of age, looking over a book, which he had taken from a shelf, resembling a family Bible used before morning and evening prayer. Struck with the unusual solemnity of his manner, I watched his movements. With great precision and apparent devotion, he went through the exercise of reading and singing, and kneeling for prayer, in imitation of his father’s daily example. And never was manner, voice, or

gesture more properly copied. Trifling as was this circumstance, so deep and solemn was the impression made upon my mind that to this time I feel myself mentally exclaiming, 'What manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness!'

"EDDIE," said Harry, "I'll be a minister and preach you a sermon."—"Well," said Eddie, "and I'll be the peoples." Harry began: "My text is a short and easy one: '*Be kind.*' There are some little texts in the Bible on purpose for little children, and this is one of them. These are the heads of my sermon. *First*, Be kind to papa, and don't make a noise when he has a headache. I don't believe you know what a headache is, but I do. I had one once, and did n't want to hear any one speak a word. *Second*, Be kind to mamma, and don't make her tell you to do a thing more than once. It is very tiresome to say, 'It is time for you to go to bed,' half a dozen times over. *Third*, Be kind to baby."—"You have leaved out Be kind to Harry," interrupted Eddie. "Yes," said Harry, "I did n't mean to mention my own name in my sermon. I was saying, Be kind to little Minnie, and let her have your red soldier to play with when she wants it. *Fourth*, Be kind to Jane, and don't scream and kick when she washes and dresses you." Here Eddie looked a little ashamed, and said, "But she pulled my hair with the comb."—"People must n't talk in meeting," said Harry. "*Fifth*, Be kind to kitty. Do what will make her purr, and don't do what will make her cry."—"Is n't the sermon most done?" asked Eddie. "I want to sing." And without waiting for Harry to finish his

discourse, or to give out a hymn, he began to sing; and so Harry had to stop.

Father. — “You will soon be a man, Fred, you are growing so fast.”

Fred (four years old). — “Yes, I be most a man now, — I smoked a piece of cigar the other day.”

THE NEW SLATE.

SEE my slate, I dot it now,
 'Cos I broke the other,
 Put my little foot right froo,
 Runnin' after mother.

I tan make you lots of tings,
 Fass as you can tell 'em,
 T's and B's and big O rings,
 Only I tant spell 'em.

I tan make a funny pig
 With a turly tail,
 'Ittle eyes, and snout so big
 Poking in a pail.

I can make a pretty house,
 Wid a tree behind it,
 An' a little mousey mouse
 Tummin' round to find it.

I tan put my hand out flat
 On the slate and draw it
 (Ticklin' is the worst of that);
 Did you ever saw it?

I tan draw me runnin' 'bout —
 Mamma's 'ittle posset
 (Slate 's so dusty, rubbin' out,
 Dess oo 'd better wass it).

Now then, s'all I make a tree
 With a birdie in it?
 All my picksurs you shall see
 If you 'll wait a minute.

If I live, I 'll make a man
Just like Uncle Rolly;
See it tummin' fass 's it tan.
Bet my slate is jolly !

— *Selected.*

ONCE upon a time a little maiden, who thought her mother had used her too harshly, rang the bell for the servant girl. When the girl came into the parlor, the youngster said, as she had often heard her mother say concerning herself, "Bridget, do take mamma away, she's so cross and ugly; and I'll let you know when you may bring her into the room again."

THE first day a little boy went to school, the teacher asked him if he could spell. "Yes, sir," answered the boy. "Well, how do you spell *boy*?" — "Oh, just as other folks do."

TWENTY-FIVE or thirty years ago Rev. Chas. G. Finney, now President of Oberlin College, was carrying on a series of revival meetings in some Eastern city, — Boston, we think. One day a gentleman called to see him on business. Mr. Finney's daughter, perhaps five years old, answered his ring.

"Is your father in?" asked the stranger.

"No," replied the demure maiden. "But walk in, poor dying sinner! Mother can pray for you." — *Hearth and Home.*

A FANCIED moss trooper, the boy
The truncheon of a spear bestrode;
And round the hall right merrily
In mimic foray rode.

— WALTER SCOTT, *on the Heir of Branksome's Childish Sport.*



AN old man whom age had made helpless and decrepit was obliged to depend entirely for his subsistence and care upon his son's family. While taking his food his hand trembled so much that he often spilled it upon the table-cloth, and his son had him take his meals out of an earthen dish in the corner. The dish fell out of his trembling hands and was broken, which so vexed his son and his wife that they bought him a wooden dish for his future use.

The next day the little grandson was discovered at work with chisel and hammer upon a log of wood.

"What in the world are you doing there, my son?" said his father.

The little fellow did not want to tell, and his mother asked, "What are you doing there, my son? Tell me at once."

"Oh," said he, "I'm making a little trough, like the one piggie eats out of."

"What are you going to do with the pig-trough, my son?"

"Why, mother," said the little boy, "I'm making it for you and father to eat out of when I'm a man!"

It was a lesson in time to the father and mother, and grandfather after this had a place at the table, and was treated as one of the family, and not like a worn-out brute.

SIMILAR to the incident just mentioned is the familiar one of the child whose father treated *his* father like a brute in his old age, and at last gave the little boy a blanket with orders to hand it to the grandfather and

turn him out-of-doors. The child took the blanket and cut it in two. The father, astonished, inquired the child's reason. The reply was, "I have cut it in pieces to give one to grandfather, and to keep the other to turn you out-of-doors with when you get to be old."

First Girl. — "Your doll looks very poorly, Jemima."

Second Girl. — "Yes, dear, I think it frets a great deal about Alfred. He knocked one of its eyes out last week, and it lost a great deal of sawdust, and has n't been the same doll since."

LITTLE MAMMA GRACE.

WITH such a sober face
 Pretty little Mamma Grace
 Came to meet me at the gate, yester-morn,
 That I felt inclined to cry
 As I asked the reason why
 My darling looked so anxious and forlorn.
 Half between a sob and sigh
 Gracie managed to reply, —
 "Oh! I'th dot a world o' t'ouble, Nantie, dear;
 For Lily'th b'oke her head,
 An' Bartie'th sick in bed,
 An' I don't know what to do with Jennie Vere.
 I'th af'aid the'th *dieded* now,
 For the fell — I don't know how —
 And mathed herthelf all open in the kneeth.
 I'th done t'ke betht I tould,
 But it don't do any dood —
 Oh! tome up quick to thee her, Nantie, pleathe."
 And with such a sober face
 Pretty little Mamma Grace
 Softly led me where her suffering darlings lay, —
 Lily with her broken head,
 Baby Bertie sick in bed,
 And Jennie Vere, her wounds tied up with hay.

Mamma Gracie stopped and sighed :
"O Nantie, dear!" she cried,
"Don't 'ou think 'ou tan *well* 'em if 'ou trieth?"
And she watched me with a smile
Growing brighter all the while,
As I pursed my lips and tried to look so "withe."

Then with putty and with thread
I mended Lily's head,
And sewed up Jennie Vere in the "kneeth";
To Bertie's aching chest
Some Dolly's ointment pressed,
Saying, "Now I'll take my fee, if 'ou pleathe."

And with sunny, beaming face
Pretty little Mamma Grace
Her soft arms around me tightly curled,
And whispered o'er and o'er
Every time with one kiss more,
"Oh, 'ou ith the bethetht Nantie in the world!"

— ROSA GRAHAM, in *Hearth and Home*.

WHEN have you been happier than when you joined a little party of country children at 3 o'clock of a summer afternoon to play till sundown, round a "cubby house," whose walls were bricks set lengthwise, whose floors were old bits of board, and whose sole furniture was broken crockery and glass, with caraway cookies and milk for supper, and every little head safe on its pillow by eight o'clock?— *Independent*.

AT one of our neighbors' houses was a very bright little girl. It chanced once that they had as a guest a minister, and an esteemed friend. Little Annie watched him very closely, and finally sat down beside him and began to draw on her slate. "What are you doing, Annie?" asked the clergyman. "I's making your pic-

ture," said the child. So the gentleman sat very still, and she worked away earnestly for a while. Then she stopped and compared her work with the original, and shook her little head. "I don't like it much," she said. "'T ain't a good deal like you. I dess I'll put a tail to it and call it a dog."

A CHINESE peasant boy being compelled to work by day determined to study by night, and not being able to get a lamp, took home each night a glow-worm, with which he managed to read by applying it to the lines.

THE boot period is the dividing line between babyhood and boyhood. Before the boots one is tramped upon by comrades and stuck with pins, and we walk with an air of apology for the fact that we were born at all. Robust school-fellows strike us across the cheek, and when we turn to them they cry, "Who are you looking at?" or, what is worse than any possible insult, have somebody chuck us under the chin and call us "Bub." Before the crisis of boots the country boy carries no handkerchief. This keeps him in a state of constant humiliation. Whatever crisis may come in a boy's history — no handkerchief. This is a very unpopular period of snuffles. But at last the period of boots dawns upon a boy. Look out how you call him "Bub." He parts his hair on the side, has the end of his white handkerchief sticking out of the top of his side-pocket, as if it were recently arranged so, has a dignified and manly mode of expectoration, and walks down the road with long strides, as much as to say, "Clear the track for my boots!"—*Independent*.

"EVERY art will be attempted by the child, whether it be to make forms with chalk or pencil, or to delineate them in sand; whether it be the inarticulate sounds of the babe trying to become rhythmic, or to imitate the crowing of the cock, the lowing of the cow, the barking of the dog."

Lady (to little girl of four years). — "What are you going to call your new doll?"

Girl (heaving a deep sigh like some anxious mother). — "I shall call it Rosa — if it lives."

THE VOYAGE IN THE ARM-CHAIR.

O PA, dear pa! we 've had such a fine game,
 We played at a sail on the sea;
 The old arm-chair made such a beautiful ship,
 And it sailed — oh, as nice as could be.

We made Mary the captain, and Bob was the boy
 Who cried "Ease her!" "Back her!" and "Slow!"
 And Jane was the steersman who stands at the wheel,
 And I watched the engines below.

We had for a passenger grandmamma's cat,
 And as Tom could n't pay he went free.
 From the fireside we started at half-past two o'clock,
 And we got to the sideboard at three.

But oh! only think, dear papa, when half-way,
 Tom overboard jumped to the floor,
 And though we cried out, "Tom, come back, don't be drowned!"
 He galloped right out at the door.

But pa, dear pa, listen one moment more,
 Till I tell you the end of our sail:
 From the sideboard we went at five minutes past three,
 And at four we saw such a whale!

The whale was the sofa, and it, dear papa,
 Is at least twice as large as our ship!
 Our captain called out, "Turn the ship round about!
 Oh, I wish we had not come this trip!"

And we all cried out, "Oh, yes, let us go away home,
And hide in some corner quite snug."
So we sailed for the fireside as quick as we could,
And we landed all safe on the rug.

— *Phrenological Journal.*

THE LAWYER. — (*See Frontispiece.*)

How innocently and with what comical gravity those large calm blue eyes look out from beneath the curly horsehair wig! With what an odd effect the robes and bands of the lawyer appear upon the figure of the child. They have been put on in mere fun, but our little one wears them as if he were perfectly at home in them, and looks "as sober as a judge."

That musical voice has never pleaded the cause of the revengeful or the cruel; the widowed and the fatherless have never heard it raised in support of their persecutors; he is a little good Counsel. The coarse gray hairs of the wig on a cheek which is as soft and glowing as a July peach seems strangely out of place; but such an idea does not disturb the dignity which our little one derives from wearing it. There is no "brief" in that little dimpled, chubby hand; but in our "counsel's opinion" no brief is needed, and he is quite prepared to plead — say for toys or sweatmeats — without it.

The eagerness with which our little ones don our "robes and wigs," and the dignity and importance which they assume with them, has its moral for parents. Will they not be as ready to don our other habits; to seek the dignities, false or real, which we have sought; to grow up, in consequence, truthful, honest, industrious, and loving, or the reverse, in accordance, not with the things we *say*,

but with the things we *do*? "Example is stronger than precept," and all children are eagerly imitative of those whom they love, and, loving, admire. Wear, then, your best habits in the presence of such closely-watching, curious little observers, remembering how prone they are to put them on when you are not by to check and advise, and how unfit they are to reason from what you *say* against what you *do*. — *A Father, in "Family Friend."*

A NEW baby had come to the home of little Charlie, and with a deep sense of responsibility he said, "Now, I suppose, I shall have to be very good because we have got this baby; for ma don't want her to be naughty, and *she will be if I am.*"

FOURTH SHELF. — RHYTHMIC INSTINCT.

"As red as a cherry, as brisk as a bee,
As brown as a berry, as tall as a tree," etc.

"THIRTY days hath September,
April, June, and November," etc.

"DING, dong, bell,
The cat's in the well," etc.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep," etc.

"COME up here, my good little girl," said a Sunday-School superintendent. "I am glad you remember your Bible lessons so well. Now tell the other boys and girls what you know of St. Peter."

The little girl was quite willing, and commenced:—

"Peter, Peter, punkin-eater,
Had a wife and could n't keep her;
He put her in a ——"

But before she could get to "punkin-shell," the school was in a roar.

FIFTH SHELF. — INSTINCT OF INVESTIGATION.

CASE A. — OBSERVATION AND CURIOSITY.

Who can tell what a baby thinks ?
 Who can follow the gossamer links,
 By which the manikin feels his way
 Out from the shore of the Great Unknown,
 Blind, and wailing, and alone,
 Into the light of day ?

What does he think of his mother's eyes ?
 What does he think of his mother's hair ?
 What of the cradle-roof, that flies
 Forward and backward through the air ?
 What does he think of his mother's breast,
 Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,
 Seeking it ever with fresh delight, —
 Cup of his life and couch of his rest ?
 — *Holland, in "Bitter Sweet."*

A CHILD'S QUESTION.

Do angels wear white dresses, say ?
 Always, or only in the summer ? Do
 Their birthdays have to come like mine in May ?
 Do they have scarlet sashes then, or blue ?
 When little Jessie died last night,
 How could she walk to Heaven — it is so far ?
 How did she find the way without a light ?
 There was n't even any moon or star.
 Will she have red or golden wings ?
 Then will she have to be a bird and fly ?
 Do they take men like presidents and kings
 In hearses with black plumes clear to the sky ?
 How old is God ? Has He gray hair ?
 Can He see yet ? Where did He have to stay
 Before, you know, He had made — Anywhere ?
 Who does He pray to — when He has to pray ?
 How many drops are there in the sea ?
 How many stars ? — well, then, you ought to know
 How many flowers are on an apple-tree ?
 How does the wind look when it does n't blow ?

— *Selected.*

A LITTLE girl, delighted at the singing of the bobolink, earnestly asked her mother, "What makes him sing so sweetly? Does he eat flowers?"

TOWARDS the close of a long summer day, which had flooded the earth with beauty and song, a lovely boy, wearied with its very pleasures, after silent thought, said with a tone of sadness, "Mother, I am so tired; and it says in the Bible, 'There shall be no night there.' What shall I do in heaven when I am tired?"

LONGFELLOW, in his charming description of "Hiawatha's Childhood," has given a vivid picture of childhood's spirit of inquiry:—

At the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha : . . .
Saw the moon rise from the water,
Rippling, rising from the water,
Saw the flecks and shadows on it ;
Whispered, " What is that, Nokomis ? "
And the good Nokomis answered,
" Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother and threw her
Up into the sky at midnight ;
Right against the moon he threw her
'T is her body that you see there."
Saw the rainbow in the heavens,
In the eastern sky the rainbow ;
Whispered, " What is that Nokomis ? "
And the good Nokomis answered,
" 'T is the heaven of flowers you see there :
All the wild flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us."
When he heard the owls at midnight,
Hooting, laughing in the forest,

"What is that?" he cried, in terror,
"What is that," he said, "Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered,
"That is but the owl and owl
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding to each other."
Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets;
How they built their nests in summer,
Where they hid themselves in winter;
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's chickens."
Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets;
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns;
How the reindeer ran so swiftly;
Why the rabbit was so timid;
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's brothers."

IN a scene from "Within and Without," by George Macdonald, we have another specimen:

[*Lily and her father, Julien, in a graveyard.*]

Lily. — Why do they make so many hillocks, father?
The flowers would grow without them.

Julien. — So they would.

Lily. — What are they for, then?

Julien — (*Aside.*) I wish I had not brought her;
She *will* ask questions.
I must tell her all.

(*Aloud.*) 'T is where they lay them when
the story's done.

Lily. — What! lay the boys and girls?

Julien. — Yes, my own child — to keep them warm till
it begin again.

Lily. — Is it dark down there ?

[Clinging to Julien and pointing down.]

Julien. — Yes, it is dark ; but pleasant — oh, so sweet !

For out of them came all the pretty flowers.

Lily. — Did the church grow out of these with the long stalk,

That tries to touch the little frightened clouds ?

Julien. — It did, my darling. There's a door down there that leads away to where the church is pointing.

[She is silent for some time, and keeps looking first down and then up.]

Child. — What did God stand on when he made the sky ?

Child. — Mother, did God make me ?

Mother. — Yes, and everybody else and everything.

Child. — Well, then, who made God ?

Skeptic. — All things came by chance. The world sprang up like a mushroom in the night.

Girl of thirteen years. — Then I should like to know where the seed came from.

“WHY is it that a rooster always has his feathers smooth ?” If I should put this conundrum to a group of boys and girls, they would not expect me in the same breath to give the answer, but would desire me to give them time to guess. So I let them guess again and

again, and when at last, all having failed, I give the answer, "Because he always carries his comb with him," their delight manifests itself in an outbreak.

CASE B. — COMPARISON.

A CHILD, beside a statue, said to me,
With pretty wisdom, very sadly just,
"That man is Mr. Lincoln, mamma. He
Was made of marble : we are made of dust."

"Now, Johnny," says grandma, "I want you to sit just as still as a mouse."—"Mouses don't sit still, grandma."

A TEACHER, examining his class, endeavored to draw a similitude between *sin* and *dirt*. After having, as he thought, succeeded, the question was asked of one of the boys, "What may we consider dirt to be a sign of?" "Laziness, sir," was the reply."

"PA," asked a little boy, "does the Lord know everything?"—"Yes, my son," replied the father; "but why do you ask that question?"—"Because," replied the boy, "our preacher, when he prays, is so long telling Him everything, I thought He was n't posted."

A LADY was showing little Zaidee some pictures of birds, among which was a nightingale. The lady told Zaidee that it was a bird which sang beautifully in the night, adding, "We have no nightingales in this country as they have in England."—"No," replied Zaidee, promptly, "but we have cats that sing in the night. I often hear them."

“MOTHER, are speckled eggs laid by speckled birds?”

A SCHOOL-BOY being asked by his teacher how he should flog him, replied, “If you please, sir, I should like to have it on the Italian system of penmanship,—the heavy strokes upward, and the downward ones light.”

Two little birds had a nest in the bushes in the back part of the garden. Julia found the nest; it had four speckled eggs in it. One day, after she had been away some time, she ran into the garden to take a peep at the speckled eggs. Instead of the beautiful eggs, there were only broken, empty shells. “Oh!” she said, picking out the pieces, “the beautiful eggs are all spoiled and broken.”—“No, Julia,” said her brother, “they are not spoiled: the best part of them has taken wings and flown away.” So it is in death: the body left behind is only an empty shell, while its soul, the better part, has taken wings and flown away

A CLERGYMAN, meeting a little boy, said, “This is quite a stormy day, my son.”—“Yes, sir,” said the boy, “this is quite a wet rain.” The clergyman asked if he ever heard of other than a wet rain. “I never knew personally of any other,” said the boy, “but I have read in a certain Book of a time when it rained fire and brimstone, and I guess that was not a wet rain.”

A LITTLE girl sent out to hunt eggs came back unsuccessful, complaining that “lots of hens were stanin’ round doing nothing.”

"PAPA," said a bright-haired boy, "how could the military 'fly' from the field of battle, when they had only one plume apiece, and both wings of the army were thrown into great disorder? Say, papa, how could they fly?"

A LITTLE five-year-old boy was being instructed in morals by his grandmother. The old lady told him that all such terms as "By golly," "By jingo," "By thunder," etc., were only little oaths, and but little better than other profanity. In fact, she said, he could tell a profane oath by the prefix "by." All such were oaths. "Well, then, grandmother," said the little hopeful, "is 'by Telegraph,' which I see in the newspapers, swearing?"—"No," said the old lady, "that's only lying."

A STORY is told of a New Hampshire deacon and cooper named Day, who solemnly addressed some youthful Sabbath-breakers with the question, "Boys, do you know what day this is?" only to receive the response, "Yes, sir; Deacon Day, the Cooper."

A GENTLEMAN whose proboscis had suffered amputation was invited out to tea. "My dear," said the good woman of the house to her little daughter, "I want you to be very particular, and to make no remark about Mr. Jenkins' nose." Gathered about the table, everything was going well; the child peeped about, looked rather puzzled, and at last startled the table: "Ma, why did you tell me to say nothing about Mr. Jenkins's nose? He has n't got any!"

A LITTLE boy having broken his rocking-horse the day it was bought, his mother began to rebuke him, and to threaten to box his ears. He silenced her by inquiring, "What is the use of a good hoss till it's broke?"

"PAPA," said a bright-eyed little girl one day, "I believe mamma loves you better 'n she does me." Papa held doubts on that subject, but concluded that it was not best to deny the soft impeachment. She meditated thoroughly about it for some time, evidently construing her father's silence as unfavorable to her side. "Well," said she at last, "I s'pose it's all right; you're the biggest, and it takes more to love you."

SOME children at the dinner-table were discussing that which has often troubled the heads of older and wiser persons:—

"Was n't Adam a good man before he got a wife?"

"Of course he was," answered a little girl.

"How long was he a good man after he got a wife?"

"A very short time."

"HARPER'S Bazar" is responsible for the following: A lad in Hartford, whose fifth birthday occurred last week, asked his parents if the schools would keep open that day, adding, they did n't on Washington's birthday.

CASE C.—CALCULATION AND CONCLUSION.

WHEN Father Sawyer, of Maine, had reached his hundredth birthday, the event was celebrated by a public service, which was attended by throngs of all ages.

After his address and prayer, many children were taken up to shake hands with the patriarch, and receive his blessing. One very little girl, who was much impressed by the occasion, at length whispered to her mother, "I guess he always minded his mamma."

"Yes, dear: what made you think of that?"

"Why, mamma, does n't God say, 'Thy days shall be long?'"

She probably comprehended nothing but the great age of the speaker, but that had been a sermon to her. And is not the mere fact of a Christian's long life a testimony to God's faithfulness, so that, however infirm and helpless, they are honored with being "His witnesses"?

A GENTLEMAN the other day saw his daughter dipping her little doll baby's dress into a tin cup, and inquired, —

"What are you doing, my daughter?"

"I'm coloring my doll's dress red."

"With what?"

"With beer."

"What put that foolish notion into your head, my child? You can't color red with beer."

"Yes, I can, pa; because ma said it was beer that made your nose so red."

And the man had business that required him down town immediately.

"WHY," asked a governess of her little charge, "do we pray to God to give us our daily bread? Why don't we ask for four days, or five days, or a week?"—"Because we want it fresh!" said the hopeful.

A LITTLE boy, the child of irreligious parents, was visiting in a minister's family, entering heartily into all the religious exercises. One day his mother found him praying, and said, "What are you doing?" He answered, "O mamma! we must pray all we can while we are in Madison, 'tause der's no God in Albany."

A VERY small girl whose mother was dead, and whose father had married again, but had not resumed family worship, soon after the event, accosted him: "Father, is God dead?"—"No, my child," he said; "what makes you ask that question?"—"Why, you used to pray to Him night and morning when my mother was alive, but you don't now. I did not know but God was dead too."

"Now, Duie, you can see the horns of the moon," a lady said to her little girl who was sitting on the front step, one bright evening. She was a very talkative child, and quite smart too; and after chattering away about the moon a little, she added, "Why, ma, there a'n't any stars near by it, is there?" And to her mother's "No," she said, "It's well enough for them to keep away, or they'd get hooked."

A CLERGYMAN was preparing his discourse for Sunday, stopping occasionally to review what he had written and to erase that which he was disposed to disapprove, when he was accosted by his little son, who had numbered but five summers: "Father, does God tell you what to preach?"—"Certainly, my child."—"Then what makes you scratch it out?"

A DANBURY little darkey refused to go to church "kase he did n't want to look there like a huckleberry in a pan of milk."

A PRECOCIOUS boy in an up-town family was asked which was the greater evil of the two, — hurting another's feelings or his finger. He said the former. "Right, my dear child," said the gratified questioner; "and why is it worse to hurt the feelings?" — "Because you can't tie a rag around them," explained the child.

A LITTLE girl had been playing in the street until she had become pretty well covered with dust. In trying to wash it off she did not use water sufficient to prevent the dust rolling up in little balls upon her arms. In her trouble she applied to her brother, a little older than herself, for a solution of the mystery. It was explained at once, to his satisfaction, at least: "Why, Sis, you're made of dust, and if you don't stop you'll wash yourself all away!" The washing was discontinued.

FRED and his little sister Gertie have nice times trading with their mamma. Fred takes his wheelbarrow, and fills it with blocks and spools and books, and plays he is a fish-pedler. Marching to the sitting-room door, he blows his little tin trumpet. "Toot! toot! toot! Any fish to-day?"

His mamma asks, "What do you carry, sir?" Fred stands very straight and says, "Cod, haddock, and wola-but." He means halibut; so she tells him that she will take one of them.

He selects one of his largest books ; she pays him a lozenge, and asks him to call again next Friday.

Then he goes to the kitchen to trade with Aunt Jennie. "Toot! toot! toot! Any fish to-day?"

"What have you?" asks auntie.

"Cod, haddock, and wolabut," says Fred.

"But I would like a whale. Don't you carry them?" asks auntie, with a smile.

The little pedler leaves his cart in Gertie's care, and runs to his mother.

"Mamma, Aunt Jennie says she wants a whale. Do fish-men ever carry whales?"

"Why, no, darling. Whales are very large. One of them would fill this room."

"But don't they carry little baby-whales?" asks Fred.

"No. Auntie was only joking when she asked for one," said his mother.

Fred stood still a moment. He did not like to give it up ; so he went to his mother's work-basket, and hunted until he found a long whalebone. Then he walked into the kitchen, and said, "I have n't any whales this morning ; but here's one of their bones to make you a soup."

SAMMY was reading the Bible very attentively, when his father came into the room and asked him what he had found that was so interesting. The boy, looking up, eagerly exclaimed, —

"I have found a place in the Bible where they were all Methodists."

"How so?" inquired the father.

"Because all the people said 'Amen.'"

"Now, George, you must divide the cake honorably with your brother Charles."—"What is honorable, mother?"—"It means that you should give him the largest piece."—"Then, mother, I'd rather Charlie should divide it."

A GRANDCHILD of Dr. Emmons, when not more than six years old, came to him with a trouble weighing on her mind.

"A. B. says the moon is made of green cheese, and I don't believe it"

"Don't you believe it? Why not?"

"I know it is n't."

"But how do you know?"

"Is it, grandpa?"

"Don't ask me the question; you must find it out yourself."

"How can I find it out?"

"You must study into it."

She knew enough to resort to the first of Genesis for information, and after a truly Emmons-like search, she ran into the study.

"I've found it! The moon is not made of green cheese, for the moon was made before the cows were."

A FOUR-YEAR-OLD at East Poultney, Vt., recently went to a blacksmith's to see his father's horse shod, and watched closely the work of shoeing until the blacksmith commenced paring the horse's hoofs, when, thinking this was wrong, he said earnestly, "My pa don't want this horse made any smaller."

"HAVE you anything you did not receive from God?" inquired a teacher of his pupils. "No," said all the scholars but one; he replied, "Yes." — "What is that?" asked the teacher. "Sin," replied the boy.

THE Littleton (N. H.) "Republic" tells about a little six-year-old girl in Monroe, who went into a store where her father was lounging the other day, and, slyly approaching him, said,—

"Papa, won't you buy me a new dress?"

"What, buy you a new dress, Susy?"

"Yes, papa: won't you?"

"Well, I'll see. I'll speak to your mother about it."

Elongation to an alarming extent rapidly spread over that little countenance, but a thought suddenly struck her, and with a smile she looked up into her father's face and said,—

"Well, papa, if you do speak to mamma about it, touch her easy, or she may want the new dress herself."

The father at once saw the point, and the new dress was purchased.

A LITTLE boy, six years of age, a member of a Sabbath School, on the Sabbath preceding an artillery review, hearing his mother speak of the noise and confusion usual on that day, said to her, "Mother, you should not talk of such things on the Sabbath day." His mother replied, "I know it, my son, but I forgot that it was the Sabbath." — "That is no excuse, mother," rejoined the child, "for the command says, *Remember* the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

"MAMMA, where do cows get the milk?" asked Willie, looking up from the foaming pan of milk which he had been intently regarding. "Where do you get your tears?" was the answer. After a thoughtful silence he broke out, "Mamma, do the cows have to be spanked?"

IN the history of the American revival we have read of a little maiden who besought everybody she met to love Jesus. When people told her she was crazy, she simply yet beautifully replied, "But if I am crazy, that is no reason why you should not love Jesus."

A LITTLE boy being asked "How many gods are there?" replied, "One." — "How do you know that?" "Because," said the boy, "there is only room for one; for He fills heaven and earth."

AT a recent examination of one of the schools in Washington, the question was put to a class of small boys, "Why is the Connecticut River so called?" when a bright little fellow put up his hand. "Do you know, James?" — "Yes, ma'am. Because it connects Vermont and New Hampshire and cuts through Massachusetts!" was the triumphant reply.

A CLERGYMAN asked some children, "Why do we say in the Lord's prayer, 'who art in heaven,' since God is everywhere?" He saw a little drummer, who looked as though he could give an answer, and turned to him for it. "Well, little soldier, what say you?" — "Because it is His headquarters."

Preacher. — My boy, tell me where God is, and I will give you an orange.

Boy. — Tell me where He is not, and I will give you two.

A LITTLE girl was sent to the pasture to drive home the cow. While thus engaged she treated herself to climbing an unnecessary fence, from which she fell and was severely scratched and bruised. On returning home she was asked if she cried when she fell.

"Why, no," she replied. "What would have been the use? There was nobody to hear me."

"ELLA, my child," said a prudish old maid to a pretty niece, who would curl her hair in ringlets, "if the Lord had intended your hair to be curled, He would have done it Himself." "So He did, auntie, when I was a baby; but He thinks I am big enough now to do it myself."

DURING a revival in the central part of New York, a little boy was converted, who desired to join the church. His father told him he had better wait six months, and see if he could live his religion first. Shortly after, he was in the field with his father, and found a lamb, separated from its dam, bleating piteously. The father directed the son to put the lamb with its mother. The boy replied, "I think we might as well leave it six months, and see whether it will live or not; and then, if it lived, we could put it with its mother." Feeling the force of the application, the father said, "Put the lamb with its mother, and join the church if you wish to."

THE boy who, when asked to what trade he would wish to be brought up, replied, "I will be a trustee; because ever since papa has been a trustee we have pudding for dinner," was a wise child in his generation.

It is difficult to get a better answer than the following: A little boy was asked what the Bible meant by saying, "Abraham believed God and He counted it to him for righteousness." He replied, "He marked him so high for it that it counted more than all the bad marks he had."

THERE is a moral taught by the following conversation which needs to be learned by many fathers. Said a little four-year-old, "Mother, father won't be in Heaven with us, will he?"—"Why not, my child?"—"Because he can't leave the shop."

Pedagogue.—First little boy, what is your name?

Little boy.—Jule.

Pedagogue.—Oh, no; your name is Julius. Next little boy, what is yours?

Second little boy.—My name is Billious.

A CERTAIN little boy in Kansas, only seven and one half years old, is trying hard to be a Christian. The missionary who started the new Western Sunday School which he attends says that this boy, whose name is Willie, uses a great deal of what we call good common-sense in his ideas of a religious life.

The other day he was in the house watching Maggie,

as she pared the potatoes for dinner. Soon she pared an extra large one, that was very white and nice on the outside, but when cut into pieces it showed itself to be hollow and black inside with dry rot. Instantly Willie exclaimed, —

“Why, Maggie, that potato is n’t a Christian.”

“What do you mean?” asked Maggie.

“Don’t you see it has a *bad heart*?” was Willie’s reply.

It seems this little Kansas boy had learned enough of the religion of Jesus to know that, however fair the outside may be, it will never do to have the heart black. We must be sound and right *clear through*. — *Child’s World*.

A LITTLE boy who was nearly starved by a stingy uncle (his guardian) with whom he lived, meeting a lank greyhound one day in the street, was asked by his guardian what made the dog so thin. After reflecting, the little fellow replied, “I suppose he lives with his uncle.”

“CHARLIE, what is it that makes you so sweet?” said a loving mother, one day, to her little boy, as she pressed him to her bosom. “I dess, when God made me out of dust, he put a little thugar in,” said Charlie.

A REMARKABLY dirty man stopped in front of a small boy sitting on a fence, expecting to have some fun by chaffing him. He said, “How much do you weigh?” The answer was, “Well, about as much as you would if you were washed.”


"PAPA," said a small urchin with a mischievous eye, "I say, papa, ought the master to flog a fellow for what he did n't do?"—"Certainly not, my boy."—"Well, then, he flogged me to-day when I did n't do my sum."

A POUGHKEEPSIE parent lately induced a croupy little boy, to make quite a hearty meal of buckwheat cakes and "maple molasses," but the latter proved to be nice syrup of squills. The boy said he thought something ailed the molasses the very minute his father told him to eat all he wanted.

A LITTLE girl came into a house one day, and some apple-parings lay on a plate on the table. After sitting awhile, she said, "I smell apples!"—"Yes," I replied, "I guess you smell those apple-parings on the plate."—"No! no," said she, "'t ain't them I smell; I smell whole apples!"

A SWEET little incident is related by a writer, who says, "I asked a little child not long ago, 'Have you called your grandma to tea?'—"Yes. When I went to call her she was asleep, and I did n't know how to wake her. I did n't wish to *hallo* at grandma, nor *shake* her; so I kissed her cheek, and *that* woke her very softly. Then I ran into the hall and said pretty loud, "Grandma, tea is ready," and she never knew what woke her."

A LITTLE fellow who wore striped stockings was asked by a man on the street why he made barber-poles of his legs. His pert reply was, "Well, ain't I a little shaver?"



A SCHOOL-BOY being requested to write a composition upon the subject of pins, produced the following: "Pins are very useful. They have saved the lives of a great many men, women, and children, — in fact, whole families." — "How so?" asked the puzzled teacher. And the boy replied, "Why, by not swallowing them."

Teacher. — "Mary, dear, suppose I were to shoot at a tree with five birds on it, and kill three, how many would be left?" *Mary* (four years old). — "Three, ma'am." *Teacher.* — "No, two would be left." *Mary.* — "No, there would n't, though: the three shot would be left, and the other two would be flied away!"

A LITTLE girl in a Western town, after studying for a time a picture of the Magdalen reclining on her face and weeping, suddenly exclaimed, "Mamma, I know why Mrs. Magdalen is crying. It is because Mr. Magdalen does not buy her clothes enough."

"MOTHER," said little Nezzie, one morning, after having fallen from his bed, "I think I know why I fell out of bed last night; it was because I slept too near the place where I got in." Musing a little, he added, "No, that was not the reason; it was because I slept too near where I fell out."

A BOY, after preaching to his little sister, closed by saying "Amen." His little sister said at once, "You should n't say 'Amen' when I am here; you should say, 'A-lady.'"

A SCIENTIFIC father was explaining to his son, four years old, the philosophy of the growth of trees, when the little pupil was struck with an idea, and exclaimed, —

“ Papa, are you growing any taller ? ”

“ No, my son : why do you ask ? ”

“ ‘Cause the top of your head is coming through your hair.”

Discerning child (who has heard some remarks, made by papa). — Are you our new nurse ?

Nurse. — Yes, dear.

Child. — Well, then, I’m one of those boys who can only be managed by kindness ; so you had better get some sponge-cake and oranges at once.

“ How is it you never go with any bad boy, or get into bad scrapes ? ” asked one little fellow of his playmate. “ Oh ! ” said the other, “ that’s ‘cause I don’t say ‘ No ’ easy.”

“ WHAT is the chief use of bread ? ” asked an examiner at a school exhibition. “ The chief use of bread,” answered the urchin, apparently astonished at the simplicity of the inquiry, “ is to spread butter and molasses on.”

“ MA, if I should die, and go to heaven, should I wear my *moire antique* dress ? ” — “ No, my love : we can scarcely suppose we shall wear the attire of this world in the next.” — “ Then tell me, ma, how the angels would know I belonged to the best society.”

"MAMMA," said a little girl to her mother, "do you know how I get to bed quick?"—"No," was the reply. "Well," said she, in great glee, "I step one foot over the crib, then I say 'Rats!' and frighten myself right in."

I HAVE two bright little nephews, the eldest not five years old. While trying to entertain them a few days since, I was entreated again and again to tell a story. As all doting aunts are apt to do, I complied with the little folks' request by relating a story of my own about a little fisherman. Ascertaining that my young listeners understood something of the art of fishing, I asked them frequent questions in regard to pole, line, hook, bait, etc. After I had pictured the fisherman about to draw up a great, bright shiner, I turned to the little two-year-old, who sat eagerly listening, with mouth and great black eyes wide open, and said, "Novine, what do you suppose was upon the end of the line?" He replied, "Why, the pole, aunty." I did not attempt another fish-story that day. — *Hearth and Home.*

Little Bright-Eyes. — Father, I have got three tongues, hain't I?"

Father. — "No, dear, you have only one.

Little Bright-Eyes. — Yes, I have.

Father. — Well, where are they?

Little Bright-Eyes. — One in my head and two in my shoes.

Teacher. — How many souls have you, Johnnie?

Johnnie. — Two; one on each foot.

A LITTLE boy five years old, while writhing under the tortures of the ague, was told by his mother to rise up and take a powder she had prepared for him. "Powder! powder!" said he, raising himself on his elbow, and putting on a roguish smile, "Mother, I ain't a gun!"

A YOUNG girl was sweeping my room one day, when she went to the window-shade and hastily drew it down.

"It makes the room so dusty," she said, "to have sunshine coming in."

The atoms of dust which shone golden in the sunbeams were unseen in the dimmer light; so the untaught girl imagined it was the sunshine that made the dust.

LITTLE Fred and Jessie were very much afraid of rats, and so when they wanted to get anything in the woodshed Fred would stand in the door and cry "Me—ow," while Jessie went into the shed to get the desired article.

A TENDER-HEARTED little girl came in from the woods and showed a face covered with mosquito bites. "Why did you not drive them away?" said the mother. "They would not go," said the child. "Why did you not kill them?"—"It would not have been right," was the answer. "But I have seen you kill them at home," urged the surprised mother. "Yes, mamma," argued the child firmly, "if they come into my house and bite me, I kill them. But if I go into the woods, that is their house, and I have no right to kill them."

A FATHER had been reading aloud to his family Whittier's beautiful poem, "The Barefoot Boy." The youngest boy, who had seen only three or four summers, went away thoughtfully into an unnoticed corner and tugged away at his shoes and stocking. At length he had removed them all, and came back to his father, saying eagerly, "Is n't I 'oor barefoot boy?"

"MY son," said a good mother to her young hopeful, "did you wish your teacher a Happy New-Year?"—"No, ma'am," responded the boy. "Well, why not?"—"Because," said the youth, "she is n't happy unless she's whipping some of us boys, and I was afraid if I wished her happiness she'd go for me."

Stranger.—What makes you talk so much, child?

Child.—Tos I dot somethin' to say.

A THREE-YEAR-OLD youngster saw a drunken man "tacking" through the street. "Mother," said he, "did God make that man?" She replied in the affirmative. The little fellow reflected for a moment, and then exclaimed, "I would n't have done it."

IN a little town in Missouri a lady teacher was exercising a class of juveniles in mental arithmetic. She commenced the question, "If you buy a cow for ten dollars—" when up came a little hand. "What is it, Johnny?"—"Why, you can't buy no kind of a cow for ten dollars. Father sold one for sixty dollars the other day, and she was a regular old scrub at that."

A TEACHER was illustrating the points of the compass to two pupils: "Now, what is before you?"—"The north, sir," said John, who was an intelligent lad. "Now, Tommy," said he to the other, who had just donned a long coat, "what is behind you?"—"My coat-tails, sir," said Tommy.

A LITTLE fellow, some four or five years old, who had never seen a negro, was greatly perplexed one day when one came to where he and his father were. The youngster eyed the stranger suspiciously till he had passed, and then asked his father—"Pa, who painted that man all black so?"—"God did, my son," replied the father. "Well," said the little one, still looking after the negro, "I should n't a thought he 'd a held still."

A GENTLEMAN who was unusually well pleased with a sermon remarked that he was carried right to the gates of heaven by it. His precocious six-year-old son upon hearing him say this, exclaimed, "Why did n't you dodge in, father? It's the best chance you'll ever have of getting into heaven."

A CHILD, while walking through an art gallery with her mother, was attracted by a statue of Minerva.

"Who is that?" said she.

"My child, that is Minerva, the Goddess of Wisdom."

"Why did n't they make her husband, too?"

"Because she had none, my child."

"That was because she was wise, was n't it, mamma?" was the artless reply.

"MA, has your tongue got legs?"—"Got what, child?"
 "Got legs, ma?"—"Certainly not; but why do you ask
 that silly question?"—"Oh, nothin', only I heard pa say
 that it runs from morning till night, and I was wondering
 how it could run without legs; that's all, ma."

A LITTLE Danbury girl, when asked by her mother
 about suspicious little bites in the sides of a dozen choice
 apples, answered, "Perhaps, mamma, they may have
 been frost-bitten, it was so cold last night." The mother
 retreated.

ONE day last summer, as Dr. F——, of the First Baptist
 Church in C——, was on his way down street, Lettice, a
 smart little fellow of three years of age, spied him pass-
 ing the door-yard, and being well acquainted with the
 reverend gentleman, he started as fast as his feet would
 carry him, eagerly calling, —

"Hallo, Mr. F——, hallo!"

"Ah, Lettice, how do you do? What now?"

"Mr. F——, what did God make flies for?"

"Why, Lettice, I suppose to bite you when you are a
 bad boy."

The child stood still a moment with his black eyes
 fixed on the sand he was piling up in little heaps with
 his foot; then looking up into the Reverend Doctor's
 face as children will look, said, —

"Mr. F——, do the flies ever bite you?"

"MAMMA," said a little boy, who had been sent to dry
 a towel before the fire, "is it done when it's brown?"

"SUSIE," said a teacher to one of her pupils, "you should n't make faces. You'll grow up homely if you make faces." Susie looked thoughtfully in the teacher's face a moment, and then innocently asked: "Did *you* make faces when *you* was a little girl?"

Irritable Schoolmaster. — Now, then, stupid, what's the next word? What comes after cheese?


Dull Boy. — A mouse, sir.

SAID a youngster in high glee, displaying his purchase to a bosom friend on the sidewalk, "Two cocoanuts for ten cents! That will make me sick to-morrow, and I won't have to go to school."

"PA, is Pennsylvania the father of all the other States?"—"Certainly not, my child; why do you ask that question?"—"Because I see all the newspapers call it Pa."

A LINKBOY asked Dr. Burgess, the preacher, if he would have a light. "No, child," says the doctor. "I am one of the lights of the world."—"I wish, then," replied the boy, "you were hung at the end of our alley, for it is a very dark one."

CHARLEY had been told by his mother that he was made of the dust, and one windy day when he was looking out of the window he saw a great flurry of the dust in the wind and cried out, "Mother, come and see! God's making another little boy."



"WHAT's the plural of pillow?" asked an Irish teacher the other day. "A bolster, sir," replied his rawest pupil, amidst the suppressed tittering of the whole class.

At a school in the country, the sentence, "Mary milks the cow," was given out to be parsed. The last word was disposed of as follows: "Cow is a noun, feminine gender, singular number, third person, and stands for Mary."

"Stands for Mary!" said the excited pedagogue. "How do you make that out?"

"Because," answered the intelligent pupil, "if the cow did n't stand for Mary, how could Mary milk her?"

THE father of Dorabella recently found that little girl's chubby little hands full of the blossoms of a beautiful tea-rose, on which he had bestowed great care. "My dear," he said, "didn't I tell you not to pick one of those flowers without leave?"—"Yes, papa," said Dorabella, "but all these had leaves."

A LITTLE child was chasing a butterfly with golden wings. Whenever it alighted near her she tried to seize it with her tiny hand, but it always arose triumphantly and fluttered over her head as if to mock her feeble effort.

Wearied at last, she threw herself upon the ground, and with a look of sweet resignation exclaimed, "Well, no matter, it might have stung me."

While smiling at the little one's philosophy, I could not but breathe the prayer that in after years, when golden

insects should flutter round her and elude her eager grasp, the same kind spirit might come to her aid, and whisper, "It might have stung me." — *Selected.*

At a recent Sunday School service in New Haven, the rector was illustrating the necessity of Christian profession in order to properly enjoy the blessings of Providence in this world ; and to make it apparent to their minds, the rector said, "For instance, I want to introduce water into my house : I have it pumped, the pipes and faucets, and every convenience in good order ; but I get no water. Can any of you tell me why I do not get the water?" (expecting them to see that it was because he had not made connection with the main in the street.) The boys looked perplexed ; they could not see why the water should refuse to run into his premises after such faultless plumbing. "Can no one tell me what I have neglected in order to get the water?" reiterated the rector, looking over the flock of wondering faces, bowed down by the weight of the conundrum. "I know," squeaked out a little five-year-old. "You don't pay."

A LITTLE child knew quite well that her father, who was a member of the church, was at variance with an ungodly neighbor, for she had heard the matter often talked of in the home circle. When that neighbor, who would not speak to her father, became a seeker of religion, the subject of their difficulty was often discussed in her hearing. She came to the just conclusion that they were mad with each other.

When this little girl, who was a member of an infant class in our Sunday School, saw her father approach that penitent neighbor at the mourner's bench, and saw the once revengeful man leap from his seat and throw his arms around the neck of her father and rejoice aloud; and when she saw him meet her mother also in the aisle with similar demonstrations of forgiveness and of joy, her little head began to reason, and the conclusion she reached was this: "Mother, religion takes the mad out of people."

A LITTLE girl who found the moon shining on a night when the children were sliding thought God had hung out a lamp for the children to slide by.

CHRISTMAS DAY. *Visitor in S. S.*—Where did the wise men come from?

Boy.—From Boston.

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE, in MacDonald's story of that name, thought that the stars were the cows of the "milky way," and hence he called the fire-flies that he had gathered in his little nook "my cows." The grasshoppers he thought were made of green leaves, and grew like fruit on the trees until they were ripe, and then they jumped down and jumped forever afterwards. He had a strange notion about the wind. He thought the trees "churned" it. When he ran and shook his hair about him he thought that he too was raising the wind. But an old discarded pendulum that he could swing to and fro he believed had a mightier influence yet upon the wind.

One summer night when the air was hot and oppressive he went to his room and put the pendulum in the window to raise a cooling breeze. He set it swinging, and it so happened that a storm of wind and rain began to gather soon after. He tried to stop the pendulum in order to stop the wind, but could not. And then he sat and watched, with growing awe, the swinging key of the storm, as he thought it to be.

A BOY in New York had a similar fancy. He said, one cold morning, "I wish all the trees were cut down." — "Why?" — "Because the trees shake like great fans and make it cold."

A CHILD in Chicago, seeing one of the dental signs, where a set of teeth is kept moving constantly, cried out, "Aunt Helen, did that man blow away all but his teeth?"

A LITTLE girl once followed the workmen from her father's grounds when they went home to their dinner, because she was very fond of a kind old man who was one of them. When he looked from his door he saw her sitting on a log waiting for him, and invited her to go into the cottage. She looked in, saw the strange faces around the table, and hesitated. When he urged her she raised her sweet face and inquired, —

"Is there any mother here?"

"Yes, my dear, there's a mother here," he answered.

"Oh, then I'll go in; for I'm not afraid if there's a mother there!"

Her child's experience had told her she could place confidence in a mother's sympathy. A home may be small and mean, but if it is the shrine of a mother's love it is a happier place than a palace would be without this blessed presence. — *Selected.*

"THIS is my home!" cried a beautiful little boy of four summers as, fresh and rosy, he came from school at the close of a short winter's afternoon.

"Indeed, little Willie," said his father, "why is it? Suppose you go out on the sidewalk, and try at the next door; suppose you step into the entry, throw off your little sack as you have done here, and go into the parlor, would not that be your home?"

"No, indeed," said Willie, "it would not be."

"But tell me why not."

Willie had never thought of this. He paused a moment, then, directing his eyes to where his mother quietly sat sewing, he replied with an earnest gesture, —

"*She* lives here."

A BOY who was much interested in menageries was very naughty one day, and to frighten him his mother told him the story of the wicked boys of Bethel who cried out to the prophet, "Go up, thou baldhead!" and were destroyed by forty-two bears. Soon after the boy stole out into the street and waited for a bald-headed man. When one came along he cried out boldly, "Go up, thou baldhead! And now bring on your bears."

Child. — "I could n't live if I should have the fever."

Mother. — "Why so?"

Child. — "Because I'm so little there would n't be room for the fever to turn."

DURING a recent small-pox panic in a New England village, a small boy was brought to the city by his mother for the purpose of receiving vaccination. The first time he was allowed to attend Sunday School after recovering from the operation the lesson chanced to be about the going up of the Jews to Jerusalem to eat the Passover. "Can any one tell me," asked the teacher, "why all the people went up to the city?" Our little friend remembered his own recent journey, and instantly responded, "To be vaccinated!"

A LITTLE boy heard his mother tell of eighteen head of cattle being burnt. "Were n't their tails burnt also?" he inquired.

"UNCLE, what made you walk like a dog when you went out with mamma and auntie?"

"Why, child, I did n't walk like a dog. I walk on two feet, a dog on four."

"Yes, but you did walk like a dog."

"How can that be?"

"'Cause you went behind!"

A LITTLE child of four years said, "Mamma, I think heaven must be a bright place, for see how bright it is where it shines through the holes in the sky!"

A MINISTER made an interminable call upon a lady of his acquaintance. Her little daughter, who was present, growing weary of his conversation, at last asked in an audible whisper, "Did n't he bring his amen with him, mamma?"

Stranger. — What is your name, my boy?

Boy. — Willie *Don't*.

His mother was "always don'ting."

Boy. — If Herodias' daughter had asked for Herod's own head, I guess he would n't have been so particular to keep his vow.

Child. — Does the Lord take the paper?

Mother. — No, my child; why do you ask that?

Child. — Oh, I thought he did n't, it takes our minister so long to tell him about things.

A LITTLE girl who received no Christmas presents during the war, as she had before, came to this conclusion: "I guess Santa Claus is drafted."

Parent (whose daughter has a weakness for an artist). — I hear you take walks with that picture-making fellow. Have no more to say to him! A smart fellow, with scarcely a coat to his back!

Smart Grandson. — Oh, come now, grandpa; he's not much worse than you in that respect, for it was only yesterday I heard the doctor say you had n't any coat to your stomach!

Child. — Grandma, do you want some candy ?

Grandma. — Yes, I should like some.

Child. — Well, then, go to the store and buy some for me, and I will give you half of it.

WHO could help loving fair-haired, bright-eyed little Bonnell ? He is one of those mischievous eight-year-olds that one must pet in spite of one's self. And yet he is not all mischief either. Now and then he makes one's eyes open with astonishment, and one's hands go up with the exclamation, "What a child !"

Bonnell's pa is rather careless in religious matters, and sits down often at the table without thinking of the "blessing." "Pa," said the little fellow the other day, "ma says God made you. Did he, pa ?"

"Yes, He made me."

"Well, pa, are you glad He made you ?"

"Why, Bonnie, of course I am ! What questions you do ask."

The child's mind was evidently working out a problem, but he did not exactly know what it was.

After a pause : "Pa, what does Uncle Sam ask a blessing at the table for ?"

"I reckon because he wants to."

"He says he wants to thank God for his dinner, but I told him that you worked for your dinner, and made it. God does not give it to you, does He, pa ?"

"Well, yes ; I suppose He gives me mine, too."

Bonnell looked up with astonishment, and then fell to vigorously with his knife and fork. Suddenly he asked again, "Pa, does God want Uncle Sam to thank Him ?"

"Yes, child ; I suppose so."

More silence.

"Pa, I'm mighty glad God is not like you, for if He was we would never get anything more to eat, and then we'd starve."

"Why, Bonnell, what do you mean?"

"I was just thinking. You would not give sister that apple, 'cos she would not say 'Please,' and if God is that sort of way, He never would give us anything more, because we do not thank Him, like Uncle Sam."

"Be quiet, Bonnell ; you do not know what you are talking about."

The rest of that meal was eaten in silence, but that very night at tea, Bonnell's father astonished his family by saying "please" to God.—*Christian Weekly*.

SIXTH SHELF.—THE SOCIAL INSTINCT.

LAST night, while we were holding a little jubilee over the arrival of "Wide Awake" and "Fast Asleep," our boy asked, soberly, "Marmar, whose be they?"—"They are mine ; why?"—"Cause ; won't marmar gi'e them to me? I'll gi'e ye my new hammer if you will." It could not have been a greater sacrifice for Grant to give up his nomination. "What do you want to do with them, dear?" mother asked. "*Fleart* (flirt) with this one," giving a roguish glance to "Wide Awake," "and *kith* this one when she wakes up," looking tenderly at "Fast Asleep." — *Letter to "Christian Union."*

WASHINGTON, visiting a lady in his neighborhood, on leaving the house a little girl was directed to open the

door. He turned to the child and said, "I'm sorry, my little dear, to give you so much trouble." She replied, "I wish, sir, it was to let you in."

A LITTLE four-year-old miss, hearing a gentleman addressed as "Joseph," eyed him intently for a while, and then asked, "Was you Joseph that was sold by his brethren?"

"Yes," replied the gentleman, "I have been sold a great many times, my dear."

"Oh, I was so sorry for you!" said the little kindly heart.

IN a time of great political excitement, when Johnnie's Republican father often spoke against the politics of his little Cousin Bennie's Democratic father, the former was one night in doubt about the propriety of praying for the latter, but at last he determined to keep his little friend in his prayer, and closed by saying, "and bless Cousin Bennie *if his father is a Democrat.*"

SEVENTH SHELF.—THE INSTINCT OF GOD-TRUST.

CASE A.—OMNIPOTENCE.

TWO boys were sitting near each other, one of them whittling. As a fly flew near them one of them said, "How do you think God makes flies?" The little whittler cut away a while thoughtfully and then said, "God don't make flies as we make things, one part and then another and then stick 'em together; but God says, 'Let there be flies,' and there is flies."

Little Willie Moody (preaching in a chair).—"Once upon a time, before there ever was any little Willie Moody, away up in heaven God said, 'Let there be a little Willie Moody,' and there was a little Willie Moody."

ROBERT HALL used to say in childhood, "I am listening to hear the footsteps of God in the sky."

CASE B.—OMNIPRESENCE.

NURSE came in and found Bessie wide awake, lying very still in her little bed.

"All alone in the dark," said nurse, "and not afraid at all, Bessie, are you?"

"No, indeed," answered Bessie, "for I ain't all alone. God is here; and I look out the window and see the stars, and God seems to me looking down with all his eyes, nurse."

"To be sure," said nurse; "but God up in the sky is a great way off."

"No," spoke little Bessie, "God is here too, because He seems sometimes hugging me to His heart; then I am so happy."

"Dod, are you down here?" Thus cried a little baby boy, crawling down the stairs into a dark room. Harry, his brother, was afraid to go down for a little plaything. So he said, "Freddy, you go down, and God will take care of *you*, you know."

So, on his little chubby hands and feet, down, *down* into the dark room he let himself, drawing comfort and courage from the words, "Dod, are you down here?"

A MISSIONARY once asked the question at a mission school, "Where does Jesus live?" A little boy who had lately found the Saviour answered, "Please, sir, he lives in our alley now."

A CHILD, instructed in a Sabbath School, on being asked by his teacher if he could mention a place where God was not, made the following striking and unexpected reply: "Not in the thoughts of the wicked."

CASE C. — OMNISCIENCE, BENEVOLENCE, AND ETERNITY.

A MAN went to steal corn from his neighbor's field. He took his little boy with him to keep a lookout, so as to give warning in case any one should come along. Before commencing, he looked all around, first one way and then the other; and not seeing any person, he was just about to fill his bag, when his son cried out, "Father, there is one way you have n't looked yet!" The father supposed that some one was coming, and asked his son which way he meant. He answered, "You forgot to look up!" The father, conscience-stricken, took his boy by the hand, and hurried home without the corn which he had designed to take.

A DISHONEST customer said to a young clerk, with a knowing wink and the clink of coin in his pocket, "Now, give me good measure, your master is not in." — "My Master is always in," said the boy, looking up. Another boy when stealing apples at night saw the stars through the branches of the tree and ran away thinking they were God's eyes looking at him. God's eyes were nearer than

the stars, for "The eyes of the Lord are in every place beholding the evil and the good."

"OH, I want one of those cakes on the table," said one as soon as his mother went out. "No, no," said the other, "you must not touch them."—"Mother won't know it," said the first, "she did n't count them." The sister replied, "If she did n't, perhaps God counted."

AT night, Johnny climbed up into his mother's lap, and laying his head on her shoulder said, in a low, sorry tone, —

"I took that glass marble, mamma."

"Took it from whom?" asked his mother.

"I took it from the ground," said Johnny.

"Did it belong to the ground?" asked his mother.

"Did the ground go to the shop and buy it?"

Johnny tried to laugh at such a funny thought, but he could not.

"I saw it on the ground," said he.

"What little boy had it before?"

"Asa May's it is, I guess," whispered Johnny.

"When you put out your hand to take it, did you forget, 'Thou, God, seest me?'" asked his mother. "Did you not hear a voice saying, 'Don't, Johnny; don't Johnny?'"

"I did n't hear it," said the little boy, sobbing; "I grabbed quick!" — *Youth's Companion*.

A LITTLE fellow, on being asked what he thought fire-flies were made for, answered, "I think God made

them for candles to light the little frogs to bed ; because the poor little frogs would n't want to go to bed in the dark, would they ? And God is good to all the animals."

Child.—Mamma, I was thinking that God must be getting along in years.

Child (praying).—Please God make it a pleasant day to-morrow so we can go on our picnic. But if it is n't, help us to feel that Thou knowest best.

Child (after saying good-night to parents).—Now may I say 'good-night' to God ?

CASE D.—LOVE TO GOD AND MAN.

"PAPA," said a son of Bishop Berkeley, "what is the meaning of the words cherubim and seraphim which we meet in the Holy Scriptures ?"

"Cherubim," replied his father, "is a Hebrew word signifying knowledge ; seraphim is another word of the same language, and signifies flame. Hence it is supposed that the cherubim are angels who excel in knowledge, and that the seraphim are angels who likewise excel in loving God."

"I hope then," said the little boy, "when I die I shall be a seraph ; for I would rather love God than know all things."

"WOULD you like to be a judge ?" said a gentleman one day to a little boy. The child, after thinking a

minute, replied, "I think I should like better still to teach children about Jesus dying to save them. That would make them love and obey Him; and if they loved and obeyed Him, they would not need a judge."

Child.— "Mother, who made the stars?"—"God made them, darling."—"Then I'll throw Him a kiss."

Child of four years.—Mamma, I should think that anybody that knows Jesus would love Him.

A LITTLE boy once said to his parents, "I should like to have lived in the time of our Saviour, that I might have done something for Him." His mother replied smiling, "What could a child of your age have done for Him to prove your good will?" The little boy reflected an instant: "I would have run everywhere, doing his errands."

A LITTLE fellow reading about Jesus having nowhere to lay His head, burst into tears, and said, "I'm sure, mamma, if I had been there I would have given him my pillow."

A TEACHER described to her Sunday School class the crown of thorns that was put on the brow of Christ in His mock trial. Shortly after one of the class was discovered twining a wreath of rare flowers. Being asked what he was doing, he replied, "Long ago, Jesus wore a crown of thorns, and even died, for me; and now I am making Him a wreath, to show how much I love Him."

A MINISTER once asked his Sunday School children if there should be any such thing as contention in heaven, what they thought it would be about. "O sir!" they replied, "there will be no strife there."—"Well, but supposing there should be such a thing: what do you think it would be about?"—"Well, sir," said one, "I suppose, if there be any contention, it will be who shall get nearest to Jesus Christ."

A MINISTER in one of our large cities had prepared and preached, as he supposed, a most convincing sermon for the special benefit of an influential member of his congregation, who was well known to be of an infidel turn of mind.

The sinner listened unmoved to the well-turned sentences and the earnest appeals; his heart was unaffected. On his return from church he saw a tear trembling in the eye of his little daughter, whom he tenderly loved, and he inquired the cause. The child informed him that she was thinking of what her Sabbath-School teacher had told her of Jesus Christ.

"And what did she tell you of Jesus Christ, my child?"

"Why, she said He came down from heaven and died for poor me!" and in a moment the tears gushed from eyes which had looked upon the beauties of only seven summers, as in the simplicity of childhood she added, "Father, should I not love One who has so loved me?"

The proud heart of the infidel was touched. What the eloquent plea of his minister could not accomplish, the tender sentence of his child had done, and he retired to

give vent to his own feelings in a silent but penitent prayer. That evening found him at the praying circle, where, with brokenness of spirit, he asked the prayers of God's people. When he came to relate his Christian experience he gave this incident, and closed his narration by saying, "Under God I owe my conversion to a little child, who first convinced me by her artless simplicity that I ought to love One who had so loved me."—*Christian Treasury.*

Child (walking with its mother at sunset).—Mother, I wish I was an artist.

Mother.—Why, my child?

Child.—So that I could help God paint His sunsets.

A preacher was passing, somewhat despondent and discouraged, seeing no beauty in the sunset because of his feelings. The child's voice cheered him and brightened the sky and fields as he walked on. The child's wish had been gratified. He had "helped God paint His sunsets."

A DEAR little girl had been taught to pray specially for her father. He had been suddenly taken away. Kneeling at her evening devotion, her voice faltered, and as her pleading eyes met her mother's, she sobbed, "O mother! I cannot leave him all out. Let me say 'Thank God that I had a dear father once,' so I can keep him in my prayers."

A LITTLE boy and girl, each five years old, were playing by the roadside. The boy became angry at some-

thing, and struck his playmate a sharp blow on the cheek, whereupon she sat down and began to cry.

The boy stood looking on a minute, and then said, —

“ I did n't mean to hurt you, Katie. I am sorry.”

The little girl's face brightened instantly. The sobs were hushed, and she said, —

“ Well, if you are sorry, it don't hurt me.” — *Ladies' Repository.*

A POOR little girl in the Fourth Ward, New York, as she was dying, said, “ I am glad I am going to die, because now my brothers and sisters will have enough to eat !”

A LITTLE boy went to his mother one morning with a broken arrow, and begged her to mend it for him. It was a very handsome arrow, and the pride of his heart just then ; so she did not wonder to see his lip quivering, and the tears come into his eyes. “ I'll *try* to fix it, darling,” she said ; “ but I'm afraid I can't do it.” He watched her anxiously for a few moments, and then said cheerfully, “ Never mind, mamma ; if you can't fix it, I'll be just as happy without it.”

LITTLE Minnie, to amuse a home-sick cousin who was visiting at her house, brought out her choicest playthings. Among these was a tiny trunk, — a very pretty toy, — but Freddy bent the lid too far back and broke it off. When he saw what he had done he was frightened, and began to cry. Then dear little Minnie, with her own eyes full of tears, said, “ Never mind, Freddy ; just see

what a cunning little cradle the top will make!" That was certainly a great deal better than fretting.— *Selected.*

A LITTLE boy on his death-bed, urging his father to repentance, said, "Father, I am going to heaven: what shall I tell Jesus is the reason why you won't love Him?"

THE LITTLE WORSHIPPER.

"WHAT are you thinking of, Willie,
Sitting so quietly there,
With your Noah's ark animals round you,
And your eyes gazing up in the air?"

"I have set out my animals, mother,
The great and the small in a row,
With Noah, his wife, and his son's wives,—
They make such a beautiful show!

"I've set them all out in the sunshine,
That God, who is up there above,
May see them, because they're so pretty,
And I want so to show Him my love.

"I am sure, He must see where I'm sitting,
And hear every word that I say;
Because you know, Mother, He listens
Both morning and night when I pray.

"You know that He loves little children,
And likes them to love Him the same,
So I've set out my Noah's ark creatures,
The great savage beasts and the tame.

"I've set them all out in the sunshine,
Where I think they are plainest to see,
Because I would give Him a pleasure
Who gives so much pleasure to me."

— *Mary Howard.*

THERE was a great philosopher who had a child that was dying. The weeping father took the child by the hand, and asked, "Do you love me, darling?" — "Yes," replied the child, "but I love Jesus more."

A LITTLE girl of five years said to her mother, "I really do believe that I love Jesus, and if I could find the door-bell of my heart I would pull it and let Him in."

Child. — Father, I never heard you say your little prayer?

A SHALLOW but talkative woman was one day looking at the pictures in a certain public library, exclaiming, "Splendid," "Elegant," "Magnificent," without any real appreciation of the pictures. At length she came to a beautiful copy of Raphael's "Madrid," before which an appreciative heart would have stood in silent thoughtfulness, but she chattered on as before. Her little daughter, with far deeper appreciation, gazed on it with tearful eyes, and at last looked up and, in a tone of sweet reproach, said, "Mother, how can you talk?"

CASE E. — TRUST.

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, at a meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association, held in Boston, said his little three-year-old girl told her sister that "If God were to come in the room she would n't run away, but put her arms about His neck and kiss Him."

Assuredly, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

IN a Chinese Christian family at Amoy, a little boy, on asking his father to allow him to be baptized, was told that he was too young ; that he might fall back if he made a profession when he was only a little boy. To this he made the reply, " Jesus has promised to carry the lambs in His arms. I am only a little boy : it will be easier for Jesus to carry me." This logic was too much for the father. He took him with him, and the child was ere long baptized.

" WHAT do you do without a mother to tell all your troubles to ?" asked a child who had a mother, of one who had none.

" Mother told me to whom to go before she died," answered the little orphan. " I go to the Lord Jesus. He was my mother's friend, and He is mine."

" Jesus Christ is in the sky ; He is away off ; and He has a great many things to attend to in heaven. It's not likely He can stop to mind you."

" I don't know anything about that," replied the orphan. " All I know, He says He will, and that's enough for me."

IN one of James T. Fields' poems a terrible storm at sea is described : —

" It was midnight on the water,
And a storm was on the deep," etc.

Amid the fury of the storm, —

" '*We're lost,*' the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.

" But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
'Is n't God upon the water,
Just the same as on the land ?'

" Then he kissed his little daughter,
And we spoke in better cheer ;
And we anchored safe in harbor,
When the morn was shining clear."

A POOR widow was weeping in the room where lay the body of her husband. Their only child came in and said, " Why do you weep so, mother ? " The mother told him of their loss, and especially referred to their poverty. Looking into her face, the little fellow said, " Is God dead, mother ? "

LITTLE Annie had for some time been very sad, but one day she was seen to appear very happy. Her eyes sparkled with joy, and it seemed as though she could hardly bear the pleasure she felt it was so great. " Annie, why are you so cheerful ? " — " Oh ! " she said, " it is because I am *so* happy. " — " But why are you so happy ? " — " Oh ! I was wicked and God was angry with me ; but now He has forgiven me : and that is why I am so happy. "

A LITTLE boy of five years one day heard his father speak of the unfavorable weather, — that it was of little use planting, for the seeds would not grow, when he exclaimed, " Papa, don't God make the weather ? " — " Yes, my son, " he replied. " Then, papa, 't is right. If you made it, it might not be. "

ONE day, when Winnie was about six years of age, a violent storm arose, which left the ground strewn with unripe fruit.

After the storm had spent its fury, Winnie went out on the veranda to look about. She had been taught that God rules the winds, and she listened in surprise as she heard Thomas, the gardener, mutter his complaints at the destruction the storm had wrought.

Turning quickly about, and stamping her little foot to attract his attention, with one finger she pointed upward, and said very seriously, "Hush, Thomas! He did it."

A MOTHER, with her three children, was clinging to the wreck of the steamer "Bohemian," when the mother said she must let go, and be drowned. Her little girl said, "Hold on a little longer, mother; don't let go now. Jesus walked on the water and saved Peter, and perhaps He will save us." The little girl's words so strengthened her mother that she held on a few moments more, when a boat was sent to them, which took them safely to shore.

A PARTY of us were in a stage-coach among the mountains, when the horses seemed to have become unmanageable. The driver both shouted and coaxed. We were very much frightened. Some screamed, some cried, others tried to jump out, and all were pale with fright, — all but one little girl, who sat quietly by her mother's side in the general hubbub. "Don't cry, mother, don't cry," she said, patting her mother's cheek. "If we upset we shall fall into God's arms." Who of us

would not have given anything for the sweet trust of this darling child? Perhaps it saved us. The horses became quieted down, and we reached home in safety.— *Selected.*

ONE winter, a poor little orphan boy of six or eight years begged a lady to allow him to clean away the snow from her steps. "Do you get much to do, my little boy?" said the lady. "Sometimes I do," said the boy; but often I get very little."—"And are you never afraid that you will not get enough to live on?" The child looked perplexed, and said, "Don't you think God will take care of a boy if he puts his trust in Him, and does the best he can?"

A POOR widow and her little child were sitting together in great want, both feeling the pinch of hunger, and the child looked up in the mother's face and said, —

"Mother, God won't starve us, will He?"

"No, my child," said the mother, "I do not think He will."

"But, mother," said the child, "if He does, we will praise Him as long as we live; won't we, mother?"

May those who are gray-headed be able to say what the child said, and to carry it out.

A LITTLE negro boy, when on his death-bed, was visited by a missionary, to whom he spoke of the happiness he felt, and the longing desire he had to be with Jesus. "I am going to heaven soon; and then I shall see Jesus and be with Him forever," said the little fellow. "But," rejoined the missionary, "if Jesus were to leave heaven,

what would you do?"—"I would follow Him," replied the boy. "But suppose," said the missionary, "Jesus went to hell: what would you do then?" In an instant, with an intelligent look and a smile on his countenance, he replied, "Ah, massa! there is no hell where Jesus is." — *S. M. Haughton.*

DURING a series of religious meetings held in a school-house of a small village, a very little girl became much interested for the salvation of her soul. Her father, a hater of holiness, who lived next door to the place of meeting, and who had at one time solicited the prayers of Christians for himself, strictly forbade her again entering the "house of prayer."

The poor little girl was much oppressed and knew not what to do, but obeyed her father until the next meeting was nearly half through; then slipping out without his knowledge, and getting through a hole in the back-yard fence, she hastily ran to the meeting. It was some time before her father missed her; but when he found her gone, he went immediately to the meeting, where she was on her knees with others for whom the people of God were praying. So enraged was he that he went directly forward, and took her in his arms to carry her from the place. As he raised her from her knees, she looked up with a heavenly smile, and said, —

"It is too late now, pa; I have given my heart to the Saviour."

This was too much for the hardened sinner. He, too, sank on his knees, while God's children united in prayer; and very soon he found that Saviour whom he had in

vain attempted to shut out from his own and his daughter's heart. — *Selected.*

S. S. Teacher. — When you come before God and He reminds you of your sins, what can you give Him for a ransom?

Child. — Jesus only.

IN a certain hospital the child's ward was called "The Jesus Ward." One of the little sufferers asked his nurse why they called it by that name. She told him there was a legend which said that Jesus passed through that ward every night at twelve o'clock, and blessed each suffering child. The little fellow said, "I will raise my hand so that Jesus will be sure to see me." In the morning the nurse found a little hand raised in the air, but stiff and cold in death. Jesus had indeed come, and by that hand had lifted the little sufferer into a realm where there is no more pain.

Two boys were conversing about Elijah's ascent in the chariot of fire. Said one, "Would n't you be afraid to ride in such a chariot?" — "No," was the reply; "not if God drove."

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL superintendent in Haverhill had been describing to his boy the wonderful ladder of Jacob's vision, — "as high as the sky." After he had vividly pictured its great height he asked his little son, "Would n't you be afraid to climb a ladder as high as that?" He replied, "No, I would n't, if God held it."

A LITTLE boy of seven often breaks wish-bones with his little sister. The other day he whispered, "I'm so glad I got it. I wished to be like dear Jesus."

CASE F. — PRAYER.

THERE was once two little brothers in one home. The older had learned to say his evening prayer, kneeling by his mother's side ; but the younger was able to lisp only a few words, and his mother had never yet tried to teach him any prayer. Yet he would often come with his brother in his snow-white night-dress, kneel down with him before his mother, put his little hands before his face, and then look up to his mother as if wondering why she did not also tell him how to pray.

One evening, when bed-time came, they both knelt down together, and Charlie repeated his prayer as usual. When he was done, little Allie looked up to his mother, and lisped, "Mamma, me p'ay too."

Then he put his hands over his eyes, and said only these two words, —

"God — Allie!"

How simple and how beautiful that was! The great God in heaven, and little Allie kneeling and lisping before his mother's lap. — *American Messenger*.

JENNIE LEE, who was only four years old, no sooner saw work laid aside than she ran to her mother's knee and claimed a seat there. Mrs. Lee lifted her to her lap, and went on busily thinking of her duties and cares, while she rocked herself and Jennie to and fro.

For a while Jennie amused herself very quietly by

winding a string in and out through her fingers ; but presently she began talking to herself in a low tone : —

“When I say my prayers, God says, ‘Hark, angels, while I hear a little noise.’”

Her mother asked her what noise was that.

“A little girl’s noise. Then the angels will do just so (shutting her mouth very tight, and keeping very still for a moment) till I say ‘Amen.’”

“MAMMA,” said one of the younger martyrs, “would it be very wicked for me to wish there were never any long prayers?” — “Why, yes. People must talk to God occasionally, and they don’t do so any too often.” — “But such long prayers ! And it is n’t like talking to God at all, only telling things, and I do get so tired !”

Child. — Mamma, I prayed for God to forgive me and He heard my prayer.

Mother. — How do you know ?

Child. — Because I asked Him.

A WIFE had long been praying for her unconverted husband. At times her distress of spirit was so great that when about her household duties her troubled countenance was sad to behold. One day her little girl of seven summers, seeing her arise from her knees with the same weary, anxious face, ran up to her, asking, “Mamma, won’t God say ‘Yes’?” and receiving no answer, she asked again, “Mamma, why won’t God say ‘Yes’?”

A new light flashed upon the woman’s troubled soul. Had she prayed in faith and humble trust in the Re-

deemer? From that time her petition was, "Lord, increase my faith," and before that year passed, her husband became a Christian, and led the family devotions.

"TEACHER," said a bright, earnest-faced boy, "why is it that so many prayers are unanswered? I do not understand." The Bible says, 'Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you,' but it seems to me a great many knock and are not admitted."

"Did you never sit by your cheerful parlor-fire," said the teacher, "on some dark evening, and hear a loud knocking at the door? Going to answer the summons, have you not sometimes looked out into the darkness, seeing nothing, but hearing the pattering of some mischievous boys, who knocked but did not wish to enter, and therefore ran away? Thus it is often with us. We ask for blessings, but do not really expect them; we fear that Jesus will not hear us, will not admit us, and so we go away."

"Ah, I see," said the earnest-faced boy, his eyes shining with the new light dawning in his soul. "Jesus cannot be expected to answer runaway knocks. I mean to keep knocking until He cannot help opening the door."

THERE were two little brothers, one of whom was a little baby that had just began to talk. The elder came to his father one night just as he was going to bed, to kneel down by his side and say his prayers. The baby came up and said, "Papa, why don't you teach baby to pray?" The father told the dear little one to kneel

down, and then taught it the simple prayer, "God bless the baby." By and by a messenger was sent to take baby away to heaven. Friends were all gathered there to see the little one die. He ceased to breathe, and all supposed he had passed away to the bosom of Jesus ; but once more he looked up and sweetly said, " God bless the baby," and died.

Is it not a sad thing that we should think it wonderful for God to hear prayer? Much better faith was that of a little boy in one of the schools in Edinburgh, who had attended a prayer-meeting, and at last said to his teacher who conducted it, —

"Teacher, I wish my sister could be got to read the Bible ; she never reads it."

"Why, Johnny, should your sister read the Bible?"

"Because if she should once read it, I am sure it would do her good, and she would be converted and saved."

"Do you think so, Johnny?"

"Yes, I do, sir ; and wish the next time there is a prayer-meeting you would ask the people to pray for my sister, that she may begin to read the Bible."

"Well, it shall be done, John."

So the teacher gave out that a little boy was very anxious that prayer should be offered that his sister might begin to read the Bible. John was observed to get up and go out. The teacher thought it very rude of the boy to disturb the people in a crowded room, and so the next day when the lad came, he said, "John, I thought it was very rude of you to get up in the prayer-meeting and go out. You ought not to have done so."

"O sir!" said the boy, "I did not mean to be rude; but I thought I should just like to go home and see my sister reading her Bible for the first time."— *Selected.*

CHARLIE was going home with his uncle. They were on the steamboat all night. When it was time to go to bed Charlie undressed himself.

"Make haste and jump into your berth, boy," cried his uncle.

"May n't I first kneel down and ask God to take care of us?" asked Charlie.

"We shall be taken care of fast enough," said his uncle.

"Yes, sir," said Charlie; "but mother always tells us not to take anything without first asking."

KATIE had never been in the habit of eating, or of seeing the family partake of food, at the table, till after a blessing had been asked upon it. One day her papa was absent from the evening meal; a number had gathered around the table, and among the rest was Katie seated in her little high chair. Close beside her sat a dear old friend, a man who had passed the allotted age of human life, but who was still living without a hope in Christ.

After all were seated, there was a moment's hush, as if we waited for something; and then one and another began to make preparation to eat, when Katie, who saw the movement, with a perplexed and serious face, cried out, "Who's doin' to pray? Somebody must say the blessing."

"Can't you pray, Katie?" said the gray-haired man, who was feeling rebuked by this little child. Only a moment, and the chubby hands were folded, the blue eyes closed, and the face was turned heavenward; and then the blessing was asked in the language of her own little prayer: "Our Father, which art in Heaven, te-ate in me a tlean heart, O God; and nu-nue a right spirit within me. Amen." All bowed with reverent head, and the old man said, with tearful eye, "Dear Katie, you have taught me a lesson. I ought to pray." — *The Congregationalist*.

A LITTLE Quaker boy, about six years old, after sitting, like the rest of the congregation, in dead silence, all being afraid to speak first, as he thought, got up on the seat, and folding his arms over his breast, murmured in a sweet, clear voice, just loud enough to be distinctly heard on the fore seat, "I do wish the Lord would make us all gooder and gooder, and gooder, till there is no bad left." Would a longer prayer have been more to the purpose?

WHILE driving out near an encampment of gypsies, I went among them. After buying some of the skewers they were making, I learned that one of their number was ill. I begged to be allowed to see him. The father asked, —

"Do you want to talk about religion to him?"

"No."

"What, then?"

"About Christ."

"Oh, then, you may go ; only if you talk religion, I'll set the dog on you."

In the caravan I found a lad alone, and in bed, evidently at the far end of the last stage of consumption. His eyes were closed, and he looked as one already dead. Very slowly in his ear I repeated the Scripture, "God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." I repeated it five times without any apparent response ; he did not seem to hear even with the outward ear. On hearing it the sixth time he opened his eyes and smiled. To my surprise he whispered, —

"And I never thanked Him. But nobody ever told me ! I'turn Him many thanks — only a poor gypsy chap ! I see ! I see ! I thank Him, kindly !"

He closed his eyes with an expression of intense satisfaction. As I knelt beside him, I thanked God. The lips moved again. I caught, "That's it !" There were more words, but I could not hear them.

The next day I found he had died, and died a "tidy death," said his father. I left them a Bible and Testament. — *Sunday School Times.*

In "Bleak House," Dickens pathetically describes the death of poor neglected "Jo." The dying boy says to the good man who watches by his bed, —

"It is turned very dark, sir. Is there any light a-comin' ?"

"It is coming fast, Jo."

"Jo, my poor fellow !"

"I hear you, sir, in the dark ; but I'm a-gropin', a-gropin'. Let me catch hold of your hand."

"Jo, can you say what I say ?"

"I'll say anythink as you say, sir ; for I knows it's good."

"' Our Father —' "

"' Our Father ' : yes, that 's wery good, sir."

"' Which art in Heaven —' "

"' Art in Heaven.' Is the light a-comin', sir ?"

"It is close at hand. ' Hallowed be Thy Name.' "

"' Hallowed — be — Thy —'

"The light is come upon the dark, benighted way. Dead !"

CASE G.—WORKS WITH FAITH.

FAITH and works were well illustrated by a venture-some little six-year-old boy, who ran into the forest after a team and rode home upon the load of wood. When asked by his mother if he was not frightened when the team came down a steep hill, he said, "Yes, a little ; but I asked the Lord to help me, and *hung on like a beaver.*"

A MINISTER asked a little boy who had been converted, "Does not the devil tell you that you are not a Christian ?" — "Yes, sometimes," — "Well, what do you say to him ?" "I tell him," replied the boy, with something of Luther's spirit, "that whether I am a Christian or not, it is none of his business."

CASE H.—HEAVENLY ANTICIPATIONS.

A CHILD of three years old, after some days of convulsions, lay quiet several hours before she died. The nurse

asked her if she was tired. "Oh, no!" she said, looking brightly up, alluding to the text which had been taught her on the previous Sabbath, "I shall not be tired; the gentleman told me Jesus carries little children in His arms to heaven."

Two little brothers, Willie and Frank, got into bed, one night, without saying their prayers. Willie got up and prayed. Going to bed again, he said, "Brother, if I should die to-night, I would not be afraid; I don't think it's hard to die. Nurse says the angels have crowns of gold, and harps; and they play such beautiful music! Oh, how I wish papa and mamma and you would learn to pray!" The next morning, mother asked, "Where is Willie?"—"He is asleep yet. I spoke to him, but he did not wake," said Frank. After telling a strange dream, Frank said, "When I awoke, his eyes were only half closed; that made me think at first that he was awake, and his lips were parted. I whispered, 'Willie! Willie!' but it did not wake him. Then I laid my hand on him; but he was *so* cold! So, when I found he did not get warm all night, I put the bedclothes tight around him, and did not try to wake him again." The mother's heart understood it. She ran to Willie's bedroom, and found him cold and pale in death. He lay down to sleep, and woke in heaven.

A FEW years ago, in a New England village, a little boy lay upon his death-bed. Starting suddenly up, he exclaimed, "O, mother, mother! I see such a beautiful country, and so many little children, who are beckoning

me to them ; but there are high mountains between us,—too high for me to climb. Who will carry me over ?” After thus expressing himself, he leaned back upon his pillow, and for a while seemed to be in deep thought ; when once more arousing, and stretching out his little hands, he cried as loud as his feeble voice would permit, “ Mother, mother ! the Strong Man’s come to carry me over the mountains ” ; then fell peacefully asleep.

ANOTHER little four-year-old in the city of W., a beautiful child of Elder S., said to his father, “ Pa, do you know what Jesus will say to me when I get into the kingdom ? ” — “ No,” was the reply ; “ what do you think He will say, my son ? ” — “ Why, father,” was the artless, confiding answer, “ He will look into my face and with His arm around me exclaim, ‘ Hallo, Walter, are you here ? ’ ”

WILLIE and Edie, each about three years of age, lived on opposite sides of the street. Edie had been taught in sport to call Willie, “ Beau ! Beau ! ” and they seemed to love each other with childlike devotion. Edie died at length, and the tearful Willie was taught by his mother about death and heaven. Returning from a long absence, during which Edie had died, I asked Willie, “ Where is Edie ? ” — “ Gone up to God’s house. God has lots of houses (‘ many mansions ’) up in heaven, and He owns all these houses too. By and by we are all going to God’s house. The man-angels will come and carry you, and the little boy-angels will carry me. If Jesus should come here I would jump up on the sofa and hug Him and kiss

Him." When Willie's birthday came he missed Edie very much at his little party, and afterwards he came to me and said, "I wish God did n't need to have little girls for angels." Then after a thoughtful pause he brightened up and said, "Edie is playing up in God's house and some day I will go and play with her. I will give some other little boy my books and playthings, because God has better ones, and gold too."

At the time when President Olin was seized with that illness which was the precursor of his death, his youngest child, a babe of about two years old, was ill and restless, though the parents did not then apprehend a fatal result. The day of discovered danger, the father was walking in the room where his child lay, when the babe suddenly called "Papa!" desiring to be lifted in its father's arms. "Pa, take baby!" Dr. Olin took the child, and walked up and down the room. The child said, —

"Pa, kiss baby! Mamma, kiss baby!" and when this was done looked up and exclaimed, "Now, God take baby!" and immediately breathed its last in the father's arms. Was not this a ministration from the invisible world? The believing father received it as such, and was comforted. Children and death are divine teachers. "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."

"WHO plucked that flower?" said the gardener

As he passed through the garden.

His fellow-servant answered,

"THE MASTER,"

And the gardener held his peace.

— *Epitaph of a child.*

EIGHTH SHELF. — CRYSTALS WITH "FAULTS" AND
"KNOTS."

THE teacher of the primary Sunday-School class noticed one little fellow who was not listening to what she said. She had been telling the story of David and Goliath; and wishing to see if he knew what she had been talking about, she suddenly asked, "Johnny, who killed Goliath?" With an inspiring look, he replied, "Why, I did n't know he was dead!"

"GEORGE," asked the teacher of a Sunday-School class, "who above all others shall you wish first to see when you get to heaven?" With a face brightening up with anticipation, the little fellow shouted, "Gerliah!"

A BOY was asked by his father whom he would wish to see first in heaven. The horse-loving boy quickly replied, "Jehu with his fast horses."

Teacher. — Who was the first man?

Brown (Head boy). — Washington: he was first in war, first in —

Teacher. — No, no; Adam was the first man.

Brown. — Oh! if you're talking of foreigners, I s'pose he was!

"If you don't give me a dime," said a young hopeful to his mamma, "I know a boy who's got the measles, and I'll go and catch them."

HARRY, a little boy who had had some trouble with Lizzie, the domestic, at night offered his usual prayer, "God bless papa and mamma and Lizzie, for Christ's sake. Amen." He arose, but soon fell on his knees again, and said, "O Lord, never mind Lizzie. Amen."

A LADY who was urging some friends to dinner felt disgusted when her eight-year-old son came in and said, "Mrs. Jones says she can't spare no bread, and Mrs. Fox ain't to home, so I did n't get any butter." The friends thought they had better dine elsewhere, and the lady thought so, too, but she taught that boy that the way of the transgressor was hard.

A LITTLE boy in Springfield, after his customary evening prayer, a night or two ago, continued, "and bless mamma and Jenny, and Uncle Benny," adding, after a moment's pause, the explanatory remark, "His name is Hopkins."

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher learned that all his class went fishing except little Johnny, who was in his place. The next Sunday the offence was charged. The boys admitted it. "You did not go, Johnny," said the teacher. "No," said Johnny. "Now, Johnny, I want you to tell these wicked boys why you did n't go fishing with them last Sunday. Speak up loud now. It was because it was very wicked, and you would rather go to Sunday School, was n't it?"—"No, sir; it was because I could n't find any worms for bait."

"WHERE do wicked little boys go to who fish on Sun-

day ? ” asked a teacher in a Sunday School. “ Down to Cullom’s Raffle,” was the prompt reply.

A LITTLE four-year-old said to her mamma on going to bed, “ I am not afraid of the dark.” — “ No, of course you are not,” replied mamma, “ for it can ’t hurt you.” — “ But, mamma, I was a little afraid once, when I went into the pantry in the dark to get a cookey.” — “ What were you afraid of ? ” — “ I was afraid I could n’t find the cookies.”

A MINISTER examined his school-boys thus : “ What is the meaning of the word ‘ repentant ’ ? ”

“ Please, sir, don’t know.”

“ Now, if I had stolen a loaf of bread, what should I be ? ”

“ Please, sir, locked up.”

“ Well, should I feel sorry ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ Well, why should I feel sorry ? ”

“ Please, sir, ’cause you was cotched.”

“ My son,” said a tutor of doubtful morality but severe aspect, putting his hand on the boy’s shoulder, “ I believe Satan has got hold of you.” — “ I believe so too,” was the reply.

“ WHAT are you after, my dear ? ” said a grandmother to a little boy, who was sliding along a room, and casting furtive glances at a gentleman who was paying a visit. “ I am trying, grandma, to steal papa’s hat out of the room without letting the gentleman see it ; he wants him to think he’s out.”

Sunday-School teacher. — Annie, what must one do in order to be forgiven ?

Annie. — He must sin.

“Do you say your prayers every day, my little man,— every night and morning ?” said a mother in Israel to a little reprobate of a shoe-black, to whom she had just given a trifle. “Yes ’m, I alluz says ’em at night, mum ; but any smart boy can alluz take care o’ hisself in the day-time,” was the reply.

A SMART little boy in New Orleans was reproved by his mother for telling a fib. He insisted that it was only in fun ; but his pious mother told him he must ask Divine pardon. So the good little boy kneeled down and said, “O Lord, forgive me. I would n’t have done it, only I thought you could take a joke.”

A CHILD, when told that God was everywhere, asked, “In this room ?” — “Yes.” — “In the closet ?” — “Yes.” — “In the drawers of my desk ?” — “Yes — everywhere ; He’s in your pocket now.” — “No He ain’t, though.” — “And why not ?” — “’Tauth, I ain’t dot no pottet.”

A LITTLE boy, while playing by himself on the carpet, burst out with a ringing laugh. On being questioned, it turned out that he had taken off the tail of a little toy pony and stuck it in the pony’s mouth. “Papa,” said he, do Dod see everything ?” — “Yes, my boy.” — “Well, then, I dess Dod will laugh when He sees my pony.”

A LITTLE boy in one of the Ridgefield (Ct.) Sunday Schools was asked who made the beautiful hills about him. He replied, "I don't know. We did n't move into town until last Friday."

HE must be a cousin to the boy who was sternly asked by his teacher, "Who made the world?" He made no answer. Thrice the question was repeated, each time more sternly than before. At last the boy burst into tears and said, "I did; but I won't do it again."

I NEVER have heard of but one atheist among our American boys. A boy from Rhode Island was called to testify in a Connecticut Court. His power to understand an oath being doubted, the judge proceeded to question him. "My boy, how many gods are they?" He answered, "I don't know how many you have here in Connecticut; we have n't got any in Rhode Island."

A LITTLE four-year-old beset his mother to talk to him and say something funny. "How can I," she asked; "don't you see how busy I am baking these pies?" "Well, you might say, 'Charlie, won't you have a pie?' That would be funny for you."

"MY son," said a fond parent to his offspring, after having surveyed the wonders of the Crystal Palace, "my son, if you can tell me which of these marvellous works of man pleased you most, I will give you half a crown."

"The veal and ham pies," responded the young hopeful.

"PETER," said a mother to her son, "are you into them sweetmeats again?"

"No, ma'm; them sweetmeats is into me."

A LITTLE girl in Iowa went into a store to buy "totten flannel," but could n't say how much she needed. "What do you want it for?" said the clerk. "Want to make papa a shirt."—"Well, how big is your papa? is he as big as me?"—"Big as you?" said the little maiden, "I dess he is; he would n't be much of a papa if he was n't."

Little girl (who likes to drive horses and play ball).—I wish God would smash me all to pieces and make me into a boy.

LITTLE Fred was teasing his sister Jessie. At length she said earnestly, "I do wish God would take Freddie and make him over again."

LITTLE five-year-old Annie, who was suffering from a bad cold, went to pay a visit to auntie. During the day she related her various successes at school, and ended by declaring that she could read a great deal better than Sabina, who was eight years old. "Well," questioned auntie, "would it not sound better if some one else said it?"—"Yes," answered Annie, with a sober countenance, "I think it would. I have such a bad cold that I can't say it well."

Child.—Mamma, are you going to heaven?

Mamma.—Yes, I hope so, dear.

Child. — And Jane ?

Mamma. — I hope so. She is a good woman, and all good women go to heaven.

Child. — Then, please, may I go to the dogs with papa ? He says he is going there, and it will be so much nicer.

A LITTLE boy, whose conduct made his mother say that she feared he did not pray, replied, "Yes, I do ; I pray every night that God will make you and pa like my ways better."

Child (praying). — God bless mamma. Give her love, and give her patience, and teach her how to serve her boys.

LITTLE Robbie's mother reached for him with her slipper the other day, for purloining the raspberry jelly, and was surprised to hear him laugh soon after. "What are you laughing at ?" she asked. "I was thinking how I fooled you by keeping my mouth shut," said Robbie. "It was Susie who hooked the jelly."

A BOY came to his mother and asked for a piece of cake. She said he could not have it ; but he teased until her purpose was shaken. Almost in tears, she said at last, "Why, you would n't have me tell a lie, would you ?"

The little fellow's sympathies were touched, and he came close to his mother and said in his kindest tones, "Mother, I'll tell the lie."

Mother. — George, how many times have I told you not to do that ?

George. — Tell me not in mournful numbers.

A good joke is told of a little four-year-old fellow who, having disobeyed his father, was about to incur the penalty of a switching. The father deliberately prepared a rod, while his son stood a sad and silent spectator. As the parent approached to the unpleasant duty, the boy started at a brisk run towards a neighboring hill. The father pursued, and for a time the youngster increased the distance between them ; but gradually his strength began to fail, and when he reached the hill and began to ascend, he soon lost his vantage-ground. Nearer and nearer the irate father approached, and just as the top of the hill was reached, and he came within arm's-length of the little fugitive, who was ready to fall from exhaustion, the boy quickly faced about, dropped upon the ground, and with an indescribable cast of countenance exclaimed, " Papa, that — makes a fellow — blow, — don't it ? " This " changing the subject " was so extremely ludicrous that the father laughed heartily over the strategy which his hopeful son exhibited, and the rod was not used.

My grandmother once awoke my grandfather in the middle of the night, and told him she much feared her son Willie had become deranged, as she had been listening to him for some time speaking loudly and rapidly to himself. Her husband listened, came to the same conclusion, and they forthwith hurried into their boy's bedroom to know what was the matter. Willie's explanation was that, as they were going to the sea-side the next day, he wished to save time, and was saying his prayers over and over to last him during the vacation.

THE "Congregationalist" repeats the well-known story of the little girl who, in her prayer, on the eve of a vacation, said, "Dood-by, Dod, I'm doin' to the country."

ASKING questions in city schools is sometimes a little risky. The governor of Wisconsin, one of a committee of visitation lately visiting the Reformed School at Waukeesha, asked the assembled boys if they could tell him what they (the committee) came for. A little urchin promptly replied, "Yes, sir; to be reformed."

A PROMINENT lecturer began a lecture in a Western city by repeating twice and very solemnly the question, "Why was I born? Why was I born?" A boy in the audience answered the conundrum in a very audible whisper, "I give it up."

A SUPERINTENDENT requested his Sunday School to get so still that they could hear a pin drop. When perfect silence had been secured, a little fellow whispered, "Let her drop!"

Teacher (explaining the meaning of wages). — Well, John, what does your father get every Saturday night?

John. — Dead drunk.

THERE is a clever lad in Binghamton, N. Y., who will get his living in this world, and no mistake. For playing truant, maternal authority cut off his supper. Casting one fond look on the authoress of his existence, he paused

at the door to say, "Mother, I am going to die ; and when I am no more, I wish the doctor to cut me open and look at my stomach." The maternal heart was filled with awful forebodings, and the maternal voice asked what he meant. "I wish it to be known," he answered, "that I died of starvation." This was enough. The small boy was triumphant, and retired to his little bed gorged to repletion.

A LADY walking down town saw a little boy pinching his younger brother, who was crying bitterly. "Why, my boy," said she to the young tormentor, "don't you know you are doing very wrong? What would you do if you should kill your little brother?" — "Why," he replied, "of course I should put on my new black pants and go to the funeral."

A LITTLE fellow, five or six years old, who had been wearing undershirts much too small for him, was one day, after having been washed, put into a garment as much too large as the others had been too small. Our six-year-old shrugged his shoulders, shook himself, walked around, and finally burst out with, "Ma, I do feel awful lonesome in this shirt."

THREE little girls, who had very carefully buried in a garden in Portsmouth, N. H., the dead body of a pet bird, after consultation sent one of their number into the house to inquire if people did n't sing at funerals. On being told that they often did, the messenger ran back, and in a few minutes the three were seen standing

hand in hand around the little mound, gravely singing, "Shoo fly, don't bodder me."

A NEW LONDON Sabbath-School teacher said to a little boy recently, "Suppose some bad, wicked boy should stop you on your way to church, and ask you to go to some bad place with him, what would you say?" — "What would I say?" repeated the little wag. "I would say, 'Shoo fly, don't bother me'; I'm bound for Sunday School."

A MINISTER was once engaged to preach to his Sunday School, but after the little people were all placed before him in order, he told them that some of them might be weary and want to go out before he had finished; so he would rather have any who fancied they would like to go to do so now, when no one would be disturbed. For a moment all sat still, then one little fellow took up his hat and went down the aisle; another and another followed, until not a child was left.

A STRANGER meeting a boy in the streets of Boston a few days since, roughly accosted him with, "Here, I want to go to the Tremont House." The deliberate reply was, "Well, you can go, if you won't be gone long."

A NEWSBOY, offering his papers, was answered gruffly by a passer-by, "I don't want none of your papers." As the man passed on this newsboy cried out to another near by, "I say, Jim, how does that chap's hat stay up without nothin' under it?"

JENNY JONES was a very pretty little girl, and it was the first time she had ever been visiting by herself. She was spending the afternoon with one of her schoolmates, and when it came tea-time Jenny was invited to stop to tea. "No, I thank you, ma'am," she said, shyly, in answer to the request. "I guess you 'd better," said her little friend's mother, good, hospitable Mrs. Morse. "Set right up to the table along with Sairy, — won't you now?" Jennie fidgeted, twisted her apron, put her finger in her mouth, and finally electrified the company by remarking, "Well, I don't know: ma said I was to say 'No, thank you,' the first time I was asked, but — but — if you urged me, I could stay." It is scarcely necessary to add that she stayed.

A LADY called at the house of a physician, and, as he was absent, told his wife that she desired to be put under medical treatment. The doctor's little boy at once spoke up, "You 'd better not, for father says it is easier to get rid of the disease than the doctor."

"TOPSY, do go and fix that fire."

"Dat's a good fiah, miss, if 't would only buhn."

A CHILD was sent to carry an invitation to tea.

"Mother wants you to come over to tea, and then she says it 'll be over."

Preacher (to boy on the street). — My little man, is your father a Christian?

Boy. — Yes, sir, but he ain't working at it much lately.

BECKIE'S goodness is too much like that of many who would n't dare to give such a candid account of it. She was a child in the infant class. Her teacher complimenting her for good behavior, got the reply, "Yes 'm; I could n't help being good; I got a 'tiff neck."

A BOY on the streets was asked, "What is your father's business?" — "He makes accidents for the 'Boston Herald.'"

A GENTLEMAN once met a very quiet newsboy selling newspapers. "Is there any news?" inquired the gentleman. "Lots o' news," replied the boy, "but nothin' to holler."

Young officer (who is visiting Kate). — I have been in five engagements.

Kate's little brother. — That's nothing. There's Kate, she has been engaged eleven times, so she says.

THE Rev. Dr. V. — was speaking at home of a large audience he had just had at church. His boy spoke up and said, "Well, papa, I suppose they had n't anywhere else to go." — "Do you remember anything of my sermon, my son?" — "Oh, yes; I remember one word and that was the best of all." — "What was it?" — "Lastly."

MRS. YOUNG, the nineteenth wife of Brigham Young, who is now lecturing in New York, tells a story of a little girl feeling the want of fatherly attention. It had

been an unusually sorrowful day with her mother, and her child had partaken of the sadness; she sat by the fire with her head upon her hand, thinking intently, when she suddenly said to her mother, "Mamma, I do wish God had made men enough, so that every little girl could have a father to love her."

A LITTLE girl, whose grandmother had severely re-proved her, was sitting in the room alone with her, playing with her kitten. She took the kitten in her arms and said, "Kitty, I wish one of us three was dead. 'Tis n't you, kitty; and 't is n't me, kitty."

Child. — Mother, I want a piece of cake.

Mother. — I have n't got any; it's all gone.

Child. — I know there's some in the cupboard; I saw it when you opened the door.

Mother. — Well, you don't need any more. Cake hurts children.

Child. — No it don't (*whining*). I do want a piece. Mother, may n't I have a piece?

Mother. — Be still; I can't get up now. I'm busy.

Child (crying aloud). — I want a piece of cake! I want a piece of cake!

Mother. — Be still, I say. I shan't give you a bit if you don't leave off crying.

Child (still crying). — I want a piece of cake! I want a piece of cake!

Mother (rising hastily and reaching a piece). — There, take that; and hold your tongue. Eat it up quick.

There 's Ben coming. Don't tell him you have had some cake, now.

(*Ben enters.*)

Child. — I 've had a piece of cake, Ben ; you can't have any."

Ben. — Yes, I will. Mother, give me a piece.

Mother (very cross). — There, take that ! It seems as if I could never keep a bit of anything in the house. (*To the child.*) — You 'll see, sir, if I give you any another time.

(*Another room.*)

Child. — I 've had a piece of cake.

Younger sister. — Oh, I want some too.

Child. — Well, you *bawl* and mother 'll give you a bit. I did.

Man. — My little man, how much do you weigh ?

Boy. — Usually I weigh eighty pounds ; but when I 'm mad I weigh a ton.



"Forms of Life," from the Fourth Gift.



A Watering-Trough.



A Well with Cover.

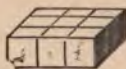


Stalls.

"Forms of Beauty," from the Fifth Gift.



"Forms of Knowledge," from the Fifth Gift.



The Cube divided into Three Parts.

$$3 \div 3 = 1; 3 \times 3 = 9 \text{ or, } 3 \text{ thirds.}$$



The Cube divided into 9 Parts.

$$3 \text{ times } 1 = 3; 6 \text{ times } 1 = 6; 9 \text{ times } 1 = 9, \text{ etc.}$$



The Cube divided into Twenty-seven Parts.

$$9 \text{ times } 1 = 9; 18 \text{ times } 1 = 18; 27 \text{ times } 1 = 27, \text{ etc.}$$

VII.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF PLAY.*

"'T is well to be amused ;
But when amusement doth instruction bring,
'T is better."— *Shakespeare.*

"A playing child is a true child."

WE are told to consider the ways of a child that we may become like him as our qualification for admittance into the kingdom of heaven. Are the men and women of to-day thus shaping their characters? Is it what they have done in the past? But rather, if we should attempt to deduce God's law from their acts, would it not read thus: Except ye continue in the hardness of your way and teach little children so, ye cannot enter in?

Everywhere about us, childhood is stifled and crushed, not always from a desire to do it, but often from a misunderstanding of its heart-throbs, and the life of the spirit that pulses through its veins along with fresh young blood.

Perhaps, oftener than otherwise, the fault is misdirected effort. Then we must regret the ignorance which is

* By Mrs. W. F. Crafts.

brought into the responsible position of the mother or teacher.

"A playing child is a true child." Does a true child always play? Should a child play? What reason is there for his play? In answering these questions, let us be sure first that we have the same understanding of play. Adults are too prone to look upon it as a busy idleness, as altogether trifling; but instead it is the effort of souls girding themselves for the realities of life. Children in their weakness are not fitted to do our work, but they prepare themselves for it by doing their own work, bringing into it all the energy of which they are capable. Play is but the childhood of earnest life-work, and not any less than work if measured by heart-force. It is through play that nature develops in the child all the faculties, both of body and mind, in a safe and healthful manner. It is by playing that the child, when properly guided, acquires habits of industry, perseverance, order, regularity, and punctuality; that the nature of things reveals itself to him in a clear manner, easily intelligible to his capacity. Play is to him serious work. Are not the two last questions, — "Should a child play?" and "What is the reason that he plays?" thus answered?

Does a true child always play? It would seem from all that has been said about play that a child must play earnestly in order to be fitted to do the work of a maturer life, and it would seem, too, that the most playful child gives promise of being the most active and industrious citizen.

If play means so much, is it not worth while to guide and direct it, — to fill it with mighty influence instead of

foolish, idle toys? If play does ever become a busy idleness, it is chargeable to those who select its instruments. What to select for playthings is a question worthy of great concern and wise consideration. It is a part of a mother's sacred duty to provide such toys as will ennoble the character of her child. Each object that a child plays with makes a never-to-be-effaced impression, and away on in life it would be easy to trace back a thought or an act to one of those significant toys.

Plato recognized the force of proper plays when he said, "From their earliest years, the plays of children ought to be subject to strict laws. For if their plays and those who mingle with them are arbitrary and lawless, how can they become virtuous men, law-abiding and obedient? On the contrary, when children are early trained to submit to laws in their plays, love for these laws enters into their souls with the music accompanying them, and helps their development." We cannot have too high an estimate of the significance of play, nor too deep a concern as to what and how children shall play; for here is the opportunity to make of them what we will.

But instead of this appreciation of play, instances now recur to memory where neither the dignity of play nor the right to play is recognized, but where life is a hard grinding on all the natural impulses of childhood. Such an example is to be found in the story of Robert Falconer, by George MacDonald. Robert's "grannie" in her mistaken discipline was the thorn in his life; she would not let the music in his soul find voice, but called his "bonny ledly" (violin) "a trap set by Satan for the unwary feet

of her poor Robert." When he would steal away to play upon it in secret, she would, with noiseless tread, search him out and wrest it from him. Then Robert would hunt for it, only to have it again taken away. "Alas! one day when he entered his grandmother's parlor, a strange odor greeted his sense. A moment more and he stood rooted with horror, and his hair began to rise on his head. His violin lay on its back on the fire, and a yellow tongue of flame was licking the red lips of a hole in its belly. All its strings were shrivelled up save one, which burst as he gazed. And beside, stern as a Druidess, sat his grandmother in her chair, feeding her eyes with grim satisfaction on the detestable sacrifice."

When Robert attempted to read poetry, without saying a word, his book was dropped behind something where the mice soon made a ruin of it, sad to behold; from whence it was afterward extracted with the tongs and held up as one of the seducing spirits. Instead of the poems such books were given him as "Alarm to the Unconverted," "Saints' Rest," "Gospel Sonnets," and "The Holy War." "In him awoke a keen sense of misery and hopeless cold."

In direct contrast with that wretched childhood is the life in a certain noble home where the young people are not only not restricted from doing their pleasure by way of pastime, but each one is encouraged to follow out his tastes, in such a way as to contribute to the highest development of God-given powers. Thus, instead of idle play or what is worse, finding amusements on the streets or in vicious company, rest and recreation are found in

congenial occupations, which are play, yet work. The apartment of each child is either a laboratory, a library, or a workshop. The oldest son has declared science to be his passion. He spends his summer vacations in pursuit of material upon which to study during leisure moments in the winter. And if the thousands of insects which form his valuable collection could reclaim their life, the buzz and hum of science in the soul of the student would find busy echo. Another boy is interested in ship-building, and also in the subjects of navigation and naval architecture ; and although only fourteen years of age, he has built several miniature vessels, perfect in every particular, and the wonder and admiration of naval officers and sailors. So true were the parents of this boy to the cunning which God had placed in the hands of their child, that they sent him from his home in the far West to one of the large navy-yards of the East, where he might spend his summer vacation in observing the life and work of the navy. Still another son has shown a taste for letters. His rhymes and other productions are commended appreciatively, and the large and well-chosen library is a mine of wealth, which he is free to use.

Other members of the family have exhibited as distinct characteristics, and it would not be difficult for one who knew them well to prophesy their future. The life of each is individual, and yet all combine to make the perfect harmony of a unit. This union is beautifully accomplished by the aid of a printing-press. A magazine is published quarterly in their home, containing an article from each member of the family old enough to write ;

and the father and mother, of course, contribute to the magazine. Each one chooses to write upon his favorite industry. All the cuts in the magazine are designed and executed by the boys themselves. It might be thought that school-children should not apply themselves so closely out of study hours. We make a mistake when we think that idleness gives rest, but rather perfect rest is to be found in change, particularly when that change is a congenial one. The noble mother says she has no right to interfere with the individuality with which God clothes a soul even if it be that of her own child; and she watches for indications of God's purposes, endeavoring to direct and cherish what He has wrought. Play is to her not an idle thing, but the beginning of a great life-work.

If Robert Falconer had been thus nurtured, would he have been brought to feel "What a terrible thing righteousness was"? But rather his life would have been kept parallel with God's thought in His creation, and he would have gathered sweetly, by the way, the "peaceable fruits of righteousness."

Play has in it a grand meaning; so thought Friedrich Froebel, who has been aptly called the "discoverer of childhood." It has been said of him that "no man ever looked so deeply into the secret workshop of a child's soul, and so successfully discovered the means, and their methodical application, for a development of the young mind in accordance with Nature's own laws." And this he does through a system of plays, designed to be commenced in the child's earliest infancy, even at the age of two months, and continued until the child reaches his sixth or seventh year. A series of twenty different play-

things has been designed, called "Gifts," — perhaps because they bring great happiness to the child; or it may be because the little people usually give away the things which they are taught to make in their play. The following is a list of the occupation-material, or gifts: —

1. Six soft balls, of various colors.
2. Sphere, cube, and cylinder, made of wood.
3. Large cube, divided into eight small cubes.
4. Large cube, divided into eight oblong blocks.
5. Large cube, consisting of twenty-one whole, six half, and twelve quarter cubes.
6. Large cube, consisting of eighteen whole oblongs, with three divided lengthwise and six divided breadthwise.
7. Quadrangular and triangular tablets for laying figures.
8. Staffs or wands for laying figures.
9. Whole and half wire rings for laying figures.
10. Material for drawing.
11. Material for perforating.
12. Material for embroidering.
13. Material for paper-cutting and combining the parts into symmetrical figures.
14. Material for weaving or braiding.
15. Slats for interlacing.
16. Slats with four, six, eight, and sixteen links.
17. Taper strips for lacing.
18. Material for paper-folding.
19. Material for peas work.
20. Material for modelling.

In these gifts Froebel has bequeathed a rich inheritance to children; and he has not, like many unwise testators, left its use to the prodigality of the heirs, but rather has intrusted it to parents and teachers, with explicit directions. Unfortunately, perhaps, for the English-speaking public, Froebel's works are in German; but there are several books in our language upon his

arrangement of plays. Wiebé's "Paradise of Childhood"* is perhaps the most complete, needing only in addition a book of songs.

Froebel analyzes the child-nature into seven instincts, as given in the "Cabinet." The plays are so arranged, that, in turn or connection, they give exercise to each of these instincts.

His system is sanctioned throughout by anthropology, as a science of the whole nature.

THE FIRST GIFT.

The first gift, the six soft balls of various colors, gives exercise to the instinct of activity, the rhythmic instinct, the instinct of investigation, and also of imitation. Lest it may seem to the reader an impossibility to begin the education of a child at two months of age, an extract is made from a little book called "Kindergarten Culture," by W. N. Hailman, telling exactly how it may be done : —

The balls are furnished with strings, so as to be always fully in the control of the mother or nurse who manages the little playmates, or in the control of the child who ultimately becomes their ruler. Even before the child shows any sign of consciousness, the balls are suspended over its bed, sometimes singly, sometimes in twos, arranged in simple contrast, — red with green, yellow with blue, etc. . . . When the child begins to look upon these bright playthings with some attention, the mother or nurse will cause one of them to move slowly to and from the child, accompanying the motions with soft, musical sounds, singing the syllables "tick, tack," or "ding, dong," or similar syllables. Care must be taken not to allow the child to become impatient with the ball that is suspended before its eyes. As soon as its attention has been fixed by the ball, it will have a vague desire to be nearer to the latter. This desire will manifest itself in struggling motions of the entire muscular system, culminating in impatient cries. If, however, the mother or nurse has watched with intelli-

* Published by Milton S. Bradley, Springfield, Mass.

gent care, she will have set the ball in motion, and even placed it in the hands of the eager child, before this impatience can be developed. Again, when she perceives that the child needs rest, or is surfeited, she will remove the ball, — not suddenly or harshly, but with the full consent of the child. The ball is used similarly in a great variety of plays, and becomes the centre of a little world of beauty, life, and pleasure to the young human being. When he has seen the ball moving to and fro before his eyes, approaching him and receding from him ; when he has held it in his little hands, and recognized it as a thing that has an existence separate from his own, and yet capable of affecting him and of entering into more or less intimate relation with him, its motions or actions may be multiplied and varied at pleasure, each motion or set of motions being accompanied by appropriate syllables or words, more or less musical. Thus the ball may be caused to swing right and left, obliquely, up and down, to revolve in circles and spirals, to jump, aided by its elasticity, over the hand, over the box, up and down, to roll, to run away, to come back, to fall, etc. . . . In the course of time the ball may be put to still more extended use, in fixing impressions gained from other objects. The child has noticed independently, or at the bidding of the mother or nurse, the motions of animate or inanimate things, — the cat, the dog, the chickens, the bird in the cage or in the garden, the pig, the horse, the cow, the carriage, the wagon, the sleigh, the locomotive with its train of cars ; the father, brothers, and sisters, near relatives or friends. The ball is used to represent these things, and becomes the starting-point for a vigorous and wholesome exercise of memory and imagination. . . . Sometimes two or even several balls may be used in the plays ; but care must be taken that this practice is not carried too far, for fear of scattering the child's attention, or of confusing or blurring its perceptions. . . . Again, the child must not be surfeited with exclusive monotony or confused with excessive variety : the former tires out the attention of a child, the latter gives the child no opportunity to fix its attention upon any one object or motion long enough and intensely enough to obtain a clear idea thereof. . . . Above all things, the activity of the mother or nurse must never drown or unnecessarily interrupt the self-activity of the child. . . . The judicious mother or nurse will, in all her actions, in the tone and character of her words, adapt herself to the child in all its efforts to learn and do, and the uniform good humor of the child, as well as the rapid development of all its powers, physical, mental, formative, and expressive, prove how well she does her part of the educational work.

Without laying aside the first gift entirely, at the end of four months, or when the child is six months old, —

THE SECOND GIFT

Is added to his little world. "The sphere, the cube, and cylinder" now become his playmates. The same instincts as in the first gift are exercised, only more widely and intensely. The design is thus to connect all the gifts so, as it were, to put the whole nature of the child into accelerated motion, and also to obey that law of our understanding which depends for development alike on similarities and contrasts. Thus the sphere of the second gift would be the first of the three forms to place in the hands of the child, because it is like the first gift in form and can therefore be used in many of the same plays. By way of contrast with the six balls, it is heavy, hard, makes a noise when it falls, etc. These differences may be made the basis for many pretty plays and devices. The motions of rolling and spinning and knocking may be combined into little songs or playful conversations, assuming the ball to be a person and quick to do what it is bidden. A metal ring is inserted in the sphere, to which a string can be attached; by this means, another variety of plays will be suggested.

Next, the cube is given to the child. It may swing by a string fastened to one of its edges or faces, by means of the little brass loop, or be made to revolve upon a stick passed through the holes with which the cube is pierced, thus making many connecting shapes between the sphere as the old, and the cube as the new.

Its contrasts may be developed by trying to have the child do the same with it that he did with the sphere: he will thus become conscious of the flat faces, edges, and

corners. It will then be proper to teach him about them through songs and conversations.

Next in order, as combining the features of the sphere and cube, is the cylinder. Let it be suspended by strings passed through the metal loops, and be made to revolve, so that the connecting forms may be produced. All the suggestions given about playing with the cube may be adapted to the cylinder. Then may follow combinations and plays with the three forms; for instance, place the cylinder upon the cube for a target, and let the sphere be rolled so as to strike it. Thus will both judgment and patience be cultivated in the child. If a number of children are observing one who is trying, and waiting for their turns, a success should be acknowledged by the whole company in hand-clapping, so as to do away with selfish ambition, and cultivate the social instinct.

It is designed that the second gift shall furnish the educational plays of a child between the ages of six months and two years.

THE THIRD GIFT

[“The large cube divided into eight small cubes.”]

Has both its likenesses to the cube of the second gift, and also its contrasts. It gives exercise to the instinct of activity; of investigation (contributing to the desire of a child to “see the inside” and “to know how a toy is made”), also of invention and imitation. This gift is to be the child’s playmate for a year, more or less. Froebel called it “The Child’s Joy.”

It will be seen by reference to the table of gifts that the third,

FOURTH, FIFTH, AND SIXTH GIFTS

Do not differ in material, but only in the number and form of the blocks. As was shown between the first and second gifts, there is an intimate relation between them all, particularly between the third and fifth, and fourth and sixth. These, then, form the connected links of a chain by which the little learner feels his way into this world of sense and things.

There are three varieties of plays to be given with these last-named gifts: 1. Imitations of things they have seen; such are called "Forms of Life." 2. Patterns or pretty designs, called "Forms of Beauty," and 3. Such an arrangement of the blocks as will teach number, including "learning to count," called "Forms of Knowledge,"—very simple combinations in addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division, and also a little idea of fractions.

The cultivation of language can be nicely taught with the blocks,—as the proper use of such terms as "under, over, before, behind, against, upon," etc. It would be quite impossible in the limits of a chapter on "Play" to give such an adequate idea of the gifts that one could use materials without further hints and suggestions, which may be obtained from such a book as Wiebé's "Paradise of Childhood," wherein are plates illustrating every step.

A few cuts have been taken by permission from that work, illustrating in a meagre way some of the striking plays of the Fourth and Fifth Gifts.*

* See beginning of this chapter.

In Wiebé's "Paradise of Childhood" the following is the number of forms to be copied given for each gift, from the third to the sixth :—

	3	4	5	6
"Forms of Life"	40	50	23	17
"Forms of Beauty"	60	29	51	23
"Forms of Knowledge"	0	9	30	0

The third gift is to be given the child at two years of age, and the sixth when he is five years old. But of block-plays alone he would grow weary during these years. And Froebel, knowing the wants of change-loving childhood, has provided plays which have the attraction of color added to them.

THE SEVENTH GIFT.

["Quadrangular and triangular tablets for laying figures."]

Some of these being painted bright scarlet and others brown, they form a pleasing variety. This gift is to be introduced with the four preceding gifts. Upon examination of the material, its connection with those gifts will readily be seen ; for instance, the box of quadrangular tablets, as being like the sides of the cube, would be most properly introduced with the third gift, which is composed of the eight small cubes. In the "Paradise of Childhood" there are given, for the seventh gift, patterns for marking,—

"Forms of Life"	50
"Forms of Beauty"	138
"Forms of Knowledge"	105

This gift gives exercise to the instinct of activity, the

instinct of invention and imitation, and the rhythmic instinct. In the chain of experiences, this gift, representing surface, is one link removed from the idea of a solid, advancing towards the idea of a point, represented by a dot. The next link in the chain would be a line; this is represented in

THE EIGHTH GIFT.

[“The staffs or wands for laying figures.”]

With this gift, forms of life, beauty, and knowledge may be made. Patterns are given for 128 forms of life alone.

The line is also represented by

THE NINTH GIFT.

[“Whole and half rings for laying figures.”]

Curved lines make the variation in this gift from the one preceding it.

The idea of the line is continued in

THE TENTH GIFT.

[“Drawing.”]

The instinct of imitation now receives much intensified exercise. The materials are, first, a slate ruled in checks, then paper prepared in the same way.*

THE ELEVENTH GIFT.

[“Material for Perforating.”]

This gift, representing the dot, is the last link in the

* Karl Froebel. “Zeichenschule. Für den Unterricht im Kindergarten in der Familie u. d. Schule,” for sale by E. Steiger, New York, is a most excellent guide in teaching drawing. Although the text is in German, the numerous cuts represent intelligibly all the steps of development.

chain. The "material for perforating" consists in a number of simple pictures, in outline, to be reproduced by pricking through with a pin or needle to a piece of plain paper underneath, upon which, in the end, the picture will be found, made out of lines but of dots, — the innumerable pin-pricks.

Thus far the occupations seem to have been an analysis, — a process of gradual taking to pieces. The contrary now will be the course, — synthesis, a process of building or uniting.

THE TWELFTH GIFT.

[*"Material for Embroidering."*]

This gift unites the dots of the eleventh gift, making lines, as a bright thread of wool or silk is passed through the "pin-pricks" by aid of a needle. Ninety-two patterns are given for this and the preceding gift.

THE THIRTEENTH GIFT.

[*"Material for paper-cutting and combining the parts into symmetrical figures."*]

The plays have now again to do with lines and surfaces. The material is of beautiful colors, and gives a higher and intenser culture for the instinct of activity, instinct of invention and imitation, rhythmic instinct, and the instinct of investigation.

THE FOURTEENTH GIFT.

[*"Material for weaving or braiding."*]

This practically does for the child the same as the

preceding gift, although perhaps the instinct of imitation and invention is more cultivated by this than that. The material consists of mats of paper cut in strips, and also separate strips of bright-colored paper to weave in after various designs. This of itself would form a delightful amusement in any home or school; although taken disconnectedly in this way, much of its force as an educational play is lost.

FIFTEENTH TO SEVENTEENTH GIFTS.

By reference to the list of materials it will be seen that these gifts are quite similar; they all have in them the principle of connecting points by lines. In our judgment it would be better to have them precede the thirteenth and fourteenth gifts, which two gifts have in them more the idea of surface than the three last named.

THE EIGHTEENTH GIFT.

We return again by this gift to the idea of the surface, represented in analysis by the seventh gift; but now, instead of the beautiful scarlet or brown tablets, the children are taught to cut their own forms out of bright-colored paper, and in greater variety of form than was found in the seventh gift, thus giving broader exercise to the instincts of imitation and invention and the rhythmic instinct as well. It will occur at once to the mind of the reader that the eighteenth gift must be one of the maturer plays, and would probably occupy the child who is six or seven years of age.

THE NINETEENTH GIFT.

[“Material for Peas Work.”]

The peas are softened in water, and wires are used to connect them together. It is the principle of dots connected by lines. Latterly, the peas have been replaced by small corks, which are preferable for many reasons. By the wires and the corks (or peas) the solid is again reached, but in a skeleton form; *e. g.* with eight corks and twelve wires, a child may be taught to form a cube, with six corks and nine wires a three-sided prism, etc. And thus it is that the round of analysis and synthesis is made complete. These two divisions of the material might be compared first with the forward motion of the wheel, and then with the backward; but all the while there are little wheels within the great wheel, which might, at first thought, seem to be contradicting the motion of the great wheel. We refer to the manner of presenting the gifts. With each one it is synthesis first, and analysis afterward; for instance, the cube of the third gift is first given the child as a whole, and he is afterward asked to take it to pieces. There still remains

THE TWENTIETH GIFT.

[“Material for Modelling.”]

The material may be either clay, putty, or wax; the first, however, is preferable. By this gift “the instinct for working in the soil” is pre-eminently exercised, — the

same instinct which causes wee fingers to make mud pies, or work with a piece of dough until it becomes scarcely recognizable for dirt. I have seen cabinets filled with curious and beautiful forms made of clay, modelled by just such busy little fingers. However, from the third or fourth year of the child's life, Froebel suggests that he should be taught to sow a few seeds, and care for the plants that they produce; even a few pot-flowers, if it is not possible to have a little garden. Thus the child may be taught to look "from nature up to nature's God."

We must refer again to the "Paradise of Childhood" for instructions upon the use of this gift.

By reference to the list of instincts, it will be observed that very little, comparatively, has been suggested for the culture of the social instinct, and the religious instinct or God-trust.

Froebel said, "It is impossible to educate a child in a perfect manner, separated from other children by conventional rank or circumstances."

The gifts may be made to contribute to the good of one child in a home; but certainly a higher good would be gained in a little society of children engaged in the same way. So strongly did one noble mother feel this that she organized a Kindergarten for her own family, engaged a teacher, and then invited the children of her friends to attend, mainly for the benefit of her own little flock. The feeling of charity towards all is beautifully cultivated in the plays of each gift, but perhaps more particularly in the games accompanied by songs. Space will not permit any of them to be

given here, but simply a reference can be made to appropriate books.*

In this way the rhythmic instinct finds most delightful exercise. Froebel has written a book for mothers, called, "*Die Mutter und Koselieder*," cossetting songs which begin with an infant.

For the highest culture of the instinct of God-trust, a long experience has taught us that nothing is more effective than the Word, illuminated as it is with beautiful stories, and above all, with a Christ who is Light himself, and who loves the little children.

The love of father and mother and friends is a help to know the Divine love ; but God has given each soul something more than this with which to apprehend Him,—the higher insight of faith.†

By this beautiful series of plays that we have been describing, seeds of neatness, of order, of love for work, of love and gentleness towards fellow-creatures, and above

* "*Kindergarten Songs*," by Dr. Douai ; "*Plays for the Kindergarten*," by Miss Henrietta Noa ; and "*Kindergarten Lieder*," all for sale by E. Steiger, New York.

Also, "*Plays and Songs for Kindergarten*," published by Martens Brothers, New York.

Milton S. Bradley, Springfield, Mass., keeps a full assortment of Kindergarten materials and literature.

† A most beautiful toy to cultivate this faculty is a puzzle, formed of many pieces, which when fitted together make the picture of Christ blessing little children. A little boy, only ten years of age, carrying out the idea of the game of "*Authors*," has made a similar game of Bible names and passages. Ostrander's Oriental Block Models cultivate the religious instinct of the child. Out of them can be made Solomon's Temple, Jewish Tabernacle, an Oriental House, an Eastern Inn, a Wine Press, The Sheep-fold, Tower of Babel, an Egyptian Pyramid, Ahaz's Sun-Dial, The Cross.

all, love towards God may be implanted. Is it not most appropriate, then, that the whole system should be called child-gardening, or "Kindergartening," as our German friends have named it?

And who is Friedrich Froebel, the founder of the Kindergarten? A man who was born in Oberweissbach, a little village in Central Germany, in the year 1782, whose earthly career closed in 1852.

His early life was one of vicissitude and crushed hopes, which was God's way of awakening in his heart that keen love and sympathy which has made him such a benefactor to childhood. When he grew to manhood, his paths were directed still by the hand of the Father into the friendship of earnest educators, who took him closely into their plans. Froebel was at this time studying architecture. Everything which he said to his educational friends about their plans was marked with such thought and ability that at last they were led to exclaim, "Plainly, this is your vocation. Give up architecture and come with us, and help to build men." And he did so.

A sketch of Froebel that did not include Pestalozzi would hardly be complete; for one is but the complement of the other in the development of this new education. Pestalozzi showed how to develop organically the receptive powers: Froebel teaches how to develop the expressive powers. While Pestalozzi points out the road to happiness, Froebel indicates the road to usefulness. The work of the two educators is often confused, but it need not be: Froebel's method is for the youngest children; Pestalozzi's method is supplementary to it. Their relation to each other and to the cause of educa-

tion cannot be better described than by repeating the titles their works have given them, — "Froebel, the Discoverer of Childhood," and "Pestalozzi, the Father of Popular Education." Much of Froebel's enthusiasm was kindled at the great heart of Pestalozzi, under whose immediate influence he lived for two years, although not associated with him either as a teacher or a pupil. And yet the child-heart itself was his greatest inspiration. He used to say, "I have learned that of my children." Not of his own children, for he was childless; he knew only a universal fatherhood. By right of a soul-filled interest, all children were his.

It is a part of God's grand economy that a noble work does not cease with a single life or generation; but when one weary heart lays down the burden, God animates another heart with the same purpose, and the work goes on to completion without the breaking of the thread. And so, after the death of Friedrich Froebel, a woman, noble both by heart and birth, took up the work he had begun, and since then she has been devoting her fortune, her time, her pen, and all her efforts, to its more perfect development, and to bring about a more thorough understanding of it by the public. We refer to the Baroness Marenholz-Bülow. She has founded Normal schools for the training of Kindergarten teachers in several of the countries of Europe, at the solicitation of governmental authorities. The Prussian Government had issued an injunction against Froebel's method, and through her efforts that injunction was removed, and her help was sought to organize a Normal Kindergarten Training School in Berlin.

In Austria, as a result of her labors and influence, the Government has issued a decree that all children between the ages of four and six years shall be sent to Kindergartens.

In England the first training school for Kindergarten teachers was established in 1872, at Manchester. Among the sixty-five names constituting the Council of the School may be found those of Mr. Bright, M. P., and Professor Huxley.

The claims of the Kindergarten have so far been recognized by our own Government that a pamphlet has been issued through the National Bureau of Education, devoted exclusively to the subject. It can be obtained by any one who will send a request for it to the Educational Department, at Washington.

Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody has shown more zeal in regard to the Kindergarten than any other American. She has visited the foreign Kindergartens, and has almost continuously used her voice and pen to perpetuate its principles. Indeed, her zeal entitles her to be called the Baroness Marenholz-Bülow of America.*

We have treated of Froebel's plays and the Kindergarten as if they were one; they are not, necessarily. Froebel observed the loneliness which surrounds a child in a family of adults, where sympathy is assumed rather than felt; where it is always weakness in comparison with strength; where no one enters freely and fully into his child-soul.

* Miss Peabody is now editing a little monthly paper called "The Kindergarten Messenger," which can be had by addressing her, at 19 Follen Street, Cambridge, Mass. Subscription price, \$1.00 per year.

He observed another thing, *i. e.* the delight and perfect understanding that a lonely child found in the society of those near his own age, — “another I,” — and this led him to form little societies of these congenial companions for plays that should “both amusement and instruction bring.” Thus the Kindergarten was founded. The plays may be introduced into any home with any number of children, but “the more the merrier” and the nobler and the better every way.

No heart can afford to lose that influence called “the might of gentleness.” If any one would feel it deeply, let him investigate the beautiful philosophy of play as developed by the Discoverer of Childhood. It will, in the end, make all who seek into it truer men and women.

Since the Saviour Himself hath set a little child in the midst, the study of childhood has become the grandest of all learning. It is a likeness to its spirit which shall raise us from the humblest place, even the footstool of the sinner, to the greatest place in heaven, even at the right hand of God, there to be joint heirs with Christ, the Beloved Son.

VIII.

"THE CHILD IS FATHER OF THE MAN,"

"The childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day."

THE magi looked on the Christ-child with prophetic eye, seeing the future more than the present. So should we look upon every child with the question, "What shalt thou be hereafter?"

It is said of that German schoolmaster, John Trebo-
nius, the instructor of MARTIN LUTHER, that he always
appeared before his boys with uncovered head. "Who
can tell," said he, "what may yet rise up amid these
youths? There may be among them those who shall be
learned doctors, sage legislators, nay, princes of the em-
pire. Although you do not yet see them with the badges
of their dignity, it is right that you should treat them
with respect." Even then there was among them that
"solitary monk that shook the world."

The traits of manhood are often very clearly marked
in the child. Froebel believes that character is usually
determined in the first seven years of life.

Childhood is a prophecy of manhood, with more or less
of its details in different cases.

On this account the childhood of great men becomes a study of thrilling interest. In many instances the stamp of genius is very apparent in early years.

The poet and novelist, WALTER SCOTT, in boyhood loved to visit old castles, and gather up the legends about them to tell to his friends; and in the midst of wild thunder-storms, he would cry "Bonnie!" with great delight. His school-fellows often crowded around him to hear his many wonderful stories, which he had a great skill in telling.

MACKINTOSH and CANNING, afterwards great leaders in the House of Commons, were both of them, in early life, connected with boy-parliaments, where they personated the great men of English politics in earnest debates.

WILBERFORCE, the great philanthropist, in early life was remarkable for his generosity and self-sacrifice. At fourteen years of age he wrote a letter to an American paper against the slave-trade.

NEWTON, the world-renowned discoverer, was fond of tools in early childhood, and made an excellent windmill when very young. Boys owe to him the invention of kites. It is said that he sometimes sent them up at night, with paper lanterns attached, to frighten the older people with apprehensions of strange comets and falling stars.

According to Carlyle, the little RICHTER, in his father's wood-yard, came to know suddenly, one morning, "*Ich bin ein ich*," — I exist, separately from all others.

GASSENDI, the natural philosopher, is well known by that scene of his boyhood when he proved to his little associates that it was the clouds and not the moon that

were moving so rapidly, by looking at both through the branches of a tree.

NAPOLEON, in earliest boyhood, showed great interest in his little brass cannon, and proved himself an engineer and leader in the construction and defence of his snow fort.

CANOVA, in early life, when his father, who was a sculptor, had failed to invent a design to ornament the centre of the royal table on a grand occasion in which he was employed to adorn the feast, took a large piece of butter and moulded a lion so skilfully that his genius was at once recognized.

LAWSON, another celebrated sculptor, showed the first promise of his genius when a poor orphan and a shepherd boy. He carved the two shepherd dogs and then his master's two favorite horses in wood so skilfully that his master sent him to a sculptor to be educated in the line of his genius.

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY was wont in his boyhood to gather his school-fellows and give a sort of lecture. He showed much interest in the search for minerals, and made his father's attic a laboratory, often frightening the whole household by some of his experiments.

FERGUSON, who became one of the foremost men in Astronomy and Natural Philosophy, was accustomed in the evenings of his boyhood to lie upon some bank of grass and watch the stars, ingeniously estimating their distance by means of a few beads on a string. One day, when about eight years old, he observed his father use a beam, resting upon a prop, to pry up a heavy body. This set him to thinking, and the result of it was

that he became interested in mechanical contrivances, and very early gained a knowledge of mechanical principles. He was fond of using a knife, as all boys are, but not merely for the amusement of whittling; he occupied his spare time in making wheels and simple machines. He was at once a shepherd for his father and a student of Astronomy and Mechanics.

CHALMERS, the eloquent preacher, was frequently found in childhood earnestly preaching to his playmates from a chair.

The artist CORREGGIO, seeing some of Raphael's paintings in his childhood, cried out, "I, too, am a painter!"

JENNY LIND, when a child, was one day singing to her kitten, when a passer-by discovered the wonderful sweetness of her voice, and soon brought her from her lowly home to the palaces of admiring kings and the concert halls of the world.

MOZART composed music at five years of age. Some writer has given the following beautiful description of a scene only a little later in his boyhood:—

Mozart's first experience of a large organ was in the monastery of a little town on the banks of the Danube. He was then only six years old; and as the boy gazed with something of awe upon the great instrument, looming up in the shadows of the great empty church, his face lit up with serene satisfaction, and every motion and attitude of the little figure expressed a wondering reverence.

"Father," said the boy, "explain to me those pedals at the organ's feet, and let me play."

Well pleased, the father complied. Then Wolfgang

pushed aside the stool ; and when father Mozart had filled the great bellows, the elfin organist stood upon the pedals, and trod them as though he had never needed to have their management explained.

How the deep tones woke the sombre stillness of the old church ! The organ seemed some great, uncouth creature, roaring for very joy at the caresses of the marvellous child.

The monks, eating their supper in the refectory, heard the tones, and dropped knife and fork in astonishment. The organist of the brotherhood was among them ; but never had he played with such power and freedom. They listened, some grew pale, others crossed themselves, till the prior rose up, summoned all his courage, and hastened into the chapel. The others followed ; but when they looked up into the organ-loft, lo ! there was no form of any organist to be seen, though the deep tones still massed themselves in new harmonies, and made the stone arches thrill with their power. "It is the devil himself," cried the first one of the monks, drawing closer to one of his companions, and giving a scared look over his shoulder into the darkness of the aisle.

"It is a miracle," said another. But when the oldest of their number mounted the stairs to the organ-front, he stood petrified with amazement.

There stood the tiny figure, treading from pedal to pedal, and at the same time clutching the keys above with his little hands, gathering handfuls of those wonderful chords, as if they were violets, and flinging them out into the solemn gloom behind him. He heard nothing, saw nothing, besides ; his eyes beamed like stars, and

his whole face lighted with impassioned joy. Louder and fuller rose the harmonies, streaming forth in swelling billows, till at last they seemed to reach a sunny shore, on which they broke ; and then a whispering ripple of faintest melody lingered a moment in the air, like the last murmur of a wind-harp, and all was still.

A man heard NILSSON singing at a country fair when only twelve or thirteen. He admired her voice, and knowing a baroness devoted to music, brought Nilsson to her. She was so much pleased with her evident talent that she urged the friend with whom she was then living to take her, and they would instruct her together. This her friend consented to do ; and they educated her in every way, teaching her manners as well as the necessary branches of learning, — as she was entirely ignorant of all usages of the world, since she had before that time been brought up simply as a peasant. She was very quick at learning, especially in languages, and was most diligent and ambitious. At the end of about two years, the baroness took her to Paris, and left her there in an English boarding-school, where she took lessons six months with the other scholars, and then was put under Wachtel's care, and studied with him three years and a half, the baroness going yearly to inspect her progress. In the school where Nilsson stayed during all this time she was greatly beloved, and long before leaving Paris became quite a polished lady ; yet, although glad to renounce all peasantryisms in manners, she never would, in the midst of all her numerous studies, relinquish her favorite amusement of carving wood, which she did with great skill. While she was in Paris she met M. Rouzand ; and

as every one knows, although she could have married any one she chose in England, she preferred her French *fiancé*, and is now his happy wife.

A child of five years, overwhelmed with the loss of a gold locket, which contained a lock of her dead mother's hair, cried out, "If God will not help me, no one else can." She feared her father's anger, and hoped to avert it by finding the locket. She knew that she might pray for this, but thought that to be heard she must pray in church. The Sunday came at length, and in her pew she prayed for the return of the locket, ending with, "If You do not help me, no one else can." She returned home, and found that the lost treasure had been replaced by the thief. This is the initial incident in the life of the English authoress, ANNA SHIPTON.

A schoolmate of the poet WHITTIER showed me the little country school-house (since burned) in Haverhill, where the poet obtained most of his schooling, remarking that the poet was famous for his great love of reading, even in early childhood. When at the Haverhill Academy he wrote all of his compositions in poetry, some of them attracting special commendation from his teacher.

A woodchuck once helped himself to what vegetables he wanted in the garden of Mr. Webster, the father of DANIEL WEBSTER. Ezekiel Webster, another son, set a trap and caught him, and said, "Now we'll kill the thief. You've done mischief enough to die, Mr. Woodchuck, and you shall die." His brother Daniel pleaded for the Woodchuck's release. The case was brought before the father, who acted as judge. Ezekiel presented the vicious

habits of the prisoner, the damage already done to the garden, and the value of his skin, as reasons why he ought to die. Daniel pleaded that the woodchuck was one of the creatures of God, not particularly vicious, having a right to food, life, and liberty. He urged the cruelty of taking the life of the helpless creature. The plea so moved the father that he cried, "Zeke, Zeke, let the woodchuck go!" This was Daniel Webster's first case, won when he was only ten years old.

An incident of childhood-prophecy recently occurred in New England. A grocery-boy was sent into the back-store to fill a customer's pail with molasses. He put his measure in its place and set the molasses to running. While waiting for it to fill, he took the chalk with which the prices were marked on various barrels, and began to draw a face upon the hogshead. He became so absorbed in his drawing that he forgot his errand, and at length his master came and found that several quarts had run out on the floor. Glancing at the picture, the storekeeper was filled with wonder at the talent it displayed, and instead of a rebuke gave the boy money with which to pay for drawing-lessons and materials to develop the artist-soul more fully.

With such possibilities of greatness and of usefulness by a right development of childhood; with tendencies and proclivities that are guide-boards to point out the right path of training so manifest in child-minds; with such an open book of prophecy before us in child-life, — no parent or teacher should endeavor, like Herod, to *thwart the prophecy of the child*, but rather do all that is possible "*that it might be fulfilled.*" But how often

this prophecy of the Manhood which God has written upon the Childhood is overlooked or disregarded misread !

Sometimes even parents take no pains to discover the child's God-given tendencies and proclivities.

A child of such parents came to his teacher for advice in regard to some little plan. The teacher asked him why he did not ask his father's advice. The reply was "Oh, I ain't much acquainted with the old gentleman."

GUTENBERG's mother was scolding him for his wordlessness, when the thought of printing was being born in his head ; ADAM CLARKE's teacher called him "dull" and THOMAS AQUINAS was named "the dumb ox" by his fellow-pupils for his silence and apparent stupidity.

PASCAL, the mathematician, being forbidden in boyhood to study Geometry, made circles and lines and triangles with charcoal in his play-room, and as he had no teacher and no book, he gave names of his own to his figures, calling a circle "a round," a line "a bar," etc. ; and in spite of his father's desire to prevent the fulfilment of God's prophecy in his soul, he became a world-famed mathematician.

The father of GEORGE STEPHENSON forbade his boy the tools with which to whittle wood and make machines ; but the child built them with mud. WESTON stole away to garrets and hiding-places to practise with his brush, because his father was unwilling he should be a painter. ISAAC WATTS was punished for writing verses, and cried out amid his punishment, —

"O father, do some pity take,
And I will no more verses make."

HANDEL's father tried to make him a lawyer, and took his music from him ; but the wonderful genius of Handel developed with only a muffled instrument stealthily played in the attic.

The father of JOSHUA REYNOLDS nicknamed his boy "the lazy," because he spent so much time with his paints and pictures.

The mother of JAMES WATT called him "the idle, shiftless James," and his aunt, Mrs. Muirhead, gave him a severe scolding for idleness at the very time when he was studying out the great problem of steam power before his mother's tea-kettle. "James Watt," she said, "I never saw such an idle boy ! Take a book or employ yourself usefully ; for the last hour you have not spoken one word, but taken off the lid of that kettle and put it on again, holding now a cup and now a silver spoon over the steam, watching how it rises from the spout, and catching and connecting the drops of hot water it falls into. Are you not ashamed of spending your time in this way ?"

It is the mission of those who are the guardians of childhood to put around it such influences as shall kindle rather than quench the tendencies of the mind.

"A pebble in a brooklet scant
Has turned the course of many a river,"

and matters which seemed of slight importance have changed the current of a life.

Rev. R. Donkersley has gathered several striking instances of this.

"BENJAMIN FRANKLIN tells us in one of his letters that

when he was a boy a little book fell into his hands, entitled, 'Essays to do Good,' by Cotton Mather. It was tattered and torn, and several leaves were missing. 'But the remainder,' he says, 'gave me such a turn of thinking as to have an influence on my conduct through life; for I have always set a greater value on the character of a doer of good than any other kind of reputation: and if I have been a useful citizen, the public owes all the advantages of it to the little book.' JEREMY BENTHAM mentions that the current of his thoughts and studies was directed for life by a single phrase that caught his eye at the end of a pamphlet, — 'The greatest good of the greatest number.' GEORGE LAW, a boy on his father's farm, met an old, unknown book, which told the story of a farmer's son who went away to seek his fortune, and came home, after many years' absence, a rich man. From that moment George became uneasy, left home, lived over again the life he had read of, returned a millionaire, and paid all his father's debts. Robinson Crusoe has sent to sea more sailors than the press-gang. We owe all the Waverley novels to Scott's early reading of the old traditions and legends; and the whole body of pastoral fiction came from Addison's sketches of Sir Roger De Coverley in 'The Spectator.'

In the development of childhood nothing is trivial. The words, deeds, pictures, scenery, associates, and silent influences that surround a child, all help to picture the future man on the delicate plate of the child-mind.

A writer in "The Independent" developed this thought several years ago in connection with the mak-

ing of the well-known chromo of Whittier's "Barefoot Boy," —

" Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy with cheek of tan,
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes," etc.

"There is first the sketch on the stone, made of soap and lampblack ; then the foundation of the future boy is laid in brown vermilion. There are no features yet, but it is a boy's face. A second stone gives greater distinctness ; then follows a third of blue ; then one of yellow, to modify the blue to greenish-yellow ; then one of vermilion, and another of black, and so on till twenty-six stones have been applied, and at length the expression is brought out, the smile lights up the face, and all the delicacy of the original is reproduced. So with boy-culture. The character is built up by the intelligent application of various influences, some apparently untoward and destructive of beauty, but seen by the mature eye to be necessary for complete and harmonious development. In this way the man grows up in the boy, and the boy lives afterward in the man."

IX.

RULES DISCOVERED IN THE CHILD-BOOK.

Alexander Bouché, the distinguished violinist, found an old soldier playing on a violin, and producing such execrable music that every one who stopped to listen was driven away. Bouché took the violin. Up went the bow ; down went the bow. A crowd quickly gathered, drawn by the charm of the music. The old soldier also stood spell-bound, and forgot to pass his hat until reminded of it.

The difference between the two was that one of them *did* and the other *did not* understand how to bring out the melodies of which the violin was capable.

WHAT will be the practical conclusions from such a study of childhood as we have been proposing?

1. As we have shown, the children may be our teachers, showing us character while we teach them truth.
2. Children must be taught the abstract through the concrete, — first rules, then principles ; first facts, then theories. A child learns nouns first, and afterwards builds sentences ; the world learned scientific facts, then built them into theories ; the Church learned in the wilderness, " Do this," " Don't do that," in endless repetition, and then from six hundred and thirteen commandments, advanced to the one great principle, " Love is the fulfilling of the law."

In teaching children, accordingly, before they can be expected to attach any meaning to the maxim, "Be virtuous and you will be happy," they must be taught that it requires us to be kind to brothers, obedient to parents, and prayerful towards God.

Here, then, comes in the practical principle that whatever is to be committed to memory, whether it be answers in the catechism, verses of Scripture, hymns or prayers, should first be explained and then memorized. Not only will the truth learned be more useful, but it will also be more readily committed to memory, by the aid of the understanding.

As this theory has often been combated in Sunday-School Conventions and periodicals by persons who believe that it is by no means necessary for children to understand what they are to memorize, we give below numerous instances of erroneous ideas entertained by children through lack of proper explanations. These should be sufficient to convince any candid reader of the need of a radical reform in the matter of memorizing.

Let there be more understanding even if it necessitate less memorizing, but there ought to be more of both.

CATECHISM.

THE wife of a distinguished Sunday-School worker says that in childhood she was long puzzled to know the meaning of "Manschefen" (man's chief end), which she had learned by rote in the first question of the Catechism, with no understanding of its significance.

IN "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Topsy is presented to us

standing demurely, with her hands crossed, before Miss Ophelia, on a certain Sunday afternoon, to say her catechism. Topsy had a good memory and learned "to say" her catechism very fast, but Miss Ophelia took no trouble to "make it plain." Thus the saying of the catechism proceeds, and Topsy repeats, "Our first parents fell from the state wherein they were created," etc. But there is a twinkle in Topsy's eye; some idea has evidently crossed her mind. Miss Ophelia observes this, and asks, "What is it, Topsy?"—"Please, missus, was that ar' State Kentuck?"—"What state, Topsy?"—"That State they fell out of. I used to hear massa say we all come from Kentucky."

IN giving geography lessons down East, a teacher asked a boy what State he lived in, and was amused at the reply, drawled through the boy's nose, "A state of sin and misery."

Teacher.—Where did God put Adam?

Child.—In the garden a-weedin' (of Eden).

Teacher.—What's the chief end of man?

Child.—The end what's got the head on.

BIBLE PASSAGES.

A CHILD in a Sunday School in Connecticut rose and repeated a verse that had not been explained to her. She said, "Two men went up to the temple to pray, the one a Pharisee, the other a Republican; and the Republican stood and prayed, Lord, have mercy upon me, a sinner."

A CHILD, on returning from Sunday School, was asked to repeat his verse, and said, "Parents, obey your children."

A CHILD once asked, "Mother, is our hired man, Ralph, a good man?"—"Yes," said her mother; "why do you ask such a question?"—"Because the Bible says, 'The wicked shall not live out half their days,' and Ralph says he has lived out most all his life."

A CHILD asked his mother, "Have I honored you to-day?"—"Not more than usual; why do you ask?"—"Because the Bible says, 'Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee,' and this has been one of the longest days I ever knew."

Mother. — What was the text this morning?

Child. — Buy the truth and Sally come up (sell it not).

Teacher. — What did I tell you last Sunday that the people ate in the Passover?

Child. — Roast lamb and preserves (bitter herbs).

THE lesson for the infant class was the fiery serpent.

"Dear children," said the teacher, "we have all been bitten, have n't we?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What is the name of the wicked serpent by whom we have all been bitten?"

After a silence, —

“Once dey was a bug bited me.”

Mother. — Where was the text, my child?

Child. — I don't know; but I guess it was somewhere near the door.

A LITTLE girl, who knew by memory, without explanation, the passage, “They strain at a gnat and swallow a camel,” was asked, “What was the fault of the Pharisees?” “Eating camels, marm.”

A CHILD in a large shoe-manufacturing city repeated one of the beatitudes, which had scarcely any more meaning to her than so much Greek because it was not explained, “Blessed are the shoemakers.” One of the commandments was repeated by another child, “Thou shalt not cover”; and another, who did not know anything about sheaves, repeated the story about them in Joseph's dream by saying, “The sheep bowed down.”

A TEACHER gave a scholar the passage, — “Feed my lambs.” — *John* xxi, 15. It was repeated, “Feed my lambs, John.”

Teacher. — Where did I say Paul was brought up?

Child. — At the foot of Gamil Hill (Gamaliel).

A CHILD who had learned, without comprehending it, the passage, “The hairs of your head are all numbered,”

said to her teacher, "I've pulled out a hundred, and there was n't one of them numbered."

A SMALL boy arose at a Sunday-School concert, and began quite glibly, "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell — and fell —" Here his memory began to fail him. "And — and — fell by the road-side, and the thorns sprang up and choked him."

REV. HENRY CLAY TRUMBULL once told an anecdote (vouching for its truth) of a little girl who had been receiving the lessons about Joseph. A friend at her home questioned her about what she had learned, and while she was talking with all childish earnestness about Joseph being thrown into the pit, it occurred to her questioner to ask, "What is a pit?"—"Oh," replied the child, "it is the stone inside the peach."—"Was that where they put Joseph?"—"Yes." Surely, nothing but teaching which made no appeal to the understanding could have betrayed a child into such an error as that.

HYMNS.

THE lines below are the way children in certain schools have been heard to sing hymns whose meaning had never been explained to them:—

"He taught me how to wash and pray."

("He taught me how to watch and pray.")

"Climbing up Ziah's Hill,"

("Climbing up Zion's Hill.")

"Let me die in the harness shop."

("Let me die with the harness on.")

"I can tarry butter knife."

("I can tarry but a night.")

PRAYERS.

THE words "lay me" in the little prayer of childhood had been understood by a child to mean "lama," the animal, the prayer never having been explained to her.

Mother. — Say your prayer, darling, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

Child. — O mother, I'm tired of saying it that way. Can't I say camel to-night?"

ANOTHER child, to whom the prayer was as meaningless, said, "Mother, what does 'Fishedi' ('If I should die') mean?"

A TIRED little child saying his prayers, after a warm day, said, "Our Father in heaven; how I wonder what you are."

On another occasion, a little fellow, hearing his mamma say she must send to Wackerman's for a loaf of bread, said, "Why, mamma, I can go." — "Oh, no, my dear," she replied, "they have so many kinds, you would n't know which to get." — "Why, mamma, of course I should know, — 'Our daily bread,' to be sure!"

A BOY thought for years the first sentence of the Lord's Prayer was, "Our Father chart in heaven."

A CHILD was repeating the Lord's Prayer, clause by clause, after her mother, —

Mother. — "Give us this day our daily bread."

Child. — No, no ; me want cake.

"MAMMA, please come here," said Lizzie soon after she had been put to bed.

Mamma was busy, and papa stepped to the bedroom door.

"What is it, Lizzie ?"

"No, no ; I want mamma. Papa won't do."

By and by mamma came.

"O mamma, do help me out with my prayer ! I've got all mixed up with them debtors."

Child. — "Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,"

"And if I chance to fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero,
Don't view me with a cricket's eye," —

Mother. — That's wrong.

Child. — Yes, mother ; 't is "crickets."

MISCELLANEOUS.

ALMOST every child learns the little song of "Mary's Lamb" in early school-life. One of these asked its mother, "Are fleas white, mamma ?" — "No ; why do you ask ?" — "Because it says, —

"Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece (fleas) was white as snow."

"WHEN was Rome built ?" asked an examiner of a young student. "In the night, sir." — "In the night,

sir! what do you mean?" — "Why, you know, sir, Rome was not built in a day."

A BOY in a country school was reading the following sentence, "The lighthouse is a landmark by day and a beacon by night," and rendered it thus, "The lighthouse is a landlord by day and a deacon by night."

A BOSTONIAN who asked his boy what he had learned at school one day, was told that his lesson had been, "Johnny shut yer jaws and can't run." He went to the school the next day, heard the teacher tell the boys to repeat, "A comma is just a pause to count one," and then heard the class all shout in unison, "Johnny shut yer jaws and can't run."

"WHAT is it, Katy?" said the teacher. "I want to know how to spell tunkan," said the little girl. "Explain," said the teacher. "Why, I want to write, 'I love my teacher more than tunkan (tongue can) tell,'" said the child.

"How is it, my dear," inquired a school-mistress of a little girl, "that you do not understand this simple thing?" — "I do not know, indeed," she answered, with a perplexed look, "but I sometimes think I have *so many things to learn that I have no time to understand.*"

A TEACHER was heard to say to his class, "Our intuitions teach us" — so and so. An inquiring lad asked,

"Who are our intuitions?" The reply given was not very lucid, and illustrated the importance of a teacher's having a clear apprehension of what he has to say, and capacity to say it clearly.

Visitor in S. S. (addressing the school). — Children, what is the ostensible object of Sunday-School instruction?

No answer.

Visitor. — What is the ostensible object of Sunday-School instruction?

No answer.

Visitor. — Children, what *is* the ostensible object of Sunday-School instruction?

Small boy (in a feeble voice). — Yes, sir.

DICKENS aptly describes a boy who had taken the vow of baptism without understanding it, — "Wilt thou then obediently keep God's holy will and commandments, and walk in the same all the days of thy life?" — who thought he was always to "walk" home as long as he lived "in the same" path round by the old mill.

A GENTLEMAN, to show a young friend who had studied Geography several years something about the shape and motion of the earth, took up an apple and illustrated the scientific fact. His young friend looked at the apple and at the gentleman a few minutes with great interest, and said, "Why, sir, you don't mean that the earth really turns round, do you?" He replied, "Did you not learn that several years ago?" — "Yes,

sir," she responded, "I *learned* it, but I never *knew* it before."

This way of using words without any thought or knowledge of their meaning might be compared to the act of that servant who was told to write "This side up with care," upon a box. Attaching no meaning to the words he put it both on the top and bottom so that it might surely be seen, causing the destruction of the contents.

Better that children should miss in memory than in the understanding of what they learn.

When Susie was five years old, and first went to Sabbath School, her mother taught her, or thought she taught her, the "Golden Rule." When she stood up before the whole school, she could not remember how it began nor how the words came; but after thinking a minute, she promptly said, in a clear voice, so that they all heard her, "What you don't want other children to do to you, you must never do to them."

In an infant school where the children were very closely crowded together, the teacher asked a small girl, "What does the Golden Rule mean?" The girl replied, "It means when the other girls hunch you, you must n't hunch back again."

If any think this theory of too slight importance for so much attention, let them read this testimony, which is one of many: "My teacher's explanation of a hymn, two years ago, made me try to trust in Jesus." •

Understanding, as a basis of memorizing, is as much needed in our secular as in our religious schools.

Verbal memorizing, without thorough apprehension of the subject, is but making a mind a cistern, when it

should be made a spring,—a storehouse of rules, when it should be a manufactory of principles.

“Here, little boy, swallow these oyster-shells. They will lie naturally and easily in your stomach until you grow up, because little boys’ stomachs are adapted for the storage of oyster-shells, and when you are a man and want oysters, put some in there.”

Plato said that the minds of children were like bottles with very narrow mouths: if you attempt to fill them too rapidly, much knowledge was wasted and little received; whereas, with a small stream they were easily filled. Those who would make young children prodigies act as wisely as if they would pour a pail of water into a pint measure.

3. Children must be taught the unseen by the seen. A piece of chalk is a thousand little animals melted into one; and likewise every word it writes on the black-board is a mass of melted pictures. All writing at first was picture-writing; then came combinations into hieroglyphic symbols (for instance, a man between two dogs represented a lawyer); then every symbol became a letter, and letters were combined into words, which are pictures of thoughts. A child, accordingly, must learn the unseen by having it in some way compared with or symbolized by the seen.

Froebel’s maxim was, “*Nihil est in intellectu quod ante non fuerit in sensu*” (Nothing is in the intellect that was not first in the senses). Ideas originate as abstractions from perceptions; but there are mental and spiritual perceptions as well as sense perceptions. Froebel uttered only a partial truth, making it the fundamental law.

We see the operation of this law in the naming of things, when first noticed, from familiar objects seen before. A study of children's language will help us to put ourselves in their places, and to realize the method of a child's thinking, and the need of a child's mind. To aid in this study many original definitions from the lips of children have been collected in what we are pleased to call

CHILDHOOD'S DICTIONARY.

"It is marvellous how children can reach the heart of truth at once." —
George MacDonald.

A.—*Answers to Prayer.*—"Mamma, did God say 'Yes'?"
Apple-tree in blossom.—"God's bouquet."
Apples.—"The bubbles the apple-trees blow."

B.—*Baby.*—"A live doll."
Backbiter.—"What does backbiter mean?"—
"Please, sir, it may be a flea."
Baldness.—"Is n't grandpa growing up through his hair?"

[A boy who was sitting playfully on his father's bald head said naïvely,
"Father, I must get this seat upholstered."]

Baptized (mistaken for vaccinated).—"My boy, were you ever baptized?"—"Oh, yes! half a dozen times, but it never took."

Bed-time.—"Shut-eye-time."

Bill of a fowl.—"Nose."

["What's the matter with you, my pet?"—"O auntie! I just went to touch a little chickey, and the old hen growled at me and bit me with her nose."]

Birdlings.—“Mamma, the little birds have got babies.”

Blacksmith shop.—“The place where they make horses! I saw a man nailing on the last foot of one.”

Butterflies.—“Are they flies that make butter?”

C.—*Canal.*—“We went over the river under it.”

Catechism made easy.—“Is n't there a kittenchism for little girls?”

Chaos.—“A great pile of nothing and no place to put it in.”

Chewing the cud.—“Cows chewing gum.”

Circle.—“A round.”

Comma.—“A period with a tail.”

Conscience.—“Jesus whispering in our hearts.”

Cross.—“The heaven-key.”

D.—*Delegates.*—“Alligators.”

Designing.—“My think.” (“I think and then I draw round my think.”)

Dimple.—“A place where a bone was left out.”

Disorder.—“Carri-on.”

[A bright little girl at Milton, Wisconsin, having been desired to write a sentence introducing the word “carrion,” presented the following to her teacher, “Bad children often *carri-on* in church when they ought to be quiet.”]

Drinking intoxicating liquors.—A little boy had been studying about dissolving views. When his mother asked him what his father was doing, he replied, “I guess papa was taking a

dissolving view of a lump of sugar in the bottom of a tumbler."

Dust. — "Mud with juice squeezed out."

E.—*Egg foam (on custard).* — "Soap suds."

Eternity. — "The life-time of the Almighty."

Evil thoughts. — "My naughty think."

F.—*Faith.* — "Doing God's will and asking no questions." "Grasping Christ with the heart."

Fan. — "The thing to brush the warm off with."

Fins. — "The fish's wings."

For ever and ever. — "It goes round and round in a ring and has no end." (The symbol of eternity among the ancients and in the early church was an endless ring.)

Forgetfulness. — "My forgettery." (Contrast with memory.)

G.—*Gray hair.* — "Hoar-frost on your head."

H.—*Happiness.* — "It is to feel as if you wanted to give all your things to your little sister."

Heaven. — "God's house." "The thunder's home."

Holiness. — "To be clean inside."

Hops. — "Mother wants to buy some jumps."

Horse. — "An animal with four legs, one on each corner."

I.—*Ice.* — "Water that went to sleep in the cold."

Imagination. — "Just shut your eyes and you'll be there." ("Hope Devine.")

Intercession. — "Speaking a word to God for us."

K.—*Kittens*.—"Little pieces of cat all around. Pussy is all shook to pieces."

L.—*Lightning*.—"The sudden opening and shutting of God's eye."

[Paul and I sat watching the thunder-shower.

"What does God say in the thunder?" I asked.

"Boom, boom," says Paul.

"What does God say in the lightning?"

"Peek-a-boo," said Paul, which is the best baby word for lightning I ever heard.—P. P. B.]

Little Sins.—"I did n't break any of the Commandments, but I guess I cracked some of them."

Love.—"I kiss her in my heart."

[A little boy about six years old retired up-stairs to bed, leaving his mother below without the customary good-night kiss. As he kissed his father and bade him good-night, he naïvely said, "Tell mamma good-night for me; I forgot to kiss her, but tell her that I kiss her in my heart."]

Lowing of cattle.—"The cow blowing her horn."

M.—*Meek*.—"Those who give soft answers to rough questions"

Melting icicles.—"I only sucked the juice out of 'em."

[A mother reproved her three-year-oldster for eating icicles. The analytical infant replied, "I did n't eat 'em, mamma; I only sucked the juice out of 'em.'"]

Monkey.—"A little boy with a tail."

[A little girl at Nahant saw a monkey running around a hand-organ in front of her home, and cried out, "Mother, here's a little boy with a tail." Then she took a penny and carried it to the monkey, and said, very gravely, pointing to the grinder, "Take it, and give it to your fader."]

Mother. — “The bloodiest relation I’ve got.”

[A boy who had been taught that “blood relations” means “near relations.”]

Muzzle. — “Hoopskirts on his nose.”

[During the dog-days a little boy came running to his mother and said, “The dogs are going to wear hoop-skirts ; I know they are, because I saw a dog with one on his nose.”]

N.—Vest-egg. — “The one the old hen measures by.”

O.—Omnipresence. — “God is everywhere without going there.”

Overcast Sky. — “The lights have covered themselves up and gone to bed.”

Owl. — “A cherubim.”

[A small boy had been out hunting and came back saying that he had “shot a cherubim.” — “Why,” said his father, “that’s only an owl.” — “Well, it looks like the cherubim on the old grave-stones, anyhow.”]

P.—Pants (short). — “At half-mast.”

[A little boy the other day was put into long trousers for the first time. Some one asked him why he had changed. “Well,” he replied, “the boys made fun of me, and I was n’t going to wear my pants at half-mast any longer.”]

Peacock feathers. — “Feathers with pictures on them.”

Pew (old-fashioned). — “A cupboard.” (“I went into a cupboard and took a seat on the shelf.”)

Picking up chips. — “Picket duty.”

Phætons. — “Clothes-baskets.”

[A child at Newport said, “Why, mother, everybody rides out in their clothes-baskets.”]

Pig. — "A hog's little boy."

["Tommy, you 're a pig," said a father to his little boy. "Now, do you know what a pig is, Tommy?" — "Yes, pa; a pig is a hog's little boy."]

Pins. — "A useful little article that has saved the lives of a great many people." — "How?"
"By not swallowing them!"

Pockets. — "Bags in clothes."

Pouting. — "I tried to smile, but my face slipped."

[Master Charley, aged four years, was not pleased on being reproved by his mother for some mischievous prank, and showed his displeasure in his face, when his mother remarked, "Why, Charley, I am astonished to see you making faces at your mother!" Charley brightened up at once, and retorted, "Why, I tried to smile, but, mamma, my face slipped."]

Prayer. — "Prayer is the wish of the heart." "When we kneel down in the school-room to pray it seems as if my heart talked."

R.—Rain. — "The big sky wash-house leaking."

[A child who had observed that the wash-house leaked and water dripped through at times.]

Rainbow. — "God's smile."

Rustling (of leaves). — "The trees making music for the leaves to dance by."

S.—Salt. — "What makes your tater taste bad when you don't put it on?"

Scald and Scold. — "One hurts with the tongue, and the other with hot water."

Seasons. — A teacher inquired of the members of a class of children if any of them could name the four seasons. Instantly the chubby hand of a five-year-old was raised, and promptly came the answer, "Pepper, salt, vinegar, and mustard."

Slander. — “ Nobody does nothing, and everybody goes on talking about it everywhere.”

Sleepy. — “ Only winky.”

“ It’s time to go to bed,”

I said to little Pinky.

“ Oh, I’m not sleepy, ma ;

My eyes are only winky.”

Snoring. — “ Letting off sleep.” “ Barking at me.”

Snow. — “ Rain all popped out white.”

Snuff (Macaboy). — “ Make-a-boy sneeze.”

[An urchin being sent for five cents’ worth of macaboy snuff, forgot the name, and asked for five cents’ worth of make-a-boy sneeze.]

Sob. — “ It means when a feller don’t want to cry and it burst out itself.”

Spell-bound. — “ Unable to spell.”

[“ My son,” said a fond papa, who was looking over the lesson his boy had recited that day, “ how did you manage when your teacher asked you to spell metempsychosis ? ” — “ O, father,” said the boy, “ I just stood spell-bound.”]

Stars. — “ The eggs the moon has laid.” “ The twinkles.” “ Holes God looks at me through.” “ Angels’ fingers.”

[A little child who had learned the hymn, “ Twinkle, twinkle, little star,” when asked where his little brother was, who had died, answered “ He’s gone to the twinkles.”]

[A little girl, looking at the stars as they came twinkling one by one through the boughs of the trees, exclaimed, “ See! there are angels’ fingers pointing to us.”]

Sting. — “ O, ma ! a bee stuck his hot little foot in my finger.”

Sunset. — “ Oh, what a beautiful bed-kilt the sun has got ! ”

T.—*Tail*.—“The handle.” (“I am only carrying pussy by the handle.”)

Thunder.—“The big pump that makes the rain come.”

Trees.—“Fans that make it cold.” “Churning the wind.”—*Wilfred Cumbermede*.

Trunk of an elephant.—“His front tail.”

[Little Robbie went out to a show, and saw an elephant for the first time in his life. When he came home his mother asked him what he had seen. Robbie replied, “An elephant, mamma, that gobbled hay with his front tail.”]

Turtle.—“Something as round as the moon, with yellow spots on it, swallows its head, and looks like an old dragon.”

U.—*Umbrella frame*.—“An umbrella without its clothes on.”

W—*Wakefulness*.—“My eyes won’t stay shut; um comes unbuttoned.”

4. Children are taught more by the life than the lips, that is, by sympathy, feeling, heart-power. Dr. Eggles-ton has well said, “There is one key, and but one, to the mystery of childhood, and that is *sympathy*.”

It is literally true that “The morning stars sang together.” Light is music, and sound never dies.

There is fact as well as poetry in Whittier’s lines,—

“The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.”

So we teach by the voice of the light in us, and

that voice never dies. Being dead, our influence yet speaketh.

Stephen argued, and men cried out against him ; he opened his life in his shining face, and all that were in the council "steadfastly looked upon him." His life spoke more persuasively than his tongue, and it is so with every teacher.

An agricultural laborer in England being remonstrated with by his pastor for not "bringing up" his boys as he should, replied, "I dunno 'ow 't is, sir ; I order 'em down to pray every night an' mornin', an' when they won't go down I knock 'em down, and yet they ain't good." A similar story is told of a boy who said that his grandmother used to tie him to the bed-post to keep him out of mischief while she was at church, and set him to learning the hymn, "Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, I love." The words we teach must be baptized with genuine sympathy and love, or we can never get them into a child's heart. We teach from below our lips, or not at all ; by something deeper than words, or the words are vain.

Jacob cried as he wrestled at the brook, "Tell me thy name." The name was not spoken, but he felt it, and said with confidence, "I have seen God face to face." This is our model lesson. Teach more by the life even than by the lips.

One little boy understood it : "Johnnie, what does your Sunday-School teacher look like ?" — "She looks like a prayer."

X.

RELATION OF THE CHILD-BOOK TO
REFORM.

"Children receive the love of one generation and pay it to another."—*Jean Ingelow.*

"Get out of my way! what are you good for?" said a cross old man to a little bright-eyed urchin, who happened to stand in his way. The little fellow, as he stepped one side, replied very gently, "They make men out of such things as we are."

President Harrison taught for several years in an humble Sabbath School on the banks of the Ohio. The Sabbath before he left home for Washington, to assume the duties of chief magistrate of the nation, he met his Bible-class as usual; and his last counsel on the subject to his gardener, when advised to keep a dog to protect his fruit, was, "Rather set a Sabbath-School teacher to take care of the boys."

OUR study of childhood, as reformers, is both interesting and profitable. Everybody quotes the proverb, "Prevention is better than cure." We are learning the chameleon's philosophy, to destroy crocodiles in the egg. We are recognizing the fact that it is easier to form childhood aright than to reform manhood.

Judge Carpenter, of the Supreme Court of Connecticut, in an address before an educational institute, said of a criminal whom he had been compelled to sentence to the gallows, that the cost to the community of that man's crime, if viewed merely as a matter of dollars and

cents, was enough to have met the expense of a liberal education for at least five young men.

Paxson at one time made careful inquiry into the expense incurred in the care and trial and execution of a man in Illinois, after his arrest for the crime for which he was finally hanged. He ascertained that, in the salaries of officials, the expenses of witnesses, the cost of the prisoner's keeping, and the outlay for his execution, a sufficient sum was paid to have secured the organization of forty new Sunday Schools in frontier neighborhoods, or to have met the average expenses of a country Sunday School of one hundred scholars for a quarter of a century.

Such facts are being felt, and hence, in the temperance work to-day, we are not spending all our time in breaking off the branches of the great tree that overshadows our nation with its poisonous shade, merely reforming the drunkards, but are striking at its great tap-root by working more for the young. The surface of an ordinary diamond may be polished in forty-eight hours, or a week at most: seven or ten weeks are required for a surface that has a knot or "fault" in its crystallization. Forty-eight hours will ordinarily accomplish more in our Christian work, at home or abroad, in saving a man while he is a child, than seven weeks when the bigotries and vices of manhood have become fixed in his heart and life.

Ruskin earnestly expressed this thought when he wrote, "The whole period of youth is one essentially of formation, edification, instruction. I use the words with their weight in them, in taking of stores, establishment in vital habits, hopes, and faiths. There is not

an hour of it but is trembling with destinies ; not a moment of which, once passed, the appointed work can ever be done again, or the neglected blow struck on the cold iron. Take your vase of Venice glass out of the furnace, and strew chaff over it in its transparent heat, and recover *that* to its clearness and envied glory when the north wind has blown upon it ; but do not think to strew chaff over the child fresh from God's presence, and to bring heavenly colors back to him, at least in this world."

A child being asked why a certain tree grew crooked, replied, "I suppose somebody stepped on it when it was a little fellow." When I see covetousness or prejudice or any other evil ruling a man's soul, I say, his early training doubtless bent him into this deformity "when he was a little fellow."

A man of wealth, who was well known for his stinginess, rose in a prayer-meeting and said, with all seriousness and sincerity, thinking he was making a strong expression, "I would give twenty-five cents to feel as happy as I did when I was converted." Whence came the defect in that man's soul ? From the neglect of his parents and teachers to encourage him to give his pennies and dimes in childhood, and thus cultivate habits of benevolence.

Notice another instance of the power of early impressions from a writer in the "Sunday School Times": "When a very small boy, I studied Geography in a little old school-house with its front to the west. This brought the top of my Olney's 'School Atlas' towards the west, and imperceptibly the impression was taken

that north was in the direction indicated by the wrong position of the map. This early false impression has remained, in spite of all attempts at removal ; and after the lapse of more than thirty years subjects me sometimes to the inconvenience of a second thought when I would look northward. I will add that religious impressions made by my mother before I was three years of age outlive and outweigh all impressions received between the ages of five and sixteen years."

The nation is recognizing more fully in its educational arrangements also the fact that "the coming man," of whom we hear so much, is the present child, the "little men" and the "little women" of to-day. As Eve looked on the tiny form of her first-born, ignorant entirely of childhood, she said, "I have gotten a man." In every child we should see the man. The government of Belgium, recognizing the power of early impressions, has established, in all of its educational institutions, "School Savings' Banks," that provident habits may thus be cultivated in the people on a sure basis. We talk of "the veil of the future," and long to lift it and see our nation twenty-five years hence. The veil of the future is the veil of the statue on which the parents, pastors, and teachers of our land are at work,— Childhood.

The presidents, governors, senators, and citizens of the future are to-day in our homes and fields at play. They are the future.

XI.

RELATION OF THE CHILD-BOOK TO
RELIGION.

"Friendly the teacher stood, light there among them,
And to the children explained he the holy, the highest in few words ;
Thorough, yet simple and clear, for sublimity always is simple ;
Both in sermon and song a child can seize on its meaning."

— *Longfellow.*

"We can raise more Christians by juvenile Christian culture than by adult conversion, — a thousand to one." — *Dr. J. G. Holland.*

"We have not yet learned that the church as well as the man is blessed that hath a quiver full of children." — *Rev. S. R. Dennen.*

THE church also is recognizing the fact more fully that it must begin early if it would shape the soul aright.

Some one has described the process of straightening crooked trees. A strong wire is made fast to the tree near the top, and is secured to a post imbedded in the ground some rods away ; by means of a powerful leverage, every year the trees are straightened a little. What takes so much time and labor and patience might have been readily and easily done if only undertaken when the trees were saplings. Thus we are ever misemploying spiritual energy, "hammering on cold iron and daubing with untempered mortar."

"I have so much physical, mental, and, by the Christ-power within and the induement of the Spirit, so much religious power, so much time and money. Where can I most economically use them? Shall I expend myself in trying to reclaim moral ledge, in attempting to create a soil for the gospel in spent, adult natures; in minds full of scepticism, all overrun with the tangled darnel-weed of prejudices; with habits down deep in stone grooves; with moral faculties crusted all over with conceit and indifference? This is the unpromising work upon which too many of us are engaged. The expenditure of brain and nervous power in this direction is simply enormous, and out of all proportion to the returns realized. Would it not be more economically spent upon younger minds and tenderer hearts?" *

Parents should learn better than to excuse early sins as the harmless "sowing of wild oats." A distinguished teacher says that in the case of two thousand or more boys who have passed under his care, no parent has ever forgiven him if he said, "Your boy is not quick or bright, but he is thoroughly pure and true and good." On the other hand, if he has said, "Your boy learns every lesson, and recites it well; he is at the head of his class, and will take any place he chooses in my school," nine parents out of ten are satisfied, though he should have to add, "I wish I was as sure that he was honest, pure, and unselfish. But in the truth, the other boys do not like him; and I am afraid there is something wrong." To that warning, parents reply, "Ah well, I was a little wild myself when I was a boy. That will all come right in time."

* Rev. S. R. Dennen.

Coleridge gave such a theorist a forcible object-lesson by taking him to see a field of weeds which he passed off as his botanical garden.

"But it is covered with weeds," objected the champion of "wild-oats" views.

"Oh!" replied Coleridge, "that is because it has not yet come to years of discretion and choice. The weeds, you see, have taken the liberty to grow, and I thought it unfair to prejudice the soil towards roses and strawberries."

A familiar story is told of an abbot who wanted to buy a field near his monastery. The owner would not sell it, but at last he consented to lease it for the growth of one crop. The abbot planted it with acorns. With oaks growing on it, he was sure of it as long as he and his fraternity might want it. Satan outwits good people sometimes in similar style. He gets the first planting of children's hearts, and sows them not with "wild oats" but "wild oaks," and he has them for life.

A slave child, who had been a Roman Catholic, was freed and taken into a Protestant family, who would not allow her to attend Romish services or use Romish forms. She was asked one day, "Would you like to be a slave again?" — "Yes, if I could have my own religion."

In China the birth of a child is attended with important ceremonies, supposed to affect the child's future. One of them is the type of a great fact.

The ceremony of binding the wrists is observed in connection with the thank-offerings to the goddess mother. It varies in details. A common plan is to tie a piece of red cotton loosely round the wrists; another

is to fasten some ancient copper coins on the wrists for several days by means of red cotton. In some families this is not finally removed from the infant's wrists for several months, though it is more usual to take it off after fourteen days. The idea is that this binding of the wrists together will prevent the baby from being wicked and disobedient, not only in childhood but also in after life. In allusion to this singular custom, when children are troublesome or naughty, they are asked if their mothers neglected to bind their wrists.

Superstitious as this ceremony may seem, it is nevertheless true that a character may be in a large degree determined in childhood. How much of the wickedness and spiritual deformity of men may be accounted for in the neglect of their parents to "bind their wrists" with the right training !

Why was it that Christianity went westward instead of eastward from its cradle in Palestine? Was it not, as one has said, because the East was old, its habits and characteristics to a great degree formed and fixed? The West was new. Its nations were child-nations, whose characters were yet to be formed; they were in the formative period, ready for the water-mark of the Gospel. So the truth of God should ever be brought to the individual while the soul is young that he may rejoice and be glad all his days.

Rev. S. R. Dennen, in a powerful address before the Massachusetts State Sunday School Convention, uttered these true, thoughtful words: "The army of the Lord of Hosts, like our national army, must be recruited from the young, who have the dew and aptness of youth upon

them. To become a fine linguist, one must commence betimes, when the vocal organs are flexible ; or to acquire a fine touch and be a proficient in music, a pupil must commence as soon as the fingers can span the keys. To master any science or art, indeed, there must be the experience and practice of a life-time. In the army upon which Alexander the Great relied for the conquest of the world, there were men who were born in camp ; from their babyhood they had handled weapons ; they knew nothing but to fight ; they were the conqueror's chief dependence. So, to rise to eminence of Christian character, conversion must occur in childhood, when the soul is freshest and most apt to receive and eager to follow instruction, receptive, retentive, confiding, and grow up into Christ, as naturally and sweetly as the physical and mental faculties unfold with years.

"It is a strange, anomalous fact in spiritual husbandry that we have never fully realized, that the spring is the time to sow and plant, when mind and heart are all open and quick with germinant forces, instead of spending so much time drilling through the frost-rind of November to get in our seed. Thus early saved, their names all fragrant from the core, their characters salted all through with the precious savor of godliness, our children are worth more to the world, to history, to Christ and His Church, are more royally useful and beautiful on earth, and more radiant among the sons of God."

In the early French Revolution, the school-boys of Bourges, from twelve to seventeen years of age, formed themselves into what they called a "Band of Hope." They wore a uniform and were drilled. On their holi-

days their flag was unfurled, displaying, in shining letters, the sentence, "Tremblez, tyrans ! nous grandirons" (Tremble, tyrants ! we shall grow up). Such is the message to every wrong and superstition from our Christian homes and schools, "Tremble, Rum and Tyranny ! we shall grow up" ; but there comes also the low muttering from the homes of vice and the dens where childhood is dwarfed and stained, "Tremble, Virtue and Liberty ! we shall grow up."

Eve seems to have thought her first child was the promised Messiah. * He whom she thought was Christ proved to be Cain ; but the promise she received enables every child to become Christlike instead of Cainlike. His first ten years will usually determine which he will be.

Over the infant form of John the Baptist his devout parents asked each other, "What manner of child shall this be ?" (*Luke i, 66.*)

Over every cradle the same question should be prayerfully asked.

"What he was to be"—"What he was." How sad the contrast in many a life ! The parents of Christ's betrayer named their babe Judas, "The praise of God." David named the child that became his rebellious son, Absalom, "The father of peace."

There is an old Norse legend of a child that fell from a precipice and was dashed in pieces among the rocks. But his mother gathered up the fragments and rocked and sang them whole again.

The race has broken itself on the rocks of sin, and is

* "I have gotten a man — even Jehovah."

to be restored by the loving culture of childhood in the home, the church, and the school.

Among the forces by which this regeneration of the race is to be accomplished "the family is the first in the order of time and also first in the order of influence," *—first in the order of time not only in the race, but also in the individual; and first in the order of influence, because the force it exerts upon human character is more direct and constant than any other, and is put forth upon the most impressible and receptive material.

In every age the spread of godliness and Christianity has been mainly by the power of Christian homes. From the days when it was said to Noah, "Come thou and all thy house unto the ark," God has been bringing men by "homefuls" into the Church of God. (*Gen.* viii, 1; xix, 16. *Josh.* xxiv, 15.)

The Divine plan for extending the truth, as given by Moses, requires: 1. The truth is to be received "in the heart" by parents. 2. To be "taught diligently to the children" in the home. (*Deut.* vi, 4-7. *Psa.* lxx, viii, 5-8.)

When Christ began His earthly mission, He indicated his conformity to this method by performing His first miracle at a marriage, thus beginning the fulfillment of the promise made to Abraham, "In thy seed shall all the *families* of the earth be blessed." The midnight service in the prison at Philippi shows the continuance of this plan in the Apostolic Church. The promise to the anxious jailor was, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved and thy house." After the

* Père Hyacinthe.

Word of God had been preached "to all the house," the promise was accepted and he was baptized, "he and all his straightway." (*Acts* xvi, 31-33.)

Unfaith amends this grand promise by erasing the last three words, but faith accepts it complete, and believes, prays, and labors for the salvation of the whole household.

In our day, although the pulpit, press, and Sunday School have been added to the forces of Christianity, God's divine requirement of parents has not been annulled or abridged. These new forces are complements, not substitutes, for Christian culture at home. Family prayer, the Bible read and explained, and personal conversation in regard to religious things, are as surely required to-day as in the earliest times.

Two things a master commits to a servant's care,—the child and the child's clothes. It will be a poor excuse for the servant to say, at his master's return, "Sir, here are the child's clothes, neat and clean, but the child is lost." In the stewardship of parenthood it will be a poor excuse to say at last to God, "I gave my child the best of food and clothes and bodily care and education, but his soul is lost."

A father who had a son in college desired a minister, who was going through the town, to call and converse with him on the salvation of his soul. He did so, and told him of his father's anxiety for his conversion. The young man asked, in some surprise, "Did my father send such word as that?"—"He did," was the reply. "Then," said the young man, "my father is a dishonest man. He has often advised me in regard to the course he would

have me pursue in life ; how to gain the riches, honors, and pleasures, of the world ; but he is not the man who has ever manifested any interest in regard to the salvation of my soul, any more than if I had no soul !”

No earthly influence can mould the young heart like parental character, conduct, and conversation. By strange yet mighty laws, character passes, to some degree, from parent to child, as an inheritance. Mental and spiritual as well as physical characteristics are wonderfully transmitted. To *be* right is, then, the first requirement of parenthood.

Example ranks next to character in its moulding power. The parent's example is the type, and the child's receptive nature the ready paper on which it is copied. By this invisible printing “parents advertise themselves in their children,” and stamp within them messages of good or ill that can never be erased. A young minister, when about to be ordained, stated that at one period of life he was nearly an infidel. “But,” said he, “there was one argument in favor of Christianity which I could never refute, — the consistent conduct of my father.”

After character and example, a parent's words have a sacred power ; they are a child's absolute law. “If mother says it's so, it's so if it ain't so,” was the earnest utterance of a child.

Said a noble young woman as she presented herself for church-membership, “I stood on the very threshold of ruin, nay, I was actually dressing myself for the slaughter, when the memory of my mother's prayers, as she used to gather us children about her in the little red cottage and pray that we might be good and

pure, arrested me. I am saved by a dead mother's prayers."

Would that the trite and familiar thought that parental influence is the mightiest of all moral forces might be realized!

A Christian mother died with the hand of her little son clasped in her own. Years passed, and the boy grew to manhood, reckless and abandoned in character. The memory of his mother's prayers and of the lessons he had learned at her side seemed to have faded away. He plunged from one excess of wickedness into another, until his cup of iniquity seemed full. Then, by the abounding mercy of God, he was snatched as a brand from the burning, and became a new creature in Christ.

Speaking of his life of sin, he said that, hardened as he seemed, and indifferent to all things sacred, there was never a time when tempted to sin that he did not feel the clasp of his dying mother's hand, drawing him from the paths of sin to the ways of holiness with a force which he found it hard to resist. That mother, though dead, yet spoke.

Many Christian parents who realize this parental influence depend too exclusively upon these silent and indirect agencies in the soul-culture of their children, and fail to add personal effort and invitation to bring them to an early and definite acceptance of Christ as a Saviour.

A girl thirteen years of age was happily converted. When she acquainted her mother with the fact, the tearful reply was, "God has heard my prayers. I expected that you would be converted when you were thirteen." "But, mother, I often felt like submitting to Christ when

I was only four or five." — "Did you, dear child?" said her mother, "but I did not expect it then. I was only sowing the seed. I did not expect you would be a Christian until you were thirteen."

One who is now a prominent pastor in New England, when nine years of age felt deeply interested in religion, and after praying frequently for three days, in deep anxiety, he found the joy of pardon and acceptance with God, and came down from his room to his good Christian mother and joyously said, "O mother, I'm a Christian boy!" Did the mother clasp him to her heart and say, "Thank God, thank God!" She answered sadly, "Oh, no, my boy, you're too young to be a Christian." His new hope was crushed by this unexpected blow, and it was only after many years wasted in sin that he became a disciple of Christ. This is but one of many such cases.

There are many weighty reasons * why childhood con-

*The following reasons for seeking the early conversion of children are given by Samuel S. Mander in a pamphlet entitled "The Relations of Children to the Church":—

1. The dawning of intelligence is the dawning of the era of responsibility, and therefore of the era for decision; and it is certain that He who has so constituted man must be most willing to impart, even at the hour of dawn, all disposing and enabling grace.

2. The facts of the Gospel are peculiarly adapted to the apprehension of childhood. They present such a panorama of striking and touching incident as arrests and charms the childish mind, excites its sense of wonder, stirs its faculty of imagination, and draws upon the deep well of its affections.

3. The disclosures of the Gospel are exactly suited to the natural joyousness of childhood. God is seen as a smiling Father; in Jesus He stoops to be a present Friend, and by His Spirit comes at the call of His child with good cheer and unfailing help. Heaven is regained, and a home preparing there for Him and His.

4. Gospel duties are exactly such as the nature of a child is most ready

version is both possible and desirable. We shall notice but two of them.

I. It is taught by both history and doctrine in the Bible. "The child was early made the subject of the law. On the eighth day all male children were circumcised. At the age of five they began the study of the Scriptures. At ten, they began the study of the Mishna. At twelve, they crossed the line between boyhood and youth. They were then known as children of the law. They then assumed responsibility for themselves. They then became of the number who must 'present themselves before the Lord three times in each year,' at the three great feasts. At about this age Paul went to Jerusalem to study at the feet of Gamaliel." *

for. Love and trust and hope are as natural to a child as to breathe ; and never are humility and obedience so easily learned and practised. Nor is there any age which offers itself to God's truth and love, and to that quickening Spirit whence all good proceeds, with so much of ductile feeling, susceptibilities so tender.

5. The value of good habits is proverbial, and so is the importance of early acquiring them. Religion, to be valid, must be habitual, and the habits of religion are best acquired in childhood. The office of the parent is indeed to habituate the child to love, obedience, and submission, "that so he may receive, before he can do so intellectually, the principle of all piety and holy obedience."

6. Assuming, too, the corruption of human nature, when should we think it wise to undertake or expect a remedy, — when evil is young and pliant, or when years of sinful habit have made it strong and stubborn ?

7. He who bestows life, demands the whole of it ; and it is constitutionally more easy to yield it in early than in later years.

8. Millions of children die in childhood, and none know they will survive it. If these are ever to be the Lord's they must be so then."

Nelson & Phillips, New York, publish a valuable tract entitled "Thirty Reasons why the Early Conversion of Children should engage the Attention of Every True Christian." It is by T. B. Bishop of London.

* Rev. T. M. MacArthur.

It should be remembered also that in our age a boy or girl of twelve years is as old in thought, experience, and culture as one of twenty years in Bible times, and a modern child of seven frequently knows as much of Christian truth and life as the adult converts of apostolic days, who were often converted under the first presentation of the truth.

The doctrine of the Bible in this matter is not only plain but unmistakable. Men must become as children to enter the kingdom ; hence children are not less but more ready for this step than adults. (See *1 Cor.* vii, 14. *Deut.* vii, 4. *Matt.* xix, 14 ; xviii, 3.)

II. The history of the Church has also proved the possibility and desirability of early conversions by the unanswerable arguments of multiplied and marked experiences. Let it first be remembered that nearly every eminent Bible character began his godly life in childhood. The same statement will hold good, to a large degree, in the church of more recent ages. Baxter became a Christian when a mere child ; Polycarp was converted at nine ; Matthew Henry, at eleven ; President Edwards, about seven ; Dr. Watts, at nine ; Bishop Hall, at eleven ; Robert Hall, at twelve. Spurgeon joined the church at fifteen, and receives about fifty as young or younger into his church every year, — not one of whom he has ever yet had to drop or expel.

It is strange that the distrust in regard to childhood conversion, which still clings so extensively to Christian parents, could have grown up in the very face of these biblical and historical facts. Usually, "Satan has full possession of our children until well up into their

teens or safely across the line of twenty, and exercises his right of squatter sovereignty through all those plastic, precious years, in doing, to the utmost, his fearful and often fatal mischief. We are still too much under the delusion that repentance, to be a valid act, the subject must have reached majority. We need, first of all, to be well rid of this old entail of prejudice against early conversion, and alive to the fact that childhood's morning is the opportune time to capture souls for Christ." *

Dr. Bedell says, "I have been twenty years in the ministry of the Gospel, and I do not believe I could enumerate three persons over fifty years of age whom I have heard ask the solemn question, "What shall I do to be saved?"

Some one, speaking of the indifference and unbelief of parents, said, "If the little son of one of these should come to him in the night, as Samuel came to Eli, he would say, 'Go to sleep, child. It's not at all likely you'll understand what the Lord says to you.'" The parent who has caught the Bible's true spirit and teaching will rather tell his child that if he will but listen he may hear God's voice of guidance and comfort in his heart.

Just here a caution is necessary against expecting that when a child is saved the order of God will be inverted, and the condition will be, "Except ye be converted, and become as *men and women*, ye can in nowise enter into the kingdom of heaven." No overgrown adult type of piety is to be expected in a Christian child; he is no more

* Rev. S. R. Dennen.

to give up his plays than the man his business. "He plays like a Christian" is as high a tribute as "He trades like a Christian." A Christian boy's sliding downhill is not backsliding. The child's play and the man's business are both to be consecrated. A Christian child will be still a child or else a hypocrite. The parent's work is to nurse and cherish every Christian desire into stronger life, not to hold it off for critical and suspicious examination. Too much is usually expected of a child when it is converted, and too little is done to help it onward when God's work in the heart has begun.

Next to the family ranks the Church in the order of responsibility and influence for saving the race in the children. It would be well for the whole Church to look over its neglected charter.

"Gather the people together, men, women, and children, and thy stranger that *is* within thy gates, that they may hear, and that they may learn, and fear the Lord your God, and observe to do all the words of this law :

"And *that* their children, which have known *anything*, may hear, and learn to fear the Lord your God, as long as ye live in the land whither ye go over Jordan to possess it." — *Deut.* xxxi, 12.

In this God-given charter, the Church's duty to childhood is the point made most prominent. Has it been also the point most prominent in the Church's practice in recent years ?

This charter is the authority on which we base our plea for more earnest work by the Church among the young.

Dr. Bushnell thus defines the relation of the children to the Church : " They should be in it as acknowledged members, their names upon its rolls, — on a separate one if you will, but still there, — there as young disciples,

the joy and hope of the Church, receiving instruction in the things and ways of God. They should take the supper of the Lord as soon as they show they have profited by the instruction given, and have made a personal avowal of their faith in Christ and devotion to his service; but not till they approach maturity, or, indeed, are of full age, should they take part in the deliberations and decisions of the Church." *

Rev. Dr. Tyng, Senior, has expressed his convictions on this same point with great clearness and earnestness: —

"I solemnly believe in the conversion of children. I cannot say how young they shall be brought to make an open profession of their faith and love for Christ, but I have seen as manifest evidence of the new birth in children of six and eight years of age, as I have ever seen in any adult. Shall I turn back those whom God Himself hath brought? Shall I refuse those whom God Himself hath accepted? Never! We are in an age when the Church is to take the children, nurse them, train them, educate them, protect them, and prepare them for the work appointed for them, and under no circumstances to repel from the highest expressions of Christian communion the highest form of a Christian profession, the child that can give a fair account of the faith of its little heart in a Divine Saviour, and manifest clearly and continuously the power of the love of Jesus shed abroad in that heart by the Holy Ghost."

Rev. Dr. Vincent has also given the weight of his

* In some churches there is a rule that no person under the age of eighteen shall take part in the business matters of the church.

opinion and influence in favor of early reception of children into the Church : —

“ Whatever be the theological opinion and the ecclesiastical policy with reference to childhood and its religious life and relations, one thing is incontrovertible : the earlier a child can be brought to a personal recognition of Jesus as his Saviour, and to a personal identification with the Church, the better for him. Baptized or unbaptized in infancy ; at birth a sinner, or, by the provisions of grace, virtually a saint, — with these questions we have not now to do ; but as early in the child's life as possible, we say, teach him implicit trust in Christ, and the full consecration of his little life and all its possibilities to Christ.”

In contrast with the Bible standard in this matter and these grand ideals, mark the representative statistics below, collected in 1872 by Samuel S. Mander of England, in regard to the actual number of children in the Christian churches of this age. His figures are gathered from about four hundred churches of the English Independents or Congregationalists ; and although, as he says, one or two other denominations in England and the churches generally in our own country would show a little better figures than those collected, yet they fairly represent the age of neglected childhood, out of which we are just awaking : —

Number of churches reporting	384
Number of members in these churches	40,374
“ “ “ between 14 and 18 years	1,045
(Only two and a half per cent)		
“ “ “ under 14 years	80
[i. e. only one member in every 505 under 14 years of age.]		

Twelve of the churches in this list had given very especial attention to childhood, thus greatly improving the average. Leaving out these 12, we have 372 churches in which only 1 in 1,716 are under 14 years, and 191 of these churches are without a single member under 14 years, in a total membership of 13,242.

There are two highly important deductions which Mr. Mander makes from these and other statistics on this point:—

“Our churches have been looking for numerical increase to adults, and not to the young; that is, they look for conversion and decision for Christ chiefly, if not solely, when the time most favorable for it has passed away.”

“There is a ruinous mistake in the practice of our churches, and until it is rectified, it is of little use to get excited about schemes of religious education, or to lament the slow growth of Christ’s kingdom. It is the practice of discountenancing early admission into the church and making no provision for an avowal and recognition of Christian discipleship on the part of the young in any other way.”

What can and should be done to-day for the conversion and Christian culture of childhood?

I. In the preaching, the children must not be forgotten.* One third or one half the average audience is composed of children. How much thought in the study

* A Western minister, staying at a house over the Sabbath, won the heart of a child, and promised that she should hear him preach next day. Sunday morning came, and when the hour for service arrived the little one was not yet awake. Leaving her asleep, the whole family repaired to the

or pulpit does that third ordinarily get? It is the part most impressible, and with the longest time to live and work, and yet it is frequently as much ignored in the sermon as the lifeless cushions and seats. The pastor is hurt if told he does not interest his older hearers. Is it not a criticism of yet greater force if he does not reach the young hearts of his congregation?

"We sometimes think it an imposition on the Roman Catholics that the priests expect them to attend upon a service conducted in an unknown tongue. What if Protestant children were called on to testify as to what our services often are to them?" †

"Papa," said a preacher's little girl one Sabbath morning, "are you going to say anything to-day that I can understand?" The father felt the rebuke. He had forgotten the children in his ministrations from the pulpit. That day, after preaching a short time, he surprised his audience by saying, "Now, children, I will say something to you about this." The little faces brightened up at the strange words, and listened eagerly. After the service, the preacher's little girl came to him joyfully, and said, "Papa, I understood all that you said this morning"

Many pastors excuse themselves from work among the young of their flocks because they say that they have no adaptation for it. But mark that the commission, "Feed my lambs," was given to Peter, not naturally one of the child-loving kind, but on the contrary, as tradition tells

church. In the middle of the sermon they were greatly surprised to see her toddle down the aisle in her white night-dress. Stopping before the pulpit, and looking up into the face of the minister, she said in a grieved voice, "I guess you forget me."

† The Advance.

us, one of those who tried to keep back the mothers that brought their children for the blessing of Jesus. Christ said to him even, not only "Forbid them not," but also, "Feed my lambs."

"A Christ-loving pastor," says Dr. Tyng, "is a child-loving pastor:— 'Lovest thou me? Feed my lambs.'"

There are three modes used by different pastors for regularly feeding the lambs on the Sabbath. The first is a "Children's Church,"*—a service especially for the

* The most thoroughly organized "Children's Services" which we have ever had the privilege of examining are those at Surrey Chapel, London, conducted by the "Tyler Brothers," of which the following is a brief description:—

The Children's Special Services at Surrey Chapel commenced with a week of evangelistic services for children, conducted by the Rev. E. P. Hammond, of America, in June, 1867. These services were continued until January, 1870, without any special organization; but at that time, it happily became necessary to organize in some way, and the "Children's Christian Band" was formed. In two years and a half its numbers increased to two hundred and seventy-eight. The simple covenant or creed, printed in another part of this chapter, is given to the most serious of the children at the close of the services, to be carried home and there thoughtfully signed, and then returned to the leaders of the services, who keep a roll of names and residences. Every Sabbath afternoon, there is a meeting conducted by four leaders, whose parts in the work are pre-arranged and understood. We had the privilege of hearing Mr. Tyler in one of his earnest addresses to children. After the public services, an inquiry meeting is held for those who desire to be Christians. Another meeting for the older children is held at seven o'clock on Tuesday evening. Those who wish to inquire into this subject more fully, may order through Eben Shute, 40 Winter Street, Boston, Mass., or F. H. Revell, 91 Washington Street, Chicago, Ill., the following pamphlets, a set of which can be had for twenty-five cents, postage paid: "A Plea for Children's Services," "Practical Hints for the Conduct of Children's Services," and "A Fold for the Lambs," all of them written by T. B. Bishop, Secretary of the Mission, and published by Morgan & Scott, 12 Paternoster Buildings, London.

"The Children's Society" connected with each of the Calvinistic Methodist Churches of Wales, is a similar organization to that at Surrey

children, in the same audience-room and with the same services as the regular preaching service for adults, but with sermon, hymns, and prayers especially adapted to the little ones. Dr. Tyng, Senior, of New York, for many years has had such a service every Sabbath, with very good results. Newman Hall, of London, and others have adopted the same plan. Dr. Newton, of Philadelphia, has such a service once a month, and in it has been greatly blessed of God. Others hold such a service quarterly.

A second method is to introduce episodes especially for children in every sermon, so that they may be able to follow its thoughts by these special helps. We find something of this in many of the Bible writers. Paul, in the midst of his exhortations, turns aside to the little folks, "Children, obey your parents." Peter, in a similar discourse, says, "Ye younger, submit yourselves unto the elder." Augustine was accustomed to pause often in his discourses, and say, "Young people, this is for you." This plan is delightfully used by Dr. Deems, of New York, who has remarks and illustrations for children in all his pulpit discourses. This method is better and more biblical than the first, as it brings together for the praise of God "young men and maidens, old men and children."

Chapel. It meets every week, under the superintendence of the pastor. The children of the congregation and Sunday School are invited to attend. Expositions and repetitions of Scripture, catechising and explanations of Church ordinances, make up the exercises. In their 1,050 Churches 5,577 children were received into full membership from these children's organizations in a single year. Perhaps no country in the world has so large a proportion of adults in its Sunday Schools, and of children in its preaching services.

The third method is for the pastor to give a catechetical review of the Sunday School lesson every Sabbath, taking from ten to fifteen minutes, so that there may be time not only for questions, but also for remarks on the lesson, with the blackboard, object lessons, maps, pictures, stories, or other illustrations. This is a better method than either of the others; but better than any of the three is a judicious use of them all. The review should occur each Sabbath; and besides this, the pastor should endeavor to put enough of episodes for the little ones into every sermon, so that they may neither sleep in church, nor remain away for lack of interest.

In addition to this, once, twice, or three times a quarter, according to circumstances, there should be a "Children's Church," with all the forms of a church service. This is a particularly valuable instrumentality, as it has great educating influence as well as power over the heart.

II. In the department of pastoral work, the good pastor will not so fix his eyes on the stars as to stumble over the children. It is the pastor's duty, even when it is not a privilege, — but when is that? — to study the ways of childhood so kindly and faithfully, for the Master's sake, that every gate to the little heart shall be known, and the hidden key that will unlock it discovered.

If the pastor does not understand the way into the child's soul, let him with kindness knock all around until he finds an answer from within. The most childish peculiarities, tastes, and thoughts of the little ones

should be made a study (as generals make every point of an enemy's fortifications familiar to their minds), in order that the pastor may be able to take the child's heart for Jesus. Usually, the best way to enter such hearts is not to go in by crying out at the gate that you wish to come in, but by finding some unnoticed by-path, where you can enter by a story or some kind attention.

III. The Sunday School, which might better be called "The Bible Service of the Church," while it is not by any means exclusively for children, has an important mission in aiding the home and pulpit in the salvation of the young. Next to the parent and pastor is a teacher's responsibility for a child's conversion and Christian culture. Although this agency of the Church is doing much by its sweet songs, its faithful teaching, its libraries and addresses, yet we feel it has not yet fully attained its high calling as a saving as well as enlightening power. With no less of educational force, we shall see in the Sunday School of the future more of prayer and effort for early conversions. One State is a type of all in this growth. In Massachusetts Sunday Schools in 1873 there was one conversion to eight teachers, and in 1874 one conversion to three teachers.

IV. There is need also in our churches of a religious meeting for the conversion and especially the after-training * of the children. Its developing influence will do

* It cannot be denied that more interest is commonly taken in winning children to a Christian profession than in training them when they are professed disciples of Christ. Many a Sunday-School teacher seems to think his greatest work accomplished when his scholars have fairly connected themselves with the Church. Yet the watch and culture of young disciples

for the young what the evening social meetings (which they cannot attend) accomplish for adults. The meeting may be announced in the words of the card that hangs over the desk at the Children's Services in Surrey Chapel:—

CHILDREN'S MEETING
FOR
THOSE WHO LOVE JESUS
AND
THOSE WHO WANT TO LOVE JESUS.

Such a meeting may be called, as Mr. Mander suggests, "The Junior Branch of the Church," which at once obviates the difficulty felt by so many in receiving children directly and at once into the full fellowship of the Church, and also the objections made on the other hand against the names, "Children's Christian Band," "The Young Christians' Association," "The Christians' Instruction Class," "Mutual Association for Believing Lads," "Christian Girls' Association," which are actually used, but indicate no direct connection with the Church.

We would commend to all who may form "The Junior Branch of the Church," or any kindred organization, the covenant and creed used in the "Children's Christian Band" at Surrey Chapel:—

is made so important and exalted a work by our Lord that He declares the giving to one of them a cup of cold water only shall not be unrewarded, while an offence against one is as a heinous crime. Moses would have made a poor leader for the Israelites had he ceased to care for them when they were fairly out of Egypt, and on their desert way towards Canaan. His work was only commenced when the Red Sea was crossed,— *The Independent*.

"DEAR LITTLE FRIEND, — Can you, from your heart, answer 'Yes' to the following questions : —

"Do you love Jesus ?

"Are you trusting in Jesus as your own precious Saviour ?

"Will you try, by the help of Jesus, to give up everything that is sinful ?

"Will you try to be more like Jesus every day ?

"Age ————— Name ————— Address —————."

This covenant should be printed on cards and given only to children who have expressed a desire to be Christians. Let each one have two cards, one of them to be kept by the child as a reminder of what it has done, and the other to be examined, registered, and kept by the leader of the services.

From this "Junior Branch of the Church" suitable persons should frequently be received into full membership* at the recommendation of the leader or a special committee for the purpose.

In the Methodist Church provision for such an organization as this is made in the "Discipline" under the

* Rev. S. R. Dennen, in an able and eloquent essay on *The Relation of Children to the Church*, protests against the cold and uncordial manner in which children are often received into the Church : "Their reception is sometimes most forbidding, not to say cruel. Much hesitation is often exhibited ; their conversion is questioned ; their evidences are doubtfully weighed ; they are made to feel more like culprits than Christ's dear little ones. When they are received into the Church, it is with such a mental reservation and prophecy of failure as invites defeat. They feel it, and lose courage. They understand they are to be watched and criticised, rather than cheered and encouraged. Children in our churches — why, sir, they are orphans ! Oh, how I have pitied them ! Their failure to reach the highest style of piety is no marvel. Too many of us think a converted child is a little old man or woman. We apply to them rules and standards which belong to mature life ; we put the lad of ten into his grandfather's coat, and expect him to walk with all the decorum of a veteran."

name of "Children's Class-Meetings," and reports in regard to this matter are ordered to be made by the pastor once every quarter. Such a class-meeting is often put in charge of one or two devoted and child-loving Christian women. The exercises in such a meeting should consist of a brief, instructive address* on some passage of Scripture, followed by songs, prayers, and testimonies from the Christian children.

In some way, let the children be early planted in the house of the Lord, that they may flourish at last in the courts of our God.

With the Home and the Church stands the Christian press, to complete the triumvirate of moral power.

In the summer one often observes, on the branches of trees, caterpillars and insects which are exactly the color of the leaves on which they feed. A woodpecker grows to the gray of the tree-trunk, and the katydid is brilliant with the green of the leafage. So the kind of reading on which a mind feeds determines to a great degree its color and character.

The warden in one of our state-prisons explained the wild, mad efforts of the prisoners to stab the officers when no escape could be expected by so doing. He said that these men had read for years the weekly story-papers, with their wild stories of the daring deeds of crime, and they were willing to risk their lives to be counted in the list of such heroes. Their minds had caught the color of the leaves on which they fed.

* "Lord, sharpen our sickles when we go to reap thy harvest among the young ; for we have heard thee say, 'Have ye not read, out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise ?' "—*Bonar*.

A youth employed as a milkman at Belper, in Derbyshire, Eng., without any apparent motive, attempted to murder an old housekeeper, under the influence of a long course of stories about Dick Turpin and Jack Sheppard.

This is far from the first time that similar results have followed from the same kind of reading. Courvoisier attributed his assassination of Lord William Russell to a state of morbid sympathy with crime, induced by the perusal of the then popular romance of "Jack Sheppard"; and the annals of the police since then furnish many other instances.

A boy was charged with stealing an article of small value, and one such as boys would scarcely begin to take. The little fellow was bright and intelligent. There was a natural ingenuousness in him which was engaging; yet he stood at the bar of the police-court a thief. The boy had been a diligent student in the annals of crime. Lives of pirates, thieves, foot-pads, and highwaymen had kindled in his breast a fiery admiration of their deeds; and he was beginning to imitate the heroes whose adventures he had studied, when, fortunately, the law stepped in, just as he had passed across the threshold of crime. These also had caught the color of the leaves they fed upon.

The "New York Tribune" put this point aptly:—

"Every book that one reads, no less than every dinner that one eats, becomes part and parcel of the individual, and we can no more read without injury an unwholesome book or periodical than we can eat tainted meat and not suffer thereby."

Recent seizures of corrupt books and newspapers bring to light the appalling fact that this "tainted meat"

is poisoning the minds of thousands in our homes and schools; and no careful observer can fail to notice that, outside of these secret assassins of virtue, there are many books and papers less directly but no less surely injurious and damaging. No man can be true to his responsibility as a parent who does not superintend and guard the reading of his children,—not merely shutting out the bad, but also providing good and pleasant literature. A political paper and a local paper are not enough. Periodicals that are delightfully instructive and religious are also among the “necessities of life” in a Christian home. A better library and a plainer table would be more reasonable in many a house. “Library commissions” to select Sunday-School libraries are a hopeful sign of progress. Every father and mother should also constitute such a commission to guard and provide the literature of the home.

Teachers also might well take a deeper interest in the reading of their pupils. The “Sunday School Times” has made some excellent suggestions on this point:—

“A teacher well acquainted with the library, and also a close observer of the various temperaments of his scholars, will be able to recommend books with some view to their special relationship and fitness. Does he discover a tendency to deceitfulness in a scholar? He will recommend a book bearing on that form of sin. Is another disposed to resist authority and be insubordinate? The perusal of a book which shows the evil of such conduct would be more likely to be useful than any words spoken at the time. Is there one scholar whose time and inclination enable him to get through a good deal of reading

during the week, and who, there is reason to suppose, is acquainted with the vile literature so profusely provided? The teacher will desire that the boy's time may be occupied with a larger book than can be got through at a short perusal, and that his taste for travel and adventure may be wisely directed. Is a scholar under religious impression? The teacher will be anxious that the book from the library shall deepen rather than dissipate any religious feeling that may have been awakened."

In every person's life in this age the press has a powerful moulding influence. The Christian press and the pure literature of the day, if given to the young, will make the impress of their own high character upon the children's receptive natures, and "pass like the iron atoms of the blood into their mental constitution."

Historians of art tell us that when Michael Angelo was living in Rome, the Pope, his patron, was so much interested in his work that he had a secret passage created from his own apartment to the studio of the artist, which was in the same chain of buildings, so that he could go unseen whenever he pleased, and watch the work that the artist was carrying on. At this time the artist was preparing to decorate a building with certain heroic figures. It is said that he wrought with wonderful power upon the marble; that he would fly at it with inconceivable ardor; and that the chisel would strike fragments off from the statue faster than three men could carry them away.

God commissions us to decorate the earthly and heavenly future with conquering heroes. Those that "overcome shall be pillars in the temple of God." Realizing

this, every parent and teacher may well feel the enthusiasm of a grand work as they touch the mind and heart of childhood with the chisel of noble influences. Remember, also, that we work not unobserved. Between the throne of heaven and the home circle or the school where we do our work there is an unseen passage, and through it comes the King of Heaven to watch and cheer us in our glorious task, and "a book of remembrance is written."

XII.

RELATION OF CHILDHOOD TO MORAL
POWER.

"The economy of Christian labor ought to be as carefully studied as the economy of mechanical forces or the productive employment of physical capital."—*Rev. S. R. Dennen.*

"In the old days there were angels who came and took men by the hand and led them away from the city of destruction. We see no white-winged angels now. But yet men are led away from threatening destruction: a hand is put into theirs which leads them forth towards a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward; and the hand may be a little child's."—*George Eliot.*

COMING as students of moral powers to the study of childhood, what wonderful facts again open up before us! Steam was as mighty as now before James Watt heard in the puff and rattle of his mother's tea-kettle the puff of coming engines and the rattle of coming machinery, but it was an undiscovered, unused power, wasting its giant strength in the air.

The unemployed steam-power of our moral world is childhood,—its words, prayers, gifts, and sympathies. A little child once said to me, "Uncle Will, why don't they hitch a steam-engine on to the churches and make them go?" It is just this steam-power of childhood that many of our cold and inactive churches need to "make them go."

God wished to send his law from Mount Sinai into all the world. How was it done? He attached this steam-power of childhood to it by adding after the law, "These things that I command thee this day shall be in thine heart, and thou shalt teach them diligently to thy children."

In the phylacteries of the Jews, in which they carried the precious passages of the Scriptures, there was kept the record of the passover, the Old-Testament picture of redemption, the law in the two great commands of love, and besides them, only this command to "diligently teach the children."

The plan was, — the world to be reached. The method, — the truth from God, through a human heart, into the hearts of childhood. The law was given into Moses' hands for the Jews, but into the children's hands for the world.

As Christians, we often ask the anxious question, "How shall we reach the masses?" The dark problem hovers ever before us. The answer comes from the shores of Galilee. Christ had a multitude of five thousand hungry men to feed. How was it accomplished? There was brought to his side a lad with five loaves and two fishes. Christ blessed them, and gave them to the multitude, and "all did eat and were filled."

In some countries this miracle is commemorated by having boys go through the church on a certain day, each carrying a basket of loaves, which he scatters among the people.

There are multitudes around us hungering for heavenly bread. How shall we reach them? Bring the children by our mission schools and Sunday Schools to the side of

Christ, enlist their little prayers and gifts and words, and send them forth, with a Saviour's love in their hearts, to the homes that preaching and the religious press do not reach, and many shall "eat and be filled."

Some mission Sunday School boys in New York heard that a poor woman was dying in a garret near the alley where they were playing. After consulting together they determined to make an effort to bring her to Jesus. One of them climbed up by means of boxes to her window, where there was a broken pane, and shouted through it a verse he had learned in the Sunday School, — "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved!" The dying woman caught the words as if an angel had brought them from heaven. She believed and was saved. That lad, like the one of old, had helped Jesus in scattering the heavenly bread for hungry hearts.

In a town in one of our Western States there was a Roman Catholic family, consisting of the father and mother, and a little girl named Mary, about seven years old. There was no Catholic church within reach, so Mary was allowed to go to a Protestant Sunday School. The father of the family was taken very sick. Thinking he was going to die, and knowing that he was not ready, he became very much troubled about his sins. One night he awoke, and was in such great distress that he begged his wife to pray for him. She said she had never prayed for herself, and did n't know how to pray.

"Oh, what shall I do for my poor soul?" cried the sick man. "Perhaps," said his wife, "our little Mary can pray, for she has been going to the Sunday School a good while." — "Go and call her at once," he said.

Her mother went up-stairs to her room. Mary was fast asleep. She awoke her, wrapped a shawl round her, and carried her down-stairs and seated her on her father's bed.

"Mary, my child, can you pray?" asked her father, with great earnestness. "Oh, yes, father, I can," she said.

"Will you kneel down and pray for your poor father?"

"Yes, I will pray for you." So she kneeled down, and putting up her little hands, she said, "Our Father, which art in heaven," going through the Lord's prayer. Then she prayed in her own language. She asked God to have mercy on her father, to pardon his sins, and teach him to love Jesus, and to make him well again for Jesus' sake. When she had finished, her father said, "Mary, will you read me some from the Bible?" — "Yes, I will, father," she said. Then she got her Bible, and began to read the third chapter of St. John. She read on till she came to these words: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

When her father heard this verse, he said, "O Mary! is *that* there?"

"Yes, father, it is here, and it's just what Jesus said."

"Well, that is just what I want."

"Yes, father, but hear the rest of it: 'For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

"Oh! that is for me, a poor sinner like me. 'Whoso-

ever believeth in him.' I can believe in Him, — I do believe in Him!" and from that night Mary's father became a happy and useful Christian.

There are a multitude of such young "loaf-givers" that go forth every Sabbath from our Sunday Schools.

We are apt to forget Christ's words, "See that ye despise not one of these little ones." He gave as his reason, "In heaven their (guardian) angels do always behold the face of my Father." It is only the highest princes of the court who 'always behold the face' of the king. We are not, then, to lightly esteem the children, for their prayers are influential at the throne of heaven. We might make them living tracts to bear the truth of God; we might have their prayers, like troops of angels, aiding us in our work.

A multitude of instances might be cited, if it were necessary, to show that the children's words about Christ in their homes, after returning from church or Sunday School, have often fulfilled the prophecy, "A little child shall lead them."

"The star led the wise men to the Holy Child to teach us that a child can lead men to the stars."

In the great battle of the right against the wrong, childhood's faith and earnestness, childhood's prayers and entreaties, have often led the way to victory.

When the Reformation seemed almost defeated, and even Melancthon was cast down and disheartened, we read that, taking an evening walk, he heard the voices of children praying for the Reformation and was cheered at once, and said to his friends, "Brethren, take courage; the children are praying for us." That children's prayer-meeting changed seeming defeat into victory.

A child's word has often given such a turn to the battle of right and wrong in the human soul.

In the midst of a revival in a New England city, a tall, strong man, who seldom attended church, came to one of the meetings and felt it his duty to manifest a desire to be a Christian ; but he put away the thought, and returned to his home, still struggling, — the battle undecided in his soul.

He went to the bedside of his sleeping boy, a little Sunday-School scholar, to give him the usual "good-night" kiss. The kiss awoke him, and he looked up in his father's face and said, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want" ; and then, fondly stroking his father's chin, he said, "Papa, you say it. 'The Lord is *your* shepherd, you shall not want.'" The man thought he had almost crushed his religious feeling, but that child's request changed the tide of battle. The fast-falling tears told of wrong defeated and right triumphant. He gave his heart to God by the bedside of his child, and became an active Christian.

Moore's "Paradise and the Peri" describes a yet more wonderful victory.

Near a child at play we see dismount from his horse a man in whom wrong seems to have won a complete victory over conscience and the right.

"Never yet hath day-beam burned
Upon a brow more fierce than that, —
Sullenly fierce, a mixture dire,
Like thunder-clouds of gloom and fire,
In which the Peri's eye could read
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed, —
The ruined maid, the shrine profaned,
Oaths broken, and the threshold stained

With blood of guests ! there written, all
Black as the damning drops that fall
From the denouncing angel's pen,
Ere mercy weeps them out again."

This hard, rough man sits and watches with interest the child at his play. While he is thus watching, the vesper call to prayer is heard, and the child at once rises from the bed of flowers where he has laid his head, —

" And down upon the fragrant sod
Kneels, with his forehead to the south,
Lisping the eternal name of God
From purity's own cherub mouth ;
And looking, while his hands and eyes
Are lifted to the glowing skies,
Like a stray babe of Paradise,
Just lighted on that flowery plain,
And seeking for its home again."

That child's prayer beat the charge for the defeated right in the man's dark soul, and the memories of a pure childhood rallied with a mighty force within him and pressed upon the hosts of wrong. Childhood's prayers, childhood's hopes and loves came sweeping into line as the child's prayer led them on, and victory came in " tears of soul-felt penitence."

Such victories through the power of childhood abound in Christian history, and we give a few additional ones below.

A FATHER SAVED.

A little girl, sitting with her wicked father, asked him if he ever prayed, which made him very angry. She told him that the preacher said, " All good people pray ; and they who do not pray are not going to heaven." And she added, " Pa, which way are you going ?" It flashed

upon him that he was in the way of death. He became repentant, and in a few days was a happy convert.

A BISHOP'S CONVERSION.

"The prayers of a little girl at a camp-meeting," says Bishop Ames, "were the occasion of my being awakened and led to Christ. With other thoughtless young men I was walking up and down the grounds during the progress of a prayer-meeting. Among those kneeling was a mother, and by her side her little daughter, who stood with eyes uplifted and hands clasped, and with an expression of almost angelic sweetness, said, 'O Lord, bless my dear mother.' These six short words entered my heart, and tears sprung to my eyes. I could not rest till I had myself prayed, 'O Lord, bless me!'"

THE DRUNKARD SAVED.

A drunkard who had run through his property returned one night to his unfurnished home. He entered his empty hall. Anguish was gnawing at his heart-strings, and language was inadequate to express his agony as he entered his wife's apartment, and there beheld the victims of his appetite, his loving wife and darling child. Morose and sullen, he seated himself without a word; he could not speak; he could not look upon them. The mother said to the little one at her side, —

"Come, my dear, it is time to go to bed"; and that little baby, as she was wont, knelt by her mother's lap, and, gazing wistfully into the face of her suffering parent, like a piece of chiselled statuary, slowly repeated her nightly orison.

When she had finished, the child (but four years of age) said to her mother, —

“Dear mother, may I not offer up one more prayer?”

“Yes, yes, my sweet pet; pray.”

And she lifted up her tiny hands, closed her eyes, and prayed,—

“O God, spare, oh, spare my dear papa!”

That prayer was lifted with electric rapidity to the throne of God. It was heard on high; it was heard on earth. The responsive “Amen!” burst from the father’s lips, and his heart of stone became a heart of flesh. Wife and child were both clasped to his bosom, and in penitence he said, —

“My child, you have saved your father from a drunkard’s grave. I’ll sign the pledge!”

A CHILD’S SERMON.

“Limpy! Limpy! go home, or you’ll lose your supper.”

A lame man, who was walking slowly, with staggering steps, leaned upon his cane, and looked around to see who thus addressed him. But no one was in sight; and muttering an oath, he shuffled on.

Again he heard the same words, and this time he was quite sure they were spoken by some one in the field, from which he was separated by a high wall, and made his way towards it. Very angry was he, and he shouted, “Who calls me names? I won’t be called names by anybody.”

“Please, sir, I’m sorry, if anybody calls you names,” said a child; and recognizing the voice, he was more angry than before.

"Then what do you do it for?" he growled, raising his hand as if to strike the beautiful child, who looked wonderingly into his face.

"I, sir! I would n't call you names for anything. Did you think I would?" And little May Bemis went nearer to her companion. "I did n't hear anybody speak to you."

"I did. Somebody called me Limpy."

"Why, that's my lame chicken. I call him Limpy. I was trying to drive him home. He runs away ever so much, for all he's so lame. Please, sir, ain't you Mr. French?"

"Yes," replied the man, although he could hardly remember when he had been addressed as Mister. "What of it?"

"I've seen a lame man go by Aunt Mary's, and I thought 't was you. Aunt Mary said you used to be just as straight as brother Harry. Please, sir, I'm sorry you're lame."

"I expect I am too. But, then, it don't make much difference to me"

"Why don't it?" asked May Bemis. "Please, sir, Aunt Mary said you would be a good man if you wouldn't drink rum." And now a tiny hand rested on the poor man's arm. "Please, sir, don't drink any more; I would n't if I was you. You won't, will you?"

"What do you care, child? I'm nothing to you."

This was not an encouraging reply; but May was so much in earnest that she did not mind it, as she said sweetly, "I want you to be good, so that God will take you up to heaven when you die. Don't you want to go there?"

"Yes, child, I want to go there." And the hardened heart grew tender. "I did n't know that anybody cared for Tom French ; but perhaps God has n't forgotten me, after all. I'll think of what you've said."

He did think of it. Many a sermon he had heard, yet none like this ; and when May Bemis grew to womanhood, she knew that an old man had died blessing her name. — *Vermont Chronicle*.

ONE CHILD'S WORK.

"Children, I want each of you to bring a new scholar to the school with you next Sunday," said the superintendent of a Sunday School to his scholars, one day. "I *can't* get any new scholars," said several of the children to themselves. "I'll *try* what I can do," was the whispered response of a few others. One of the latter class went home to his father, and said, "Father, will you go to the Sunday School with me?" — "I can't read, my son," replied the father, with a look of shame. "Our teachers will teach you, dear father," answered the boy, with respect and feeling in his tones. "Well, I'll go," said the father. He went, learned to read, sought and found the Saviour, and at length became a colporter. Years passed on, and that man had established four hundred Sunday Schools, into which thirty-five thousand children were gathered !

THE CHILD-TEACHER.

Backward and forward in her little rocking-chair went Lillie Lee, now clasping her beautiful waxen doll to her

bosom, and singing low, sweet lullabies, then smoothing its flaxen curls, patting its rosy cheeks, and whispering softly, "I love you, pretty dollie," and anon casting wistful glances towards her mother, a lovely-looking woman, who sat in a bay window, busily penning some thoughts. After what seemed a very long time to the little daughter, Mrs. Lee pushed aside the papers, and looking up said pleasantly, "I am through for to-day, Lillie; you may now make all the noise you can." Scarcely were the words uttered ere the little one had flown to her and nestled her head on the loving heart, saying earnestly, —

"I'm so glad, 'cos I wanted to love you so much, mamma."

"Did you, darling?" And she clasped her tenderly. "I am very glad my Lillie loves me so, but I guess you were not very lonely while I wrote; you and dollie seemed to be having a happy time together."

"Yes, we did, mamma; but I got tired after a while of loving her."

"And why?"

"Oh, 'cos she never loves me back!"

"And is that why you love me?"

"That is *one why*, mamma, but not the first one or the best."

"And what is the first and best?"

"Why, mamma, don't you guess?" and the blue eyes grew very bright and earnest. "It's 'cos you loved me when I was too little to love you back; that's why I love you so."

"We love Him because He first loved us," whispered

the mother, and fervently she thanked God for the little child-teacher.

.
"What makes you so quiet, Lillie, to-day? Why don't you sing and play? Are you sick, darling?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Where, my sweet one?" * And Mrs. Lee opened her arms widely to receive the delicate form.

"Here, mamma." The child's hands were pressed to her heart. "It's so full of tears I'm afraid it will burst."

"And why, Lillie?"

"Oh, for poor Susan. She was wicked, I know, to steal from you; but, mamma, if you send her to jail, as you told her you would, she'll grow wicked yet, 'cos no one there'll tell her how to be good."

"What shall I do with her, Lillie?"

"What would you want her mother to do with me if I was her little waiting-maid, and had been wicked?"

"'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them,'" whispered the mother, and again she thanked God for the little child-teacher.

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"Mamma!"

Lillie had been quiet and thoughtful a long time, and there was a very serious look now hovering over her brow.

"What, dear?"

"Have you forgiven Mrs. Mann for the naughty things she said of you?"

"No, I have not, and I never shall;" and the mother's eyes flashed haughtily.

"Not if she is sorry, and promises never to speak so again of you or any other friend?"

"No; sorry or not sorry, promises or no promises, I shall never forgive her."

"Mamma, you can never say the Lord's prayer, then."

"Forgive our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us," whispered the mother, and again she thanked God for the little child-teacher.

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"You cry all the time, now, mamma: what makes you?"

"Because, Lillie, your dear father is so sick, and I fear he must die."

"But if he dies he'll go to heaven, won't he, mamma? and once there he'll never be sick any more, but always so well and happy, waiting for *us* to come, won't he?"

"Yes, dear."

"Then, we ought n't to cry, mamma."

"Yes, Lillie; but will you not cry to see him dead and buried, and me here all alone?"

"Yes; but I'll cry just as I would if he were going off a good way to find a new home for us. We will go to him, mamma."

"And whither I go ye know and the way ye know," whispered the mother, and she thanked God fervently for the little child-teacher.

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"Mamma!"

Very-faint and tremulous were the tones, and they quivered upon the thin, pallid lips.

"What, darling?"

And the mother bent tenderly, lovingly, almost despairingly, over her dying child.

"God was good to make me sick, was n't he, mamma?"

"Do you think so, precious one?"

It was her last earthly idol that lay shattered before her, and her yearning, almost broken heart would not let her say, "I think so."

"Why, yes, mamma; He knew I wanted to see my dear father, and I could n't unless I died. When I am dead, and you feel so lonely and sad, find some poor little girl who has n't any one to love her, and make her your daughter, and then you'll be happy." . . .

"Kiss me, mamma, and take me in your arms. I am very cold: is this dying?"

"Yes, Lillie, you are almost there."

"There — there," — the white lips were still, the blue eyes closed. She was *there*.

Another angel in heaven.

"'Of such is the kingdom of heaven,'" whispered the mother. "In death, as in life, my child is my teacher."

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

The pastor, at a prayer-meeting, requested all who were Christians to go in a room by themselves, while those interested in religion, but not professing it, were desired to remain for a season. One by one they offered up short, fervent petitions for the forgiveness of their sins and for aid to live a life of holiness. It was a solemn time, and it seemed as if each one present must, for himself, offer a prayer. At last a little boy of six years, with clasped hands, fervently repeated the Lord's Prayer, and

was immediately followed by his sister of three years, with "Now I lay me down to sleep." When these babes in Christ, in the simplicity of childhood, had uttered their petitions, the room was hushed, as if an angel's voice had been heard, and not a soul remained unmoved, all feeling that they were at the very door of heaven.

In the midst of a revival at H——, during a prayer-meeting in which there was a great anxiety for the unconverted resting upon the hearts of Christians, a devoted Christian woman, while upon her knees, saw a very suggestive and impressive vision.

She seemed to be standing on the ocean shore and looking out into the dashing breakers, where a vessel was fast going to pieces. The passengers and crew were clinging to the ropes and rigging, and hanging from the sides of the vessel, crying, "What must I do to be saved?" While she watched them with the intensest anxiety, longing to help them, she saw the end of a cable-ropé just above the breakers. A minister lifted it up and pulled it in a little way, and she saw the word "Faith" upon it. Then the men and the women came and took hold of it with him and pulled with all their strength. The cable connected with the vessel, but they were not strong enough, with their utmost effort, to pull her off the bar on which she had struck. At length the children, who were standing by, came to the side of their parents and put their little, delicate hands by the side of the large, strong hands of the older people, and then again they all pulled together and the vessel came off and all on board were rescued.

As the saved ones stood on the shore, they said joyfully, "See, here is water : what doth hinder that we be baptized?" And they were baptized and went on their way rejoicing.

In our work for God in rescuing men from death we need the little hands on the rope, the prayers and sympathies and words of the children united with ours, and then we shall have grand success. They hardly need to be asked ; we have only to "suffer them to come."

FINIS.

"God bless us every one,"
Said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

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